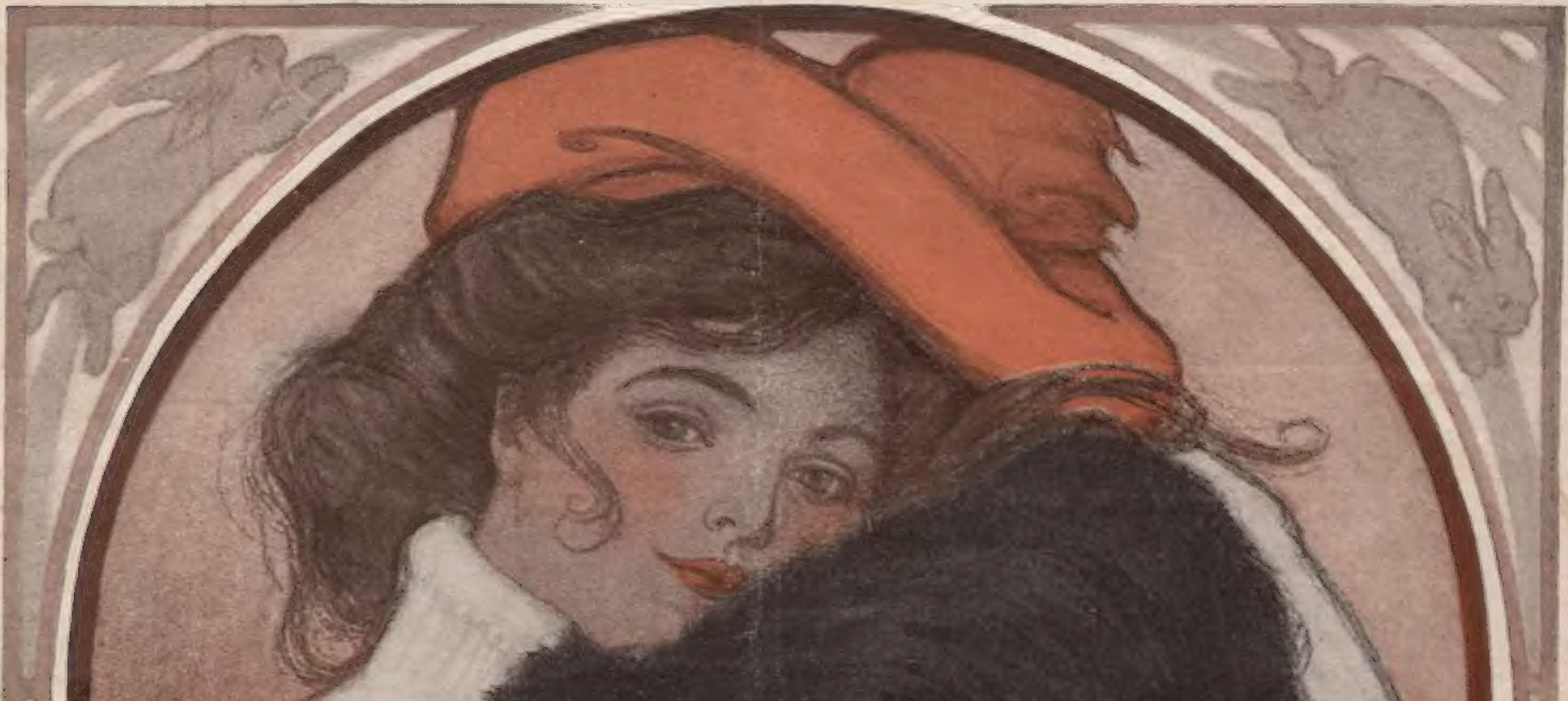
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magaz
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Frank

MARCH 11, 1905 FIVE CENTS THE COPY

Atwell W
418 Spring St
Jamestown N Y
6 16



THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

This SOFA with Chair of same Design are among our 400 Designs shown in FREE Book "X." Let us send you our FREE 64-page Book "X."

KARPEN Genuine Leather Furniture

Awarded Grand Prize, the highest and only such award for upholstered furniture, St. Louis Exposition

NO ONE should buy leather furniture without first sending for and reading *our free 64-Page Book "X,"* which illustrates over 400 of the newest and choicest designs ranging in price from $7 to $200. It exposes the trickery and deceit practised by unscrupulous manufacturers. The greater portion of the leather furniture made and sold is covered with cheap "*split*" leather or "*imitations*" of leather which are so cleverly finished on the outside as to look like the best Genuine "*natural grain*" leather. "*Split*" leather cracks, peels and wears shabby in a short time. "*Natural Grain*" leather will last for generations. Karpen Genuine Leather Furniture is made of the very best "*natural grain*" Karpen Sterling Leather and is sold under a guarantee by every dealer to wear satisfactorily or your money will be refunded. Why run the risk of being imposed upon with unknown, unreliable leather furniture when you can be sure of getting the very best by insisting on having Karpen Furniture from your dealer? You will know it by the two trademarks shown herewith. Our patented spring supports are the same as are specified by the U. S. Government in all its upholstery.

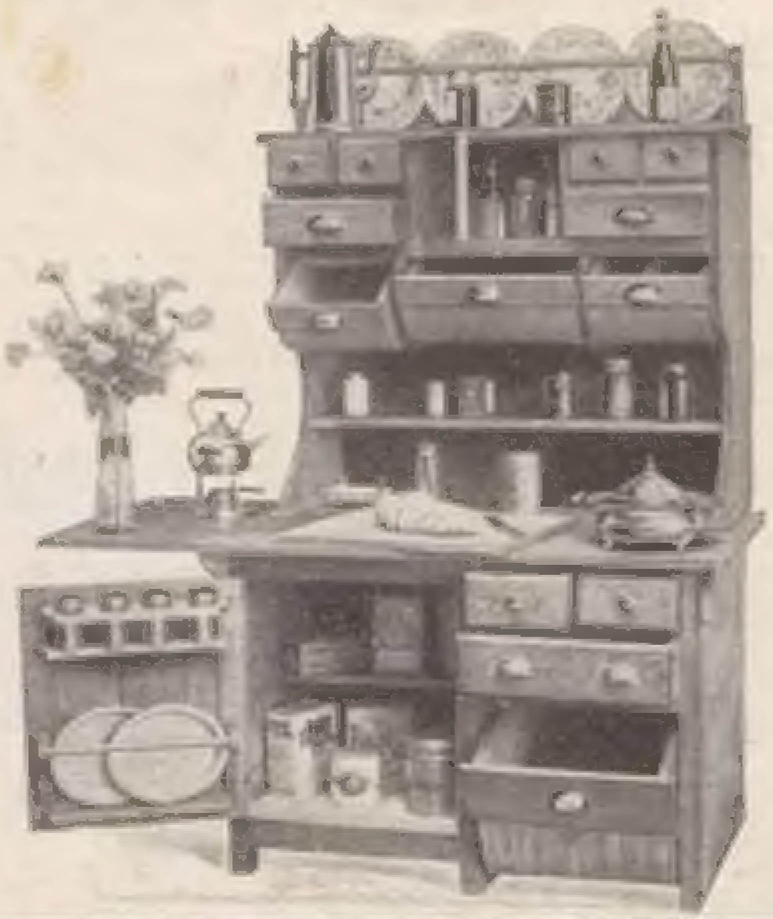
Karpen Leather Furniture (TRADE-MARK)

Karpen Guaranteed Upholstered Furniture CHICAGO (TRADE-MARK)

Send for our FREE BOOK "X" to-day. It shows more designs than you can see in the largest store in America.

S. KARPEN & BROS., Karpen Bldg., Chicago
St. James Bldg., New York

Largest makers of Fine Upholstered Furniture in the World.



The average woman spends half of her time in the kitchen and yet as a rule, fewer comforts and conveniences are provided there than in any other part of the house. The McDougall Idea is to simplify kitchen work, to create a new interest in it by providing suitable furniture, a system which will greatly lessen the labor and add zest to daily duties.

The McDougall Kitchen Cabinet

is a new article of kitchen furniture never before offered to American housewives. It provides a place for everything needed in preparing the meals—places for pots and pans, bins for flour, sugar, coffee, tea and salt, cans for spices and pepper, drawers and cupboards, a table to work on—everything convenient and within reach, without taking a step.

The McDougall Kitchen Cabinet was used by Mrs. Rorer in the Model Kitchen at the St. Louis Exposition. It is thoroughly well built and is good to look at. The same scientific study has been employed in perfecting the minutest details of McDougall Kitchen Cabinets, as has been given to the labor-saving devices which are to-day considered *necessities* in every well regulated business office. The home should be as well equipped with time-saving and labor-saving devices as the office.

Send for our handsomely illustrated catalogue. It tells you more about these cabinets. A copy will be sent you postpaid, on request. Ask your dealer for the McDougall Kitchen Cabinets. All of our Cabinets bear the name-plate "McDougall, Indianapolis." Sold only by reputable dealers. Be sure and write for the catalogue to-day.

G. P. McDougall & Son, Indianapolis, Ind., U. S. A.

L. M. HARRISON
A college student who earned $2225.10 in the last four months.

MISS ANNA B. HALL
A West Virginia girl who in the last four months earned $512.25.

FREDERIC B. WILSON
A Californian who earned $481.25 in the last three months.

$158,000.00

Paid Since October 1, 1904. As Much More to Follow

Since the first of October $158,000.00 has been paid to those soliciting subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post* and *The Ladies' Home Journal.* As much more is yet to come. YOU can have a part of it. ¶ We want some one in every town in the United States to look after our subscription business—to forward renewals and to solicit new business. A liberal commission on every subscription sent and *in addition* $5000 to the 326 agents who do the best work each month. There is no expense to you and *you can't help earning something.* Just send a line of inquiry to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
400 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

MISS MARY EAGLEHOFF
Earned $6070.00 in seven months — $762.00 last month.

MISS F. M. LAWRENCE
A New York girl who earned $1101 in Nov. and Dec.

ALEXANDER HEATH
A Bostonian who in nine months earned $6018.28.

W. H. GREGORY
An Ohioan who in the last three months earned $1651.70.

S. B. ZANE
Of Philadelphia, who in four months earned $2330.00.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D! 1728 by Benj.Franklin

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

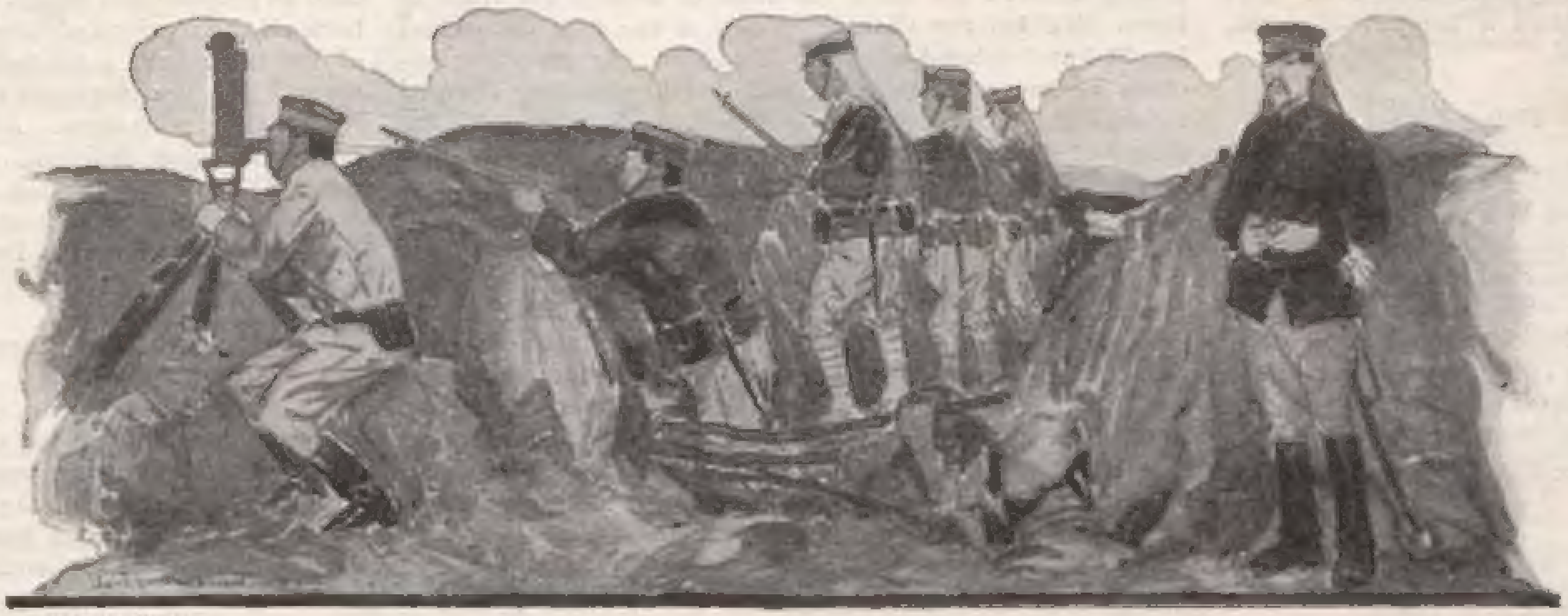
Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

Volume 177 PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 11, 1905 Number 37

Copyright, 1905, by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, in the United States and Great Britain.

"WAR IS HELL"



DRAWN BY JAMES PRESTON

Martial Glory as It Looks Without the Limelight

BY RICHARD BARRY

WE WENT yesterday to the foremost firing line, where all the venom of war was concentrated in a score of yards among a dozen men. There we saw how the besiegers of Port Arthur are besieging it, how they live, what manner of men they are, and some of the facts of modern warfare which those who want to know about the humanity of science had better not read. Before we went an officer led us to a bombproof on the Japanese side of the great valley across which we were to go to gain the captured fort.

"Look!" said he, turning over his hyposcope, "the way is about a mile and a half. The real danger is in the fort itself, but if you are very careful to crawl with your heads low you are safe. If you decide to go you must relieve our authorities from all responsibility for your lives."

Across the valley a puff of white spat out a tongue of flame; a shell crashed into the escarpment below us. From across the valley came the intermittent puffing of outposts. A misshot bullet lapped up a patch of dust twenty paces to our right.

"Well, gentlemen, will you go? It's a quiet morning. We had better start soon, if at all, for the sun is in their eyes now; soon it will be against us, and then they can pick us off like flies."

Frederic Villiers, the war artist, was with me. "What do you say?" he asked. "It's time to measure risks. Think what you'll get out of it. A correspondent dead is of no use to his paper, and people remember him as a fool who got shot in some reckless venture. Remember, you're going into bullet fire for the first time. You've had shell fire only up to now, and shell fire is to bullets what a bluebottle fly is to a tiger mosquito. Forbes used to have a supreme contempt for shell fire and a supreme respect for bullets. A shell buzzes and blows—a bullet flits in quietly, spits through an artery, the heart, the head—and it's all over. Their rifles fire pointblank at 200 yards, and up where you want to go the lines are but forty yards apart. They can pick off a ten-cent piece at that distance. Remember, if your head shows so much as an inch above that parapet you're only good to sniff at when the wind blows from you, for these people have no extra stretcher for your useless carcass."

Villiers can say these things. Somewhere in his London studio is his Order of St. George which the Czar gave him for audacity at Plevna. Also some seven other Governments have decorated him for fit war behavior. He is an expert on battlefields.

"But," said I, "think of what there is up there—the bloody angle, scene of the death of 3000 men; heaps of unburied slain; trenches made of corpses; sentries firing; the living sleeping, eating, working among their dead comrades; the enemy on three sides, with this single line of supply and retreat down which only four men can march abreast. This captured fort is to the siege of Port Arthur what Nanshan is to the campaign—its decisive battle. It is the wedge Japan is driving into the heart of Russia, and we'll be on its tip. When the nations hear the truth about this fort—the assault that captured it, the odds against which it was fortified and held for six weeks—it will be the marvel of the age. Think! Would you miss standing on the apex of the world?"

"I was a youngster myself once and I'm not old now," replied Villiers. "They fake these things in London almost as well as I can do them in the field, so why risk my bones? But I'm as good as a Japanese officer or an American reporter. Hitherto we've been chaperoned to write; but now we have become war correspondents. It smells of the old days: Forbes, Cameron, Pierce, McGahan, Jackson, Burleigh, and that crowd of gay devils. Lead on!"

Perhaps you will be more interested in Villiers to know that he is supposed to be the original of Kipling's character, Dick, the artist, in The Light that Failed.

So we went into the chipmunk's burrow, up through the cornfields, frowned on by a hundred thousand guns, menaced by two armies, until we nestled in the ragged hole Japan had torn in Russia's impregnable last stand. Laterally down the line of our advance, but high over our heads, shells often rammed their harsh bewilderment, and we could hear them strike, sometimes rods, sometimes miles away. How like a live thing a shell snarls—like some wild beast, in ferocious glee, thrusting the cruel fangs in earth and rock, rending livid flesh with its savage claws, and its breath fetid with poison powder, scorching the autumn wind! Most always it fizzes and funks in shameful waste. Bullets are the nasty things—a who-whitt, a dry spat, a thin hole drilled in a frightful way, as snakes sling their venom in sly and easy scorn. When we got half-way up, and into the angle, so that Russian trenches were on three sides, a number sped about us. Hardly a minute but one passed over our heads.

Down in the Chipmunk's Burrow

THE situation looks well in print. Yet we were in little danger. Our wits kept—we were safe. For this let us profoundly thank the engineer who built that siege parallel—a cunning, masterful Yankee of the East, whose name as a military engineer must be handed down to future generations of technical students. He had taken advantage of every rise in the ground and of every depression. Of corn stubble he made a drapery, of hillocks a screen, of ravine an ambuscade—until Nature so aided him that she, and not the Japanese infantry, was the assaulting force against those heights beyond.

We walked twenty metres apart, for, should we by any chance lift our heads together and be sighted in a party, the Russians could drop a bit of shrapnel over us. Otherwise, we might have been off for a morning stroll down a country lane. We crouched as we walked, for the trench was built for Japanese, who average a few inches less in height than a foreigner. The distance as the crow flies was little over half a mile; we went nearly a mile and a half. At one side ran a telephone wire, staked down at intervals with broken, rusty rifles. At every angle a sentry saluted, stepping forth grimly from a dugout. Half-way up we passed a stretcher bearing a body, the face covered with coarse matting, sewn roughly—a corpse of the night before. Farther on came a soldier with his arm in a wet, crimson sling. Half an hour before, feeling secure after days in the ominous place, he had passed into a ravine he thought safe, but out of the path chosen by the clever engineer. He was in the Russian fire zone, and presently a shell fragment smashed his arm. From a dozen to fifteen were lost that way every day.

Across the valley we halt at the foot of a hill and then turn into the fort. Chloride of lime is sprinkled here and there, and a bone sticks out of the trench wall. I look closely. It is a human femur. From it projects a heavy coil of rubber-insulated cable. The officer explains that this formed the electric communications with the barbed-wire entanglements through which we are passing, and that on the day of the fight it was charged, so that when the Japanese pioneers tried to cut the wire with pincers they were prostrated with the shock and had to wait for glove-handled tools. Beside is a long strip of bamboo, torn and shattered. This was carried to the attack by two soldiers who with it tossed into the fort a short strip of bamboo stuffed with gun-cotton. This, exploding, tore a hole through which the men could charge. It was a more effective bombardment than the shells. As we turned the corner we came upon the men, and at last we saw the besiegers of Port Arthur, where they were living, 200 yards from the Russian trenches, in the famous redoubt where enough men have been killed to cover the place four deep with corpses.

The officer took up a pick lying in the trench. "Look!" said he. "The point was sharp as a grindstone could make it to begin with, but in some places, you know, the rock is hard, and——" he would apologize. He was very sorry we should find the picks in such bad condition. He was always apologizing. He apologized for the length of the way, the heat of the sun, the annoyance of the shells. But the boys in khaki smiled on. Word passed as to who we were, and they greeted us dumbly, spread out their pitiful small blankets, pulled from obscure coats and corners their precious sweetmeats, advanced the cigarettes that mean more than beef to a soldier, offered us their still more precious tea. All over them was written their joy in being recognized, in having some one share their hardships.

Death on the battlefield is the height of this soldier's ambition, but not uncleanliness on the battlefield—and all the time we sat there I was aware of a pervasive, sickening odor, something strange, something frightfully offensive.

"What can it be?" I said as it bore in upon me and I felt suddenly nauseated.

"Well, you know, in the hurry of building these trenches, in the night, under fire, a few dead bodies—only a few—were rolled into the escarpment. We very much regretted it——" The officer apologized profusely, but they had been under fire ever since, and the trenches could not be torn down. So they stood—human walls! "But I can assure you there is no smell now. The first week, in the hot sun—ah! then I should not have liked to bring you here."

As I leaned against the wall something crushed, like the snap of a pencil, under my back. I leaped, in alarm, to my feet. As I turned around a blue coat, which I had pushed back in my fatigue, fell over the skeleton of a hand, and at my feet dropped the joint of a forefinger. Villiers pulled me to my knees.

"Look over there," he said, and pointed beyond the trench, where I saw fresh earth heaped up. "It is the brow of the Russian works," he continued; "but look in between — that pit of uniforms." A mound of soiled, tattered clothes, higher than a man could stand and longer than a company street, lay before us, not fifty feet away. At the base, facing me, detached from the rest, a hideous skull leered. "Unburied dead," Villiers said, "hugging the ground, sent back into the earth from whence they came."

Then again the officer apologized. Yes, there was no chance to bury the dead. Under constant fire for six weeks, between hostile lines, they slowly rotted away until only bones and rags remained — Russian and Japanese inextricably together on the scene of the last desperate Russian stand, where was concentrated all the machine-gun fire of both sides.

Wounded and dying had been mixed with dead. No succor was possible. A general must count his men as fighting units, and he could not afford to pay a dozen good lives for one injured. We turned to go — stomach and heart sick — but the boys in khaki smiled. They were used to it. Just then the postman paused. He had a handful of cards, scrawled over with loving messages.

Afternoon Tea on the Firing Line

AS WE saw how complete the service was — mail delivered under the shadow of guns, and as a man goes on to the firing line to offer up his life — we suddenly came to the telephone, which made us think how near we were to all we held dear. That line was connected with headquarters, headquarters with Tokyo, Tokyo with New York and London. I suddenly saw myself ringing up the editor to catch an edition:

"Hello! Just arrived at the Eternal Dragon. Quiet this morning. Russian sortie last night. Repulse. One Japanese, eighteen Russians lost — three wounded between the lines, calling for water——"

"Hold on, what's that?"

"Wait a minute till I stop this infernal racket!" Down with the receiver. To the colonel: "Can't you stop that battery a minute? I'm at the 'phone."

"All right, editor. Wounded man says — hold on a minute! It's that blasted volley-firing. All right. I was saying, a wounded — look out, here comes a shell!"

We turned another corner and came upon the commander of the regiment — a lieutenant-colonel, stern-faced, with that eternal smile, a countenance nationally characteristic. He welcomed us to his shelter between two walls — which the Russians had built and which our shells destroyed. His staff — a captain and a major — sat cross-legged on one side. We sat on a red-blanketed bench on the other. Cross-legged, on his red blanket, he was no better fitted than his men. At his side, on a nail, hung his sword and cap. Behind him, suspended from two wires, was the regimental flag in a plush case. It is thirty years old, has been in eighteen battles, and is all but gone from bullet fire. To the regiment it is a sacred emblem. This is the illustrious Seventh Regiment which captured the Eternal Dragon, after losing all but ten per cent. of its number, and which now, after a month with the reserves when its ranks were replenished, is back for a week on sentry-duty. So intense is the service there, one week in four is all a single regiment can stand. We were served with tea in daintily lacquered cups, and then the lieutenant-colonel passed sake and tea, asking permission to drink our health.

"Where is the colonel?" I asked the officer. Then he apologized again. He was sorry he couldn't oblige me, but unfortunately the colonel had been killed about twenty yards from where I then sat. His body had been cremated within three paces of my present seat. Just beyond the tent I could see his grave, should I look.

I leaned out and, in a niche of the wall, saw a plain white stick ideographed in black. At the base was a bottle of flowers and a Chinese pumpkin. It contained the ration a soldier calls "iron," and some sweetmeats beside a can of water. Then we knew what some living soldier had done. The ghost might come wandering back in the night and be hungry. It should not suffer. We settled back to more tea with the new, live colonel and some sweetmeats.

"How was he killed?" I asked. Then we heard the story of the capture of the Eternal Dragon.

"It was a hot August afternoon," said the officer, our interpreter, "and the general of this division, a very determined man, resolved that the time had come to pierce the Russian centre. So he chose the Seventh Regiment for the honor. It is the regiment to which the young captain — wounded, and rescued by the Russian prisoner, of whom you were talking this morning — belonged. The colonel made his plan of attack to have his command advance in three battalions, one on each flank and one in the front, the flanks to be the real attack, the front to be a feint. He himself commanded the feint, and, as usual, stayed in the rear. He sent his pioneer corps ahead to cut the barbed-wire entanglements. They came back with the report of electric charge. They went forward again with insulated pincers, and the regiment followed. All the way to the base of the hill, where we now are, they were almost unmolested, when they had expected to meet a fierce shell fire. This made them confident. But the Russian general, as we afterward learned, had ordered his men to reserve their fire till we got within close range, and then to give it to us with machine-guns. So the two side battalions got safely well up to the slope, only to meet a terrible rain of steel at the top. The aim was so sure and the firing so heavy that nearly two-thirds of the command were mowed down at once. And the surprise we found was in their construction of the fort. Where we supposed our shells had opened gaps in it we found it intact and our assaulting party unable to gain foothold, for the Russians had placed boiler-plates under two feet of earth, and the shells had little or no effect on it.

"When the colonel learned all this he got mad, and instantly ordered the third battalion to assault the front in force. He led the charge. A few of the men got in and fought hand-to-hand with the Russians. By that time another regiment had arrived with reënforcements, charged through the breach and overwhelmed the Russians, driving them out of the place. Though we are dominated by six of their batteries, and have been assaulted by them eighteen times in attempts to recapture, we have ever since held it. The colonel's body was found under a heap of slain. In it were twenty-four bullet holes. His sword was broken at the hilt. His cap was missing, and we searched for it a long time without success, until, one day, our lookout spied it between the lines. It seemed certain death for a man to try to get it, but as soon as the colonel's servant, a soldier, learned where it was, he volunteered, and succeeded one dark night in regaining it, so the cremation could take place properly. If you wish now, follow the captain into the fort and you will see the foremost trenches. Keep your heads low."

Then we saw the kitten become a tiger. We passed from the hospital soldier, with his sweetheart's letters, his welcoming smile, his innocent and friendly telephone, his harmless tea and cakes, to the firing line: to death, and to worse than death.

It was hands and knees into the fort and the front trenches. This is the tip of the bloody angle, with the enemy on three sides. Bullets passed over us continually. Shells were bursting far away. Twice we passed half-ruined chambers built of timber below ground — Russian food and ammunition shelter. It was high noon. At length we lay, panting, under a pile of sapling poplars; above us were sandbags six deep.

"We are perfectly safe here," said the officer, and we looked out.

"Except from ricochet bullets," added Villiers. "The zone of fire of those chaps yonder is away from us, and as long as they exchange we're all right. Shells can't reach us, even shrapnel would be nullified by this covering, but when those bullets strike a stone no one can tell how they will come. They can shoot around a corner from a flat stone as easily as in the open through a loophole."

For the Ashes of Their Fathers

I HEARD nothing. Standing up, secure, my eyes came upon him suddenly — the soldier of the Emperor, the boy who does the trick — at work. He was crouched under the parapet in front, rifle to cheek, its steel nose through a loophole, his finger on the trigger. The tensity of his muscles and his eyes glancing down that barrel in deadly aim made me think of nothing but a great cat pausing for a spring. One leg was drawn up, his cap was pulled down viciously over his eyes, the sun beat upon him, and he lay, venomous with pent-up passion, cut in silhouette against the trench, a shade darker than the shale. A minute before he had offered me tea and a cigarette; now he was dealing out hot lead. Yet, who could suspect danger, with all so still? But life most intense and death the most terrible and swift dwelt all about us.

Through chinks in the wall a row of sandbags on a mound of earth could be seen. They marked the Russian trenches behind which the enemy lay as silent and deadly as the boys on our side. Not a minute passed without its bullet. Forty metres was the distance, the officer said: the closest place in the whole ten-mile front of the two armies. By day, when the Russians stay quiet, sentries stand three yards apart, by night shoulder to shoulder. They are changed every thirty minutes, so intense is the strain. A regiment can stay in the fort only seven days because the Russians are above and on three sides, and they must keep them out, while they stew in their own juice, and their comrades rot beyond the wall. When a sortie is made neither side asks for quarter nor expects it. The Russians know that unless they regain their trenches they will not live, for to be wounded and fall in the bloody angle means slow death where no aid can come; to meet the Japanese line means instant death. The Japanese know that their chances, if wounded, are the same, and if they reach the Russian lines they accept only one of two things — victory or death. So it is that here through long weeks the siege has concentrated its bitterest essence; living has come to be a burden and death a joy. Then came the thud of a bullet. It was a different thud from any we had had up to that time, and though I had never before heard a bullet strike flesh, I could not mistake the sound. It goes into the earth wholesome and angry, but into flesh ripping and sick with a splash like a hoof-beat of mud in the face.

I turned to look. I saw the nearest sentry sinking to his knees. His rifle had dropped and was leaning against the wall, butt down. He sank together all in a heap, and his head hung limp, his chin against his breast.

"Poor chap!" said Villiers. "He was looking at us and got in front of the loophole. I suppose we are so great a novelty in his strained existence that he could not resist the temptation to neglect his duty for a minute."

We crawled back and out silently and quickly, bade a hurried good-by to the colonel, hastened past the smiling, oblivious men — they are used to it — and over a mile and a half of chipmunk burrow. The general was waiting tiffin for us in his tent. There was a jar containing strawberry-jam such as grandmother used to make. With a flash it brought back all the comforts of home. An empty shell in the centre of the table held some field daisies and wild chrysanthemums. All the fragrance of the fields and the beauties of Nature came with them. At my mess-plate lay an American newspaper, just delivered by this incomprehensible field post. With it civilization, its myriad passions and joys, floated in. As the cigars were passed I opened the paper. I found an interview with Dr. Nicholas Senn, of Chicago, in which he said:

The Men Who Know and Those Who Don't

"ALL the talk of inhumanity which some correspondents are sending out from the Orient is foolish. Statements of wounded soldiers being wounded in the mouth and reports of all similar acts of atrocity can be set down as being without foundation. Russia has the best Red Cross Society in the world, and the Russians are an extremely humane people. Likewise, this war is going to be a humane war. As for the Japanese, the worst that can be said of them is that they are a proud people." I read this aloud. It was translated, and the officers, Lieutenant-General Oshima and his staff, listened. None of them replied. Finally Villiers said:

"The question is not: Are the Japanese or the Russians a humane people, or not a humane people? It is: Are individual men, under conditions the most terrible the imagination can devise, Christians or savages? Both Japanese and Russians are socially delightful people. I've lived with the armies of both nations, and their soldiers are delightful and humane. But that is not the question.

"Now, is it possible for soldiers living as we saw them to-day — in their own filth, unable to succor the wounded, preyed on by stenches from the dead, until battle in which they neither ask nor give quarter is a welcome relief — can the word 'humane' be uttered in speaking of lives such as theirs? Or can it be uttered of the Russians — driven into a trap, half-starved, night and day in the trenches, confronted by overwhelming numbers, with certainty of no relief, yet defending a lost hope with lives easier lost than lived? Would you be 'humane' under such conditions? I am sure I would not.

"No. The truth about war cannot be told. It is too horrible. The public will not listen. A white bandage about the forehead with a strawberry mark on the centre is the picture they want of the wounded. They won't let you tell the truth and show bowels ripped out, brains spilled — eyes gouged away! — faces blanched with horror. The only fellow who ever told the truth about war was Vereschagin, poor chap, drowned over there in the harbor. He in paint and Zola in words told the truth, and they were howled down all their lives, simply because the theorists, like this surgeon, fed up, nursed in the belief that science is all powerful, will always assure the public that modern war is humane.

"Scientific warfare! Let me tell you the facts about science. Archibald Forbes predicted years ago that the time would come when armies would no longer be able to take their wounded from the field of battle. That day has come. We are living in it. Wounded have existed — how, God alone knows — on that field out there, without help, for twelve days, while shells and bullets rained above them, and if a comrade had dared to come to their assistance he would have been a useless suicide. The searchlight, the engineering of scientific trenches, machine-guns, rifles pointblank at 200 yards with a range of 2000 — these things have helped to make warfare more terrible now than ever before in history.

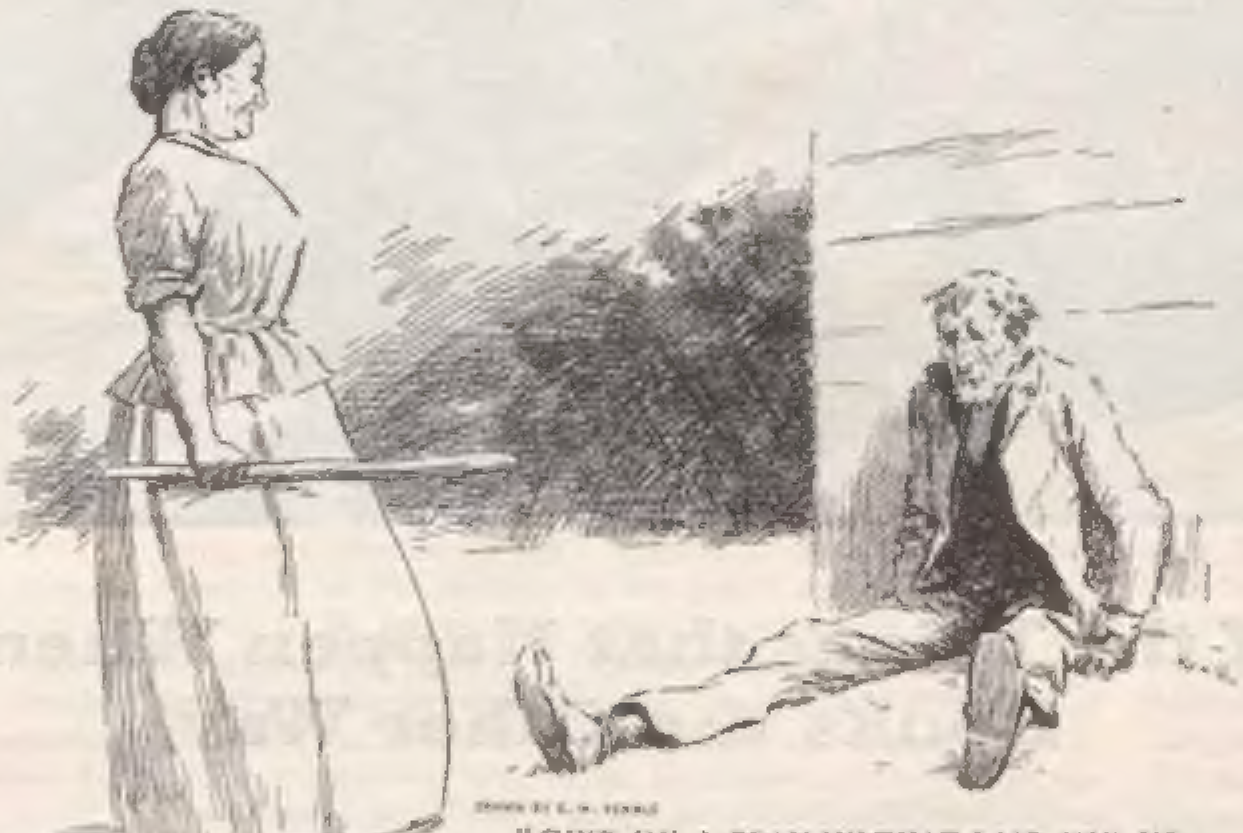
"Red Cross societies and scientific textbooks — they sound well and look pretty, but as for 'humane warfare,' was there ever put into words a mightier sarcasm?"

This was translated. The officers — Lieutenant-General Oshima and three of his staff — listened gravely. No one said anything. Finally we walked home, silently, as the sun went down.

Progress and the Performing Bear

The Parable of Lazenby, Who Could Whip Any Man Except His Wife

By Joel Chandler Harris


DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

"GIVE JIM A FRAILIN' THAT LAID HIM UP FOR MIGHTY NIGH A MONTH"

STRICTLY speaking, Mr. Billy Sanders, of Shady Dale, belongs to the old order of things; but, as he quaintly puts it, he has allowed the new conditions to lap over the old in his mind until now it would be difficult to find the seam that joins them together — difficult to tell t'other from which. So far from being surprised by the great changes that have taken place in the South during the past twenty years, he has done his best, so far as his own town and county are concerned, to hasten their advent. The industrial improvement, and the material progress in which the South has shared, in common with the rest of the country — the spread of the spirit of commercialism, which has met with some criticism from the more conservative — these things, and others that might be mentioned, have found Mr. Sanders not only blandly tolerant but actively sympathetic. He is old enough to be venerable, but he seems to be as far from this, the last stage of longevity, as a man in the prime of life.

With respect to the great industrial movement that has been going on, Mr. Sanders declares that he had been expecting something of the kind long before it came. Nevertheless, as he says, his attitude is similar to that of the young fellow who was looking forward with some pride to the advent of a girl baby with curly black hair and big bright eyes, and who was suddenly informed that he was the parent of twin boys, with red hair and blue eyes, and a complexion in which the freckles could be counted by anticipation. All that Mr. Sanders regrets is that some of the more impatient young fellows of his acquaintance are inclined to bite off more than they can chew when the price of cotton begins to soar.

"There ain't a man in the world," says Mr. Sanders, with one of his Middle Georgia smiles, "but what can put more on a wagon than he can pull, and there's mighty few that won't try it ef you give 'em half a chance. Accordin' to my notion, there ain't a sadder sight outside of a graveyard, where there's weepin' willers on the tombstones, than that of a young feller that's gone and sprained his abilities.

"It ain't been so mighty long ago that a young friend of mine named Henry Lawson — you-all know him e'en about as well as I do — took a notion that he wanted to start a bank; not one of these here cosmowollopin' banks, but jest a modest country bank, warranted to open up for business every mornin' as soon as the sun has dried the dew on the grass. Well, Henry started the bank, an' it run jest like it was greased. It was sech a easy job that Henry had plenty of time to spar', an' in no long time he tacked on a cotton fact'ry to the bank. The fact'ry begun to pay as soon as he could git the machinery started. Then he started a tannery, an' that paid from the jump; as the neighbors said, it was lots more profitable than it smelt. An' then nothing would do but Henry must have a knittin' mill.

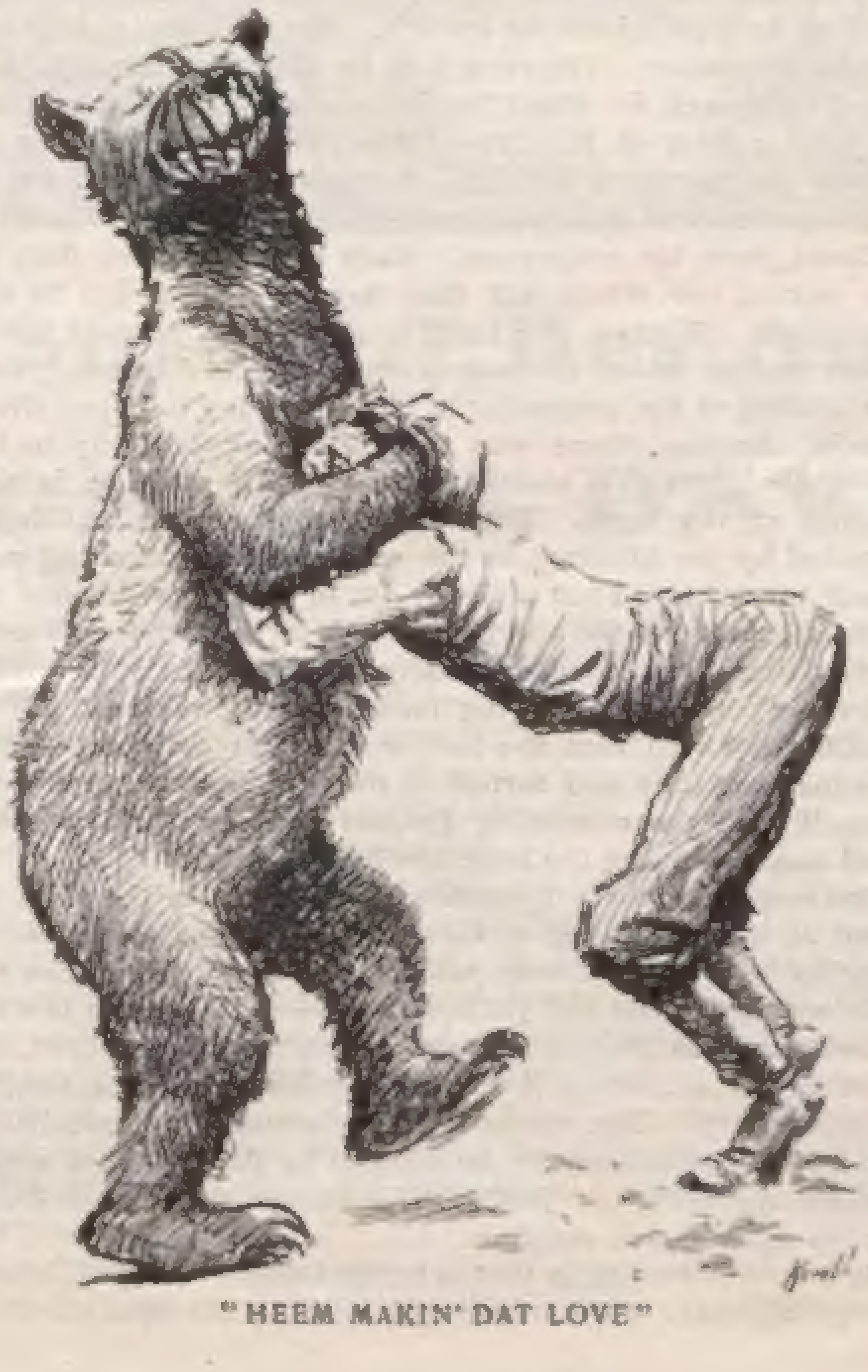
"You'd 'a' thought from the way he talked that it was the biggest thing on the face of the yeth, but when it was up an' in runnin' order it looked to me as ef you could put the whole concern in a two-bushel basket, an' have some room to spar'. But when the little concern got down to business there wasn't nothin' in seven counties that could hold a candle to it; nothin' like it was ever seed in this part of the country. Lively! Why, it walloped up the tannery in little or no time: forty vats of green hides and a stack of dry ones as big as the tavern wa'n't skeersly a mouthful for it. An' the fust thing anybody know'd it had swaller'd the cotton fact'ry an' was a-chawin' on the bank.

"Well, it got so that a receiver had to set down on it for to keep it from eatin' up the town an' all the innocent wimmen an' children. There was a little piece of the bank left when the receiver got the knittin' mill choked off, an' Henry's down there now, countin' other people's money, an' pertendin' to be the biggest financer this side of Philadelphy. I never think of that knittin' mill that it don't put me in mind of Jim Lazenby.

"Jim was a mighty man in a scrimmage, an' them that was afeard of him claimed that he could whip any man in seven counties except his wife. Natchally, this kind of left-handed braggin' gits tiresome ef a man has to live up to it, an' Jim was constantly a-doin' fool things that he never would 'a' thought of ef there had been nobody for to agg him on. Business kinder got slack in the fightin' line after so long a time, an' Jim hardly know'd what to do to make the boys talk.

"One day our thrifty little community happened to be favored wi' a visit from a gentleman Dago, from somewheres or 'nother, who was walkin' through the country for his health, an' for sech dimes as he could pick up. His only reckermendation, as fur as I could see, was that he had in tow one of them performin' bears that you've heer'd tell on before now. I reckon maybe you've seed bears in your day an' time, but ef you ain't seed this one you may as well say you ain't seed nothin' but runts, bekaze he was as big as a Jersey bull, an' mighty nigh as playful. Brit Wiggins, who had been out to Californy for his health an' to save court expenses, said this bear was away yonder bigger than a grizzly — an' ef I ain't mistaken he said it was a Persinnamon bear.

"Well, Jim Lazenby happened to be in town when Mr. Dago an' Mr. Persinnamon come marchin' in, arm-in-arm, as you may say. Mr. Dago stopped in the road for to wipe the dust out'n his face an' eyes, an' before he could put on his hat ag'in he had a crowd aroun' him that would 'a' made a circus agent swell wi' pride. Then and there the performance took place. Mr. Persinnamon stood up on his hindlegs like a man, with a pole in his arms, an' marched like a soldier, an' waltzed an' sasshayed aroun'. Then Mr. Dago tied padded gloves on the creetur's paws, an' they had a boxin'-match. Then they rastled, an' when Mr. Persinnamon had gone through purty nigh all his tricks, an' Mr. Dago was passin' the hat aroun', some fool fellow had to up an' remark to Jim Lazenby that his match had come to town at last.



"HEEM MAKIN' DAT LOVE"

"It would 'a' been all right ef Jim had 'a' been cool an' sober, but he'd had a drop too much. The flowin' bowl tipped the beam, an' Jim Lazenby shucked his coat red-ripe for trouble. Satan couldn't 'a' been one bit politer than Mr. Dago was when he seed what the game was. Jim tiptoed to'rds Mr. Persinnamon, an' says, 'Will your Whathisname fight?' Mr. Dago flung up his hands like a Dutchman in a dry-goods store. 'Fide?' he says; 'oh, no! heem no fide; heem play wiz you. Oh, yes, heem play!' — Mr. Persinnamon had on a muzzle, an' his claws was covered wi' padded gloves.

"Jim Lazenby got purty close to Mr. Persinnamon, an' made a pass at 'im, but he sidled out of the way lots quicker than a man could 'a' done it. He swung aroun' a-pantin' an' a-bowin', an' Mr. Dago grinned like a little gal wi' a thrip's worth of candy. This an' the boys a-laughin' kinder errytated Jim, an' he went in a leetle closer an' made another pass. This time Mr. Persinnamon didn't dodge; he ketched the lick on one of his pads, an' then he fetched Jim a biff that would 'a' knocked him into the next county ef there hadn't 'a' been a wall handy for to stop him. Mr. Persinnamon kinder sasshayed aroun' an' looked like he was feelin' good, but when Jim made at him ag'in he jest opened his arms an' took the young man to his bosom an' helt him there while he waltzed aroun'.

"Some of the boys wuz afeard that Jim would be squoze to death, an' they up'd an' said so, but Mr. Dago flung up both hands an' shuck his head. 'Heem makin' dat love,' he says; an' I believe in my soul his smile was as long and as sweet as a stalk of Lowndes County sugarcane. There they had it, Jim Lazenby and Mr. Persinnamon, up an' down, aroun' an' aroun'. Once Jim tried to bite, an' got his mouth full of hair; then Mr. Persinnamon tried to bite, but the muzzle was in the way. Mr. Persinnamon could pant louder an' snort more than Jim could; the way he went on you'd 'a' thought there was a donkey-ingin' in the neighborhood.

"It was play for Mr. Persinnamon, an' a sight of fun for the boys, but Jim was in dead earnest from the word go. Mr. Persinnamon had the advantage when it come to right-down hard huggin', but Jim was some pearter on his feet, bekaze he was a born rastler ef there ever was one in the world. They had one or two dog-falls, as the sayin' is, an' Jim thought he was gittin' some the best of it ontel he foun' that Mr. Persinnamon would jest as soon be on the bottom as on top, an' maybe a little ruther.

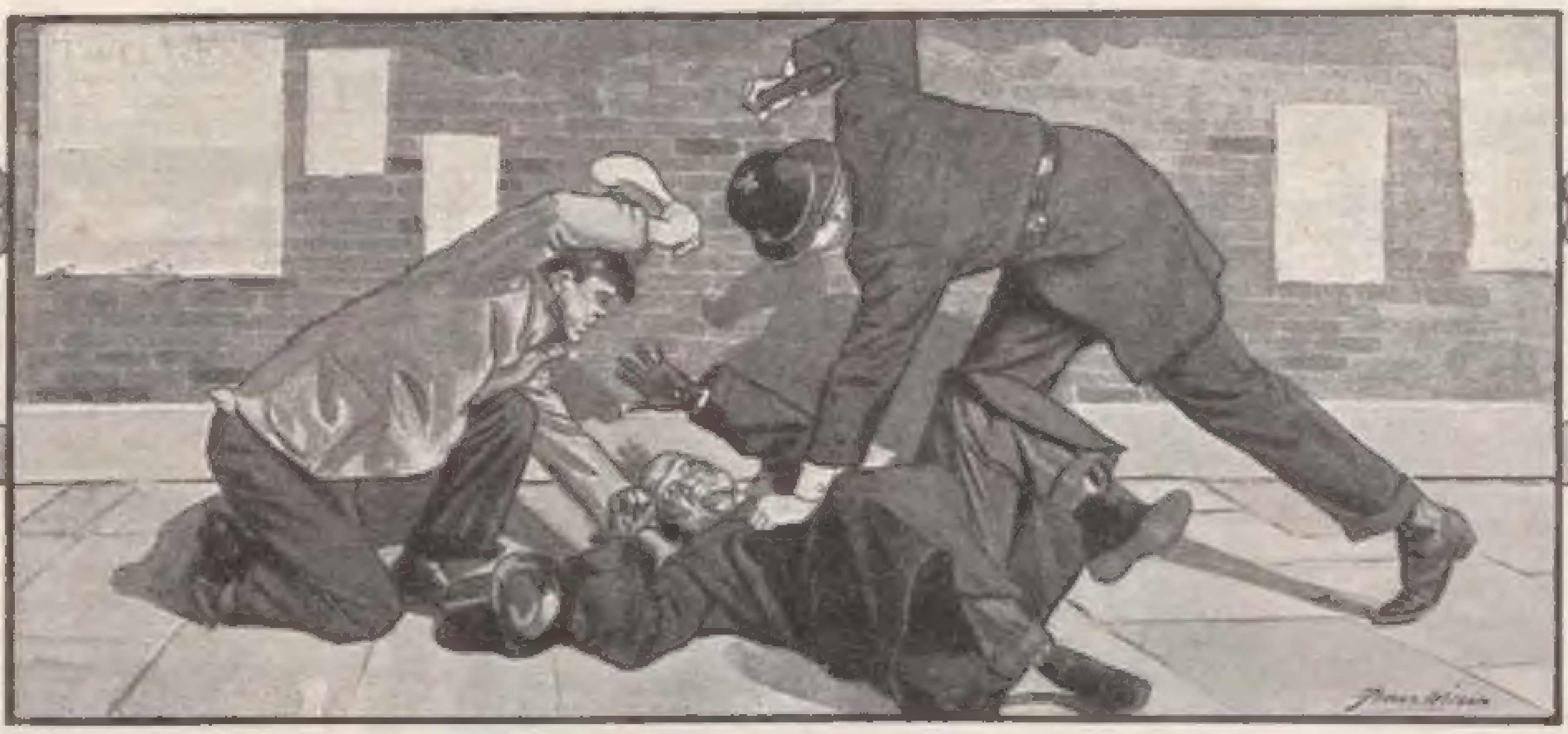
"There ain't no doubt that Mr. Dago done his duty when he was educatin' Mr. Persinnamon, for the show that him an' Jim put up was every bit as good as a circus, an' didn't cost a cent except what the boys wanted to put in Mr. Dago's hat. Jim Lazenby couldn't make a riffle but what Mr. Persinnamon would meet him more'n half-way, an' the more Jim cuffed an' scuffled an' rastled, the closer Mr. Persinnamon helt him to his palpitator, ef you'll excuse the ready reference. An' all the time the bear was holdin' Jim he was nosin' an' nozzlin' him, an' sneezin' an' snortin' an' snufflin' in his face an' eyes, an' wheezin' in his y'ears, ontell it got so that Jim couldn't take a breath he could call his own. He done his best for to git away to keep from bein' smothered to death, but the affection of Mr. Persinnamon appeared to be the gennywine thing, an' show'd no sign of coolin' off, an' nuther did his breath, which was every bit an' grain as hot as ef it was comin' from a busy smokestack.

"Mr. Dago seed mighty well that the boys was takin' the thing serious, an' jest at the nippin' minnit he give a little yank to the rope, an' the show was over, wi' Mr. Persinnamon a-bowin' an' a-pantin' jest as natchel as life. Jim Lazenby stood there like he was dazzled. He was as white as a sheet, an' as wet about the head an' neck as ef he'd been soured in the mill-pon'. Mr. Persinnamon was in for havin' another whirl, but Jim made a break for the hoss-rack whar his hoss was tied, wipin' his han's an' his hair as he went.

"But the worst was still to come for Jim. When he got home his wife seed that some un had give him a whippin'. She tried to make him tell her who it was, but all the answer she got was that no man had done it. 'Oman-like, she took a notion that ef it wa'n't no man it must 'a' been a 'oman. This made her mad, an' she got the battlin'-stick an' give Jim a frailin' that laid him up for mighty nigh a month."

One among those who had listened to the story declared that it was the first time he had ever heard a knitting mill compared to a bear. Mr. Sanders beamed upon him with a smile that was worth seeing. "Maybe you didn't hear me mention Jim Lazenby's wife," he said.

The Law or the Sandbag?



Some of the Things that Happen When Justice Looks the Other Way

BY ATHERTON BROWNELL

A FEW years ago a merchant who had amassed a large fortune passed into the great hereafter, leaving no one to mourn sincerely his demise. On earth he had been noted for practices so sharp that the proverbial razor was no comparison. Always in court, for one reason or another, it was seldom that his cause was the just one, but the law invariably stood behind him, even as a certain lawyer, equally famed for his acuteness, stood by his side. In combination, they were enabled to put their hands in the pockets of their fellows and abstract therefrom whatever they chose as surely as the Artful Dodger secured "the wipes"—and with far greater immunity from the proper consequences. A month or two after the death of the merchant the lawyer suddenly passed away, and the standing of the precious pair in the community made possible the somewhat grim witticism in comment that "So-and-so has got into trouble in Hades, and sent for his lawyer to help him out."

It was this lawyer who made his reputation for "cuteness" at his first appearance in court. The eye of the judge fell upon him one day when about to assign counsel for a poor devil who was in some serious scrape, and was so low in the social scale that he could not employ a lawyer for himself.

"Mr. ——," said the judge ponderously to the supposedly trembling young attorney now about to receive his first case, "it will be your duty to give this man the best advice in your power, just as if he had himself paid you a retainer. That you may have an opportunity of consulting with your client, I will adjourn this case until the afternoon session."

When the afternoon session opened the attorney was present, but the client failed to put in an appearance. The case was called. Without any visible embarrassment the young lawyer stepped forward and addressed the court:

"Your Honor," said he, "this morning you assigned a case to me, told me to confer with my client and to give him the best advice in my power. I conferred with him, and found that he had not the slightest shadow of a defense. I could not even prove an alibi. Under these circumstances there was nothing for me to do but to follow your Honor's instructions and give him the best advice that I could, which was to skip the State, and by this time I think he has done it."

A parallel to this on a larger scale occurred in New York within a few years, and is an open secret among lawyers, though for manifest reasons it has not gone far beyond the elect. The cashier of a large bank found himself involved to a considerable extent, and, in his difficulty, firmly resolved not to use the bank funds for speculation in the hope of retrieving his loss. He had seen too many instances of the failure of this method of extrication, leading to final exposure when the funds were gone, and there was nothing left but jail, or beggardom in an alien country. He preferred the alien country and something approaching luxury, and therefore resolved upon a bold stroke. The sum of $100,000, he thought, would be about what he would require if he could get off scot-free with it, but he realized that something would be necessary for "operating expenses." Accordingly, he awaited his opportunity and helped himself to $300,000 of the bank funds one afternoon immediately after the closing hour. With this cash in his pocket he strolled casually over to his attorney's office and told him of what he had done, as well as his desire to get away with as much money and with as little trouble as possible.

"Hm!" said the lawyer. "How much do you say you've got?"

"Three hundred thousand dollars."

"And how much do you want for yourself?"

"One hundred thousand dollars."

"Well, you leave two hundred thousand with me and take the next train for Montreal. There's a steamer sailing from there to-morrow. If you don't hear from me by morning take it, and cable me an address from the farthest point you can reach."

About nine o'clock that night—when the Montreal train was well on its way—there was a lively ringing of the telephone bell in the house of the president of the bank, arousing that gentleman from such reveries as bank presidents have. On the other end of the wire was the lawyer, who calmly told him that his bank had been robbed of $300,000 and that the information had just come to him. He could not say, of course, that what he had overheard was true, but it was worth investigating, at least.

The Lawyer Shares the Loot

THERE were no more reveries that evening, but at the midnight hour there was a solemn meeting of the directors to discuss the situation, to take steps to apprehend the culprit and recover the money. It occurred to some one to call up the attorney who had lodged the information, and, nothing loth, he joined the council. Yes, he knew something of the absconder. He even had an idea that, through personal influences, he might be able to recover the money, or, at least, a part of it. Would the directors be willing to intrust the matter to him and authorize him to get back as much as he could if he was unable to get it all?

Some were for vengeance. Some talked of their duty to the public, but others felt that their first duty was to the depositors. To trace the fugitive might take years of time, at the end of which the money would not be recovered, and the landing of the embezzler in jail would not help pay dividends. Besides, there was the matter of publicity to be thought of, and that should be avoided, if possible, in the interest of the bank. Thus the reasoning went, skillfully directed by the attorney in the case, until the morning was about to dawn. Then a sleepy lot of directors decided to leave the matter in the attorney's hands for twenty-four hours, authorizing him to grant immunity from prosecution if a considerable part of the missing funds could be restored. It is credibly reported that the lawyer fished $150,000 out of his safe the next day and turned it over to the bank, crediting himself with the remaining $50,000 and also with a good deed done in saving the bank one-half its loss.

But neither of these instances fully illustrates the point in mind at the beginning of this article. These things were done by lawyers, but were without the law. What can be done within the law and yet be robbery—how the law can be so twisted as to protect and make possible a direct theft, or what would be a crime if done in another way—is a totally different story. The various circumlocutions, technicalities and quibbles that can be introduced to delay a case until the one appealing for justice is worn out, defeated or dead are too numerous to mention.

In a lawyer's office in Boston hangs a transcript of the stenographer's notes of a few remarks made by the aged clerk of a certain court, which unconsciously and unwittingly suggested this phase of the law. Fumbling for his spectacles, and mixing up his notes, the clerk had replied to the calling of a case:

"Your Honor, the defendant in this case has died, and, the object of the action having been accomplished, it is moved that it be dismissed."

No better example of the raising of a technicality to protect and defend a client from an indictment comes to mind than in a recent case growing out of the General Slocum disaster, by which, through criminal negligence—lack of inspection of life-saving appliances which were of no use because of greed—upward of a thousand lives were lost. It was found that the steamboat company had bought, and that a company manufacturing life-preservers had sold, alleged cork-jackets which would not float because each contained a bar of iron to bring it up to standard weight. An indictment was found, and the case against the manufacturers of the life-preservers was brought in a Federal court on the ground of fraud. A demurrer was filed against the indictment, asking that the case be dismissed on the purely technical ground that the fraud had been committed against a New York corporation, and not against the United States Government, and that, therefore, the State courts alone had jurisdiction. And one can easily fancy the other corporation bringing a suit in a State court!

There is a case that comes to mind in which a certain amount of sympathy can be felt for the man who invoked the aid of his lawyer to avoid the consequences of his proposed breach of the peace, like another very devout gentleman who, fully realizing his own frailties, prayed to be forgiven for the sins he was about to commit. There are probably very few of us who have not at one time or another felt a burning desire to go back to those primitive conditions when we could "take it out" of another fellow's "hide"—cases where an action in court hardly seemed a sufficient satisfaction for outraged feelings, and a doubtful judgment for damages no kind of a panacea for the smart of an offense, even if it fell into the category of those punishable by the law. Most of us have refrained from taking the law into our own hands, sometimes from reasons of prudence, but more often, probably, because of a feeling that it would be rather disagreeable to spend a month or more in seclusion in company that would hardly be congenial. But to all those who would find the way to save the courts unnecessary labor, and gain the satisfaction of personally "taking it out" of another fellow, without suffering any considerable inconvenience afterward, here is the recipe. It has been worked out to one man's satisfaction and the attorney's fee has been joyously paid, but there is a certain caution that should be observed. Just as the proper way to catch a squirrel is to climb a tree and make a noise like a nut, so in this case it is wise to have not only justice on your side, but also an amount of avoirdupois sufficient to back up your contention in the most practical manner.

"No, I don't want to bring a lawsuit," the man in this case was saying to his attorney. "I want that man's hide. I want to administer to him a personal chastisement—yes, sir, with my own right arm." And blazing with righteous indignation he strode about the little office like the royal Bengal tiger that we used to see in the circus menagerie. "But I don't want to spend thirty days on the island, or any such rot as that. I'll pay a fine and I'll pay you a fee, so it's up to you to put me safe in the law. No big trial, you understand, or anything like that."

The next day this client received certain very definite instructions. He was to lie in wait for his man in broad daylight, and when he met him he was to cast all thought of the consequences to the winds. The lawyer would undertake to succeed only in case his client did his part of the work, and his part was to "do" the other man so completely that an ambulance would be desirable, and so thoroughly that the victim would be physically incapable of appearing in court to make a complaint for some days to come.

This was a part of the contract that distinctly appealed to the man thirsting for vengeance, and, without dwelling unduly upon the details, he failed not in his task. At the psychological moment there appeared upon the scene a policeman, who promptly summoned a carriage and then placed the disturber of the peace under arrest. He had not actually seen the assault, and appealed to those standing by for a witness. Out of the crowd appeared a man bursting with virtuous indignation that such a ruffianly assault could take place on a public thoroughfare. Go to court as a witness? Of course he would! He was a public-spirited citizen, and it was the duty of all such to uphold the majesty of law and order.

Haled before the magistrate on a charge of assault, the fighter found that, by a curious coincidence, his lawyer happened to be in court. After a few searching inquiries, the policeman's story proved to be a simple one, and the public-spirited citizen's ardor had cooled to such a point that a fine of ten dollars and a reprimand, for a simple assault, seemed to satisfy the demands of justice. Three days later, when the victim emerged from his seclusion, with the marks of the conflict still speaking eloquently as to the thoroughness with which the job had been done, he was breathing threats of vengeance. Nothing would satisfy him short of preferring a charge of assault with intent to kill, and an indictment was sought to that end. But it was easy to show that the culprit had already been punished for his act through the charge of the public-spirited citizen, and it needed no argument to reëstablish the principle in law that a man cannot be punished twice for the same offense.

Recently there has been told in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST something of the "graft" that exists in real estate, but the writer did not tell of the pitfalls in the laws governing such transactions that await the feet of the unwary. By them the ease with which one may be mulcted causes the sandbag to become archaic and far removed from the fine art of legalized robbery. An instance in point occurred in Boston. A merchant had retired from business because of ill health, and, wishing to have as few cares as possible, had taken an apartment on a year's lease at an annual rental of $900. Still wishing to be relieved from as many cares as possible, he proposed to the owner of the property that he pay his rent for the year in advance, not even asking for a discount, and thereby he let himself in for an amount of trouble hardly to be suspected.

Paying Two Rents

A MONTH later he received a call from a stranger who demanded the month's rent on the ground that he had just bought the property and was therefore the new owner. An explanation of the situation was made, the receipt of the old owner for the year's rent in advance was shown, and apologies were given and accepted. At the same time, the new owner would esteem it a favor if the tenant would call with him upon the old owner in order that an adjustment might be made. Nothing more pleasant than that interview could be imagined. The new owner apologized to the tenant again for the trouble he was causing him. The old owner apologized to the new owner for having overlooked the fact that he had collected the rent for that year on that apartment, and proposed that he give him credit for the amount on his mortgage note. Therefore, the money remained in the hands of the old owner. In order that there should be no further cause for misunderstanding, it was suggested that the new owner now give the tenant a lease in his own name and also a receipt for the balance of the year's rent, he having received it by having that amount credited to him on his mortgage note. These things all being done, it was suggested that it was now proper for the tenant to return to the old owner the lease he had received from him, as well as the receipt for the rent in advance, as he now held both from the new owner. All of these things were done, and the incident was considered closed, as they say in diplomatic parlance, all parting with expressions of mutual esteem and good will.

Thereafter the tenant was absent from his home for many months in search of health, returning only at about the time of the expiration of his lease. He was gratified and charmed at receiving a call from the original owner—until a demand was made upon him for the sum of $600 rent for the last eight months of his occupancy.

"But how is this? I paid my rent in advance. I paid it to you, and you sold. We adjusted it with the new owner, and you credited him with the amount. How do you now come to me for money?"

"Well, you see, it is like this," was the suave reply. "I was unfortunately obliged to foreclose upon him and take the property back. That wipes out all incumbrances, you know, and a lease is an incumbrance. Your lease has not been valid since that time, and you have been a tenant-at-will."

"But I have paid my rent. I have paid it to you."

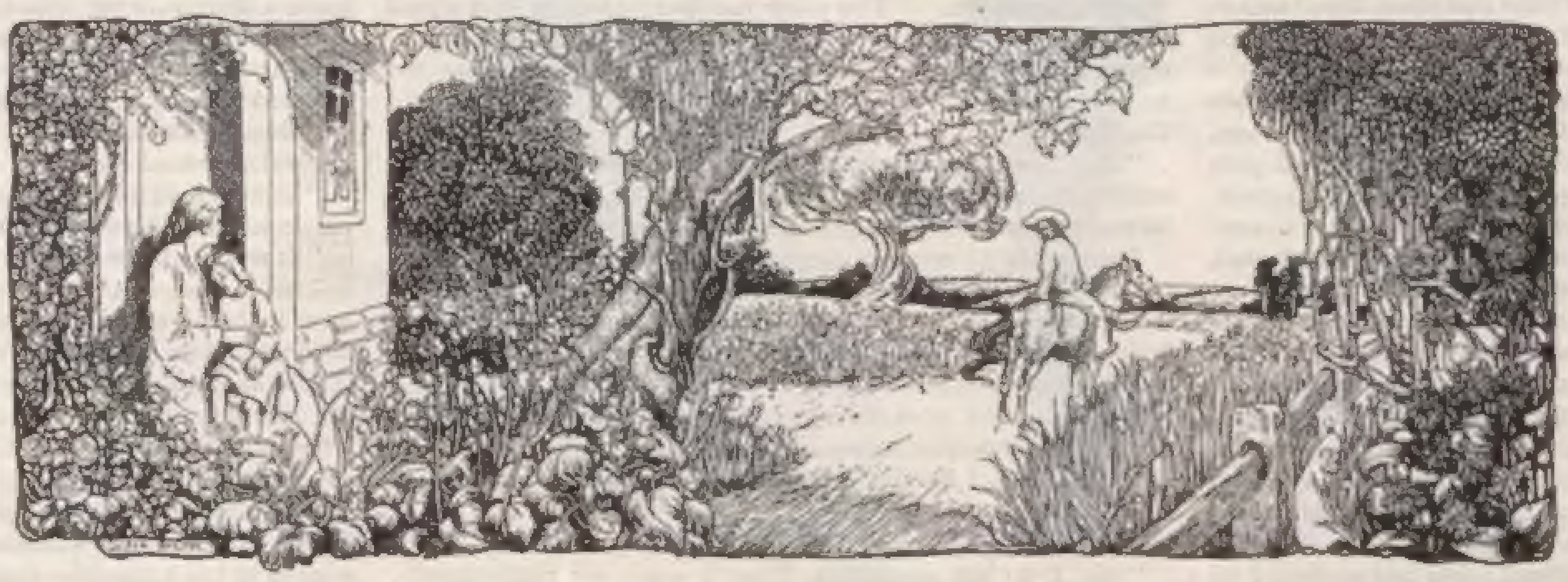
"Ah, yes, that is very unfortunate, but you see I credited him with the amount on his note and you took your new lease from him, so that he owes you $600 and you owe me $600, and I want my money now. He has gone away."

A suit was the result, and the contention was sustained on technical grounds. Judgment was obtained, so that in effect the tenant was called upon to pay $1500 for an apartment for which the agreed price was $900.

There was a curious afterclap to this case which is not really a part of this story, but which should be told as a part of this diamond-cut-diamond game. The tenant who had been mulcted, and against whom the law had allied itself as an accessory after the fact, was saved from suffering an actual injustice by an illegal act that could have been punished severely. The innocent victim had a nephew who was a newspaper man, and who, in the course of his work, had occasion to examine the construction of some buildings that were being erected without proper attention having been paid to the building laws. As it happened, they were being built by the plaintiff in this action. For reasons of policy the story had not been published at the time, and the data, with photographs and drawings all showing the evasion of the building laws, lay then in the newspaper man's desk.

"Suppose you let me pay this judgment for you," was his suggestion when his uncle spoke to him, and permission was granted. He brought back the money and made no explanations beyond presenting a receipt for the amount of the judgment in full. "That's the nearest I ever came to being a blackmailer, and I don't want to come any nearer," was his only comment, and it has always been a matter of the deepest interest to learn what went on that day in that real-estate office.

CUPIDON AND A CROWN



A Story of Des Amis

BY M. E. M. DAVIS

"BUT, 'Toinette, my little angel, my treasure, weep not, I implore thee!" cried 'Polyte for the twentieth time, his voice vibrating between entreaty and despair.

'Toinette's soft wail rose suddenly to a savage shriek. 'Polyte attempted to lift her from Cupidon's back, where she sat astride, her bare heels beating the pony's flanks in a frenzy of anger. "*Non! non!*" she struggled, clinging with all the might of her baby hands to Cupidon's shaggy mane.

A sob, accompanied by sundry muffled protests, fell into the clamor. 'Polyte loosed the four-year-old 'Toinette, dropped his lean arms to his side, and faced his wife, who sat, a forlorn though a plump and comely heap, on the gallery-step with the three boys huddled at her knee. The sob had come from Gabrielle herself; the protests from Jules, Pierre and Rosé.

"It is that you cannot see the nose on the face, you others," said 'Polyte, speaking always, be it understood, in the velvety 'Cajan patois. He threw out his hands and embraced his entire family, the impassive Cupidon included, in an exasperated scowl. "Is not the honey all sold? Is not the cotton yet to grow for the weaving of more cloth to sell? Does a man pick up fifty dollars in the Des Amis road? Therefore, is it I, Hypolyte Garsin, who will keep the habitation Garsin, or shall Dominique Bechet dwell in the *cabane* of my fathers? *Hein?*"

The habitation of 'Polyte Garsin, held snugly in an arm of the Bayou des Amis, consisted of a small canefield with outlying corn and cotton patches, an orchard of fig and orange trees, scraggy with age, and a garden in the midst of which was set the steep-roofed *cabane*, built by 'Polyte's forebears *dans le temps*—which is to say, beyond the memory of man. A dozen or more wooden beehives dotted the dooryard shaded by pecan and crêpe-myrtle trees, and on the cabin porch stood the clumsy wooden loom, with polished beams and worn treadles, upon which successive Garsin wives and mothers had, time out of mind, woven the wiry blue jeans and the pliant brown-and-white Acadian cloth of the parish. The tough, hairy, dapple-gray 'Cajan pony stood knee-deep in a tangle of honeysuckle runners escaped from a sagging trellis hard by. The blossoms under his hoofs gave out a dewy perfume to the morning air.

"I do not wish to sell Cupidon, me," continued 'Polyte. "Am I a pig? Do I forget that Cupidon was born, as it were, at my own knee? Was it Cupidon, or another, Gabrielle, *ma mie*, who bore thee on his back, a bride, from thy father's habitation to mine? Was it Cupidon, or another, who carried the coffin of our little Madeleine to the churchyard of St. Thérèse? Am I a heart of stone? Was it Cupidon, or another, who fetched the doctor from Des Amis when 'Toinette lay in her cradle scorched with that devil of a fever——"

At the mention of her own name, 'Toinette, who had lapsed into snuffling silence, began to howl afresh. Gabrielle wept silently. Jules, Pierre and Rosé blubbered with their heads in her lap.

"Am I a pig?" demanded 'Polyte, more in sorrow than in wrath. "Since nineteen years Cupidon has been of my house." He laid a caressing hand on Cupidon's upthrown nose. "But I tell thee again, Gabrielle, my cherished, that if I pay not that fifty dollars to Dominique Bechet before the day after to-morrow the mortgages will be shut up and the habitation Garsin will pass to Dominique Bechet and to Jeanne Bechet his wife. That sees itself. Therefore I go to Des Amis, where the Tournament is. Therefore I sell Cupidon. It is enough."

Gabrielle waved a limp hand in token of submission and wrapped her head in her apron; the boys abandoned themselves to noisy despair; 'Toinette, torn at length from her perch, clawed like a young wildcat in her father's arms; 'Polyte appealed angrily to the saints. Cupidon alone remained unmoved, champing between bridle-bit and teeth a blade of June grass, his hoofs ringed about with honeysuckle flowers.

But when 'Polyte swung his long jeans-clad legs over the pony's bare back ("Am I a donkey," said 'Polyte, "that I should return from Des Amis with a saddle on my shoulder?"), when pony and master passed out of the gate into the road, then indeed Cupidon understood that the end of the world was come! What! neither Jules nor Pierre aswing from his tail? Neither Rosé running at his mane, nor 'Toinette screeching triumphant from his neck? Holy Virgin! what had arrived? He turned his head toward his master, his large eyes filled with questioning, and uttered a whinny which had in it a note of mortal pain. But 'Polyte jerked his head about with a rough hand and set him at a steady gallop down the rough road which led to the village of Des Amis.

At precisely the same moment the wide gates of the St. Martin plantation, many miles distant from the habitation

Garsin, swung apart, and the St. Martin family carriage, drawn by a pair of handsome bays, rolled majestically forth and turned likewise into the Des Amis road. Mademoiselle Nysidà St. Martin, slim, red-lipped, graceful, sat on the front seat opposite her parents—the shriveled but erect and elegant Monsieur St. Martin, and Madame his wife, portly and placid. The girl's pretty head, crowned with a splendor of dark hair, rising like a flower above the fluffy whiteness of her gown, turned with impartial favor from one to the other of the two horsemen who rode on either side the carriage. Her starry eyes beamed, now upon André d'Hymel, whose dark, expressive face was not unlike her own—the master of the Plantation Sans Nom being, indeed, her cousin several times removed—and now upon Lucas Ellwood, newly arrived in the parish to try his hand at managing the St. Martin refinery. D'Hymel's mount, a frisky chestnut filly, grazed the right wheel of the carriage with her glossy shoulder; Ellwood's blooded gray on the left curveted under his rider's nervous hand; and in the blue eyes of the American and the brown ones of the Creole the same thought swam, patent to the most careless observer: "I win—or lose—the Queen's crown—and Nysidà—this day." But if Mademoiselle St. Martin was aware that her own fate hung thus upon the annual joust at Des Amis—suspended invisible, between the lances there awaiting her two outriders—not so much as a turn of the extraordinarily long eyelashes which swept her cheeks betrayed that knowledge.

The road passing between vast fields of sugarcane, billowy-green under the June sky, was fringed with sunflowers and daisies standing up tall against the barbed-wire fences, or crouched low at the foot of Cherokee-rose hedges, themselves starred with blossoms. From the stately plantation-houses along the way groups of women and children fluttered out to waiting carriages; sober planters—linen-clad, Panama-hatted—stepped into lighter traps; younger men, booted and spurred, mounted well-groomed saddle-horses. Long before the slim spire of St. Thérèse Church, suddenly visible from a turn in the road, announced the approach to Des Amis, the St. Martin coach was leading a long procession of vehicles and horsemen. For the entire parish goes up yearly, of one accord, to the Tournament of Des Amis, to beam—and to bet—on the riders, and to assist at the coronation of the Queen. It is an old custom, dating, they will tell you all about the parish, from *dans le temps*.

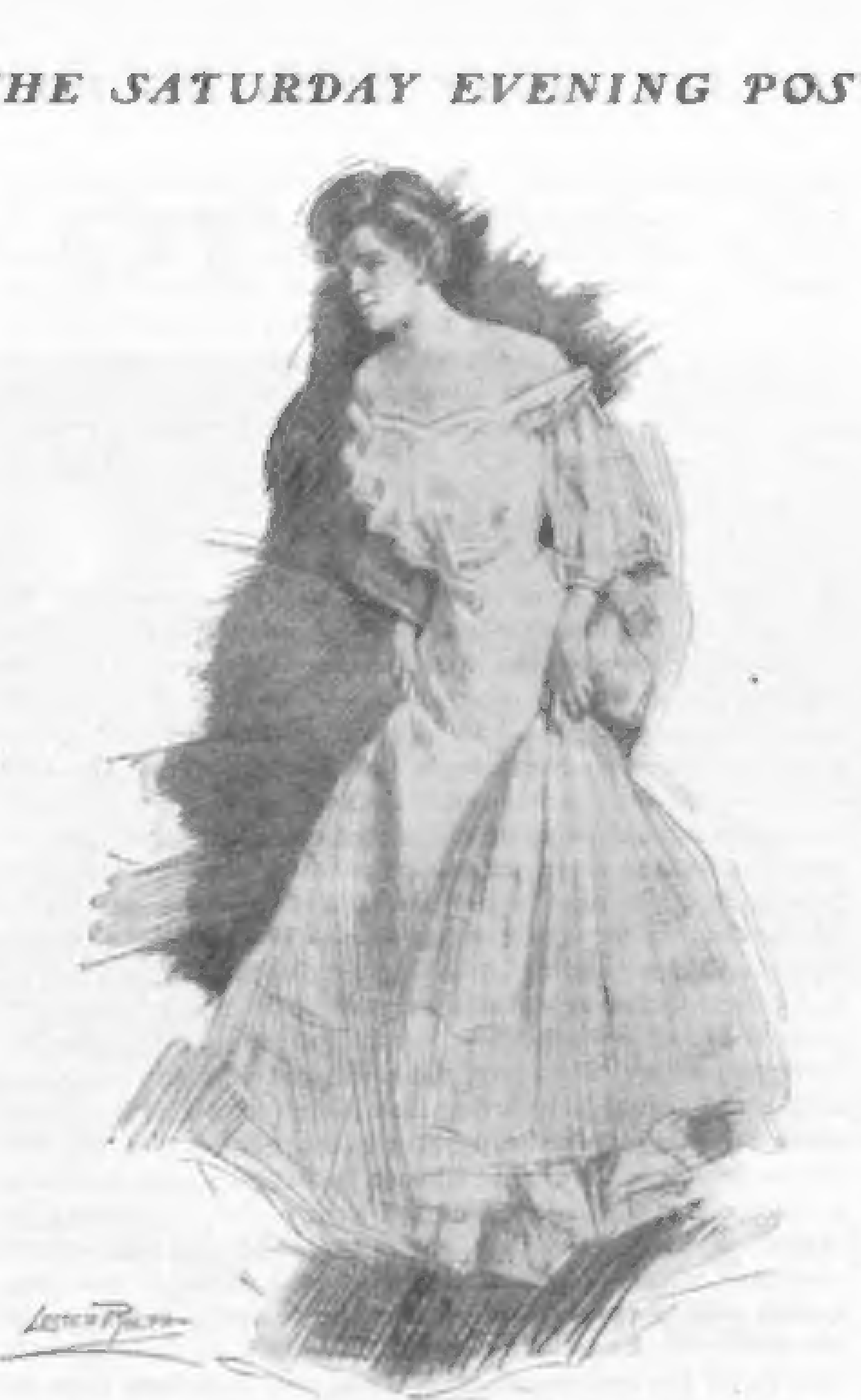
The straggling, picturesque little village, with its aisles of live oaks and magnolias, and its galleried houses, half hidden by those cream-tinted, heaven-smelling roses which grow nowhere else in the world but in Des Amis, swarmed with eager and expectant throngs of people—town and parish folk, gentry, cane-cutters, storekeepers, 'Cajans-Americans, Creoles. All business save that relating to the tourney was suspended; flags were flying, and here and there floral arches adorned the crossways; a sort of rampant hilarity pervaded the air. Men and boys stood about in knots discussing the respective merits of the Knights and their mounts—the points of both as well known in general as the state of the crops. In cool gallery-nooks or shaded rose-arbors women and girls discussed yet more eagerly the possible wearer of the crown. For the sole prize at the Des Amis Tournament is a wreath of Des Amis roses. Much money, it must be confessed, changes hands at this yearly meet; impossible wagers are laid and taken by the spectators; often a bout at fisticuffs enlivens the outfield; duels, even, are not unknown. But for the participants—and these are of varied degrees, for the tilt is open to all respectable contestants—there is the privilege of wearing a knot of ribbon, and the glory, for the winner, of choosing a Queen and himself setting a crown upon her head at the ball which concludes the festival.

At the entrance to the village d'Hymel, with a friendly smile which included his rival, turned aside and cantered off to a blacksmith's shop beyond the green, before which a man was in the act of dismounting from a shaggy dapple-gray pony. The man was none other than 'Polyte Garsin; the pony, needless to add, was Cupidon—Cupidon, who, after a gallop of fifteen miles, stood, unbreathed, on his sturdy legs.

Ellwood escorted the St. Martin carriage to the mansion of one of the numerous branches of the famille St. Martin, quartered his horse in a public stable, and strolled aimlessly about the streets. The panorama under his eyes was new to him, and, under ordinary circumstances, would have aroused lively interest. But in truth he saw nothing with his outward senses; there swam before his inner vision a slender, white-clad figure, shutting out all else; starry eyes looked into his own; a small hand beckoned to him!

Once only did he emerge from the Land of Faery in which he walked. This was when his eye lighted unaware upon a wreath of long, shapely, cream-tinted rosebuds. It reposed upon a bed of green leaves in a crystal bowl filled with water. Above it, in the florist's window, hung a placard bearing the legend, *The Queen's Crown.* As he stared at it, fascinated, there was effected under his gaze one of those transformations familiar to modern magic: below the dewy buds appeared not only the piquant face of Nysidà St. Martin, but the misty outlines of a wedding-veil, which enveloped the face like a cloud!

Meanwhile, Jacques Brou, the blacksmith, had tightened a shoe for the chestnut filly, a number of d'Hymel's admirers looking on; the young sugar-planter was a great favorite in his parish. He smiled when Jacques Brou wished him good luck—a mere form, of course, for had not the Knight Sans Nom carried off the prize these two years past, and these two years past set the crown on the head of Mademoiselle St. Martin? But this time, indeed, it was in the air that more than the crown would fall to his hand—if he were the victor! He gathered up his bridle-reins.


SLIM AND LOVELY IN HER SHIMMERING BALL DRESS

"Look out!" cried a bystander, for the chestnut filly was treading upon Cupidon's heels. "Oho!" scoffed another, "there is no danger. Old Cupidon? He was born when the devil had no tail."

"Thou art a lying rascal, Blaise Tremoulet!" exploded 'Polyte, wrathful. "The pony has but nineteen and a half years. Ah-ha-a-a-a!" For Cupidon had kicked out vigorously, his hoofs just grazing the filly's slim ankles as she bounded away. The crowd applauded: "Bravo, old Cupidon!"

"He has legs of iron, that pony," remarked 'Polyte subtly; "he has the strength of two mules, he eats nothing, he can pull a plow all day and gallop all night——"

But certainly! was not the parish acquainted with Cupidon?

"Nevertheless," continued 'Polyte, sweeping his hearers with crafty eyes, "he has not a good heart for the family, that beast. He has malice, he meditates evil, the children tremble before him——"

"What devil of a flea has 'Polyte under his blouse?" muttered Tremoulet between his teeth.

"Therefore, I am desired by Gabrielle Garsin, my wife, to sell Cupidon——"

A movement of surprise stirred the group.

"Me, I do not wish to sell, as it were, my right thumb. But——!" 'Polyte shrugged his shoulders and cast a reproachful glance at Cupidon, who made no sign. "Fifty dollars, no more and no less, will I take for that horse. It is of a cheapness, yes. But what will you?"

"Ah," breathed Blaise, enlightened. For every soul present knew about Dominique Bechet and the mortgage. Sympathy for the famille Garsin was not lacking. Notwithstanding, a howl went up. Fifty dollars! For old Cupidon! Ohé!

"Fifty cents is about Cupidon's size," jeered one youthful connoisseur in horseflesh—an American.

"Say, 'Polyte," suggested another with a wink at his fellows, "whyn't you enter Cupidon for the Tournament? Show him off, man. You'd git five dollars for him after—if he didn't fall over his old legs and break his neck!"

"Two dimes to a nickel on Cupidon!" shouted a third.

'Polyte's sallow cheek reddened under these insults to Cupidon; a dogged look came into his small, black eyes. He walked away from the dissolving circle with the pony trailing at his heels, and presently approached the gallery of the Des Amis Hotel, where the Tournament Committee were making their final arrangements.

Perplexity, not to say dismay, sat on the faces of these gentlemen when Garsin had preferred his request. The 'Cajan, it appeared, desired to ride in the Tournament. M. St. Martin, the chairman, looked from the jeans-clad man to the uncombed beast. "It will make the whole affair ridiculous," he sighed, "but——" The lists were undoubtedly open, up to the last moment, to all riders of respectability; and no man in the parish was held in greater respect than Garsin, of Garsin Habitation. 'Polyte's ancestors had come away from Grand Pré with Monsieur St. Martin's own. He conferred with his colleagues, the upshot being that 'Polyte was booked by Secretary Jack Darsam as The Unknown Knight; steed, Cupidon.

The lists at Des Amis are but a stone's throw from the heart of the town. The straight course is faced at its lower end by an open pavilion tiered with benches; just opposite is set the small boxlike judges' stand. At regular distances along the track are planted the four posts with outstretched arms, to which the rings are lightly suspended; wreathed with evergreen on the great day, these posts lose somewhat of their ordinary gallows-like appearance.

At precisely four o'clock in the afternoon, the Knights, who numbered on this occasion a round dozen, drew up according to usage in front of the judges' stand, saluted gravely, wheeled to dip their lances to the group of young women who sat, bowered in roses, in the centre of the pavilion; then rode the length of the course to the starting line. The enormous crowd cheered with boisterous lungs, clapping each Knight by name as he trotted past. The hindmost chevalier—'Polyte Garsin, mounted upon Cupidon, his long legs dangling stirrupless almost to the ground, the wooden lance held awkwardly under his arm—provoked a wild outburst of laughter, intermingled with catcalls, friendly abuse and sarcastic advice. He had stubbornly refused the loan of a saddle from the committee, and the offer of Blaise Tremoulet's Sunday clothes. He wore no colors, and he stared stolidly at the Herald when that official, in the person of Jack Darsam, proclaimed his title. But he listened with keen ears to the reading of the rules governing the tourney.

These were simple enough: Three runs, each to be made within a prescribed time. The rings to be taken on the point of the lance without slackening or changing the horse's gait. To the Knight carrying off the greatest number of rings, the prize. Failure to capture more than two rings in a single run barred the rider from further participation in the contest.

It was observed that the time allowed for each run had been, since the last meet, shortened by one-third. The horses, therefore, as well as their riders, were upon their mettle.

The first run reduced the competitors to five: Tip Vance, Knight of de Soto (wearing the red shoulder-knot of Mademoiselle Héloise Lafleur), and the Forest Knight, Norbert Lanve (with Felicia Barrett's pink rosette in his cap), had each taken three rings. D'Hymel, the Knight Sans Nom, and Ellwood, the Knight of Dreams (both showing on their wrists the pale-blue streamer of Mademoiselle St. Martin), counted the highest score possible—four rings each. So did The Unknown Knight, who, with his lance held at an absurd angle, and his legs knotted under Cupidon's belly, had darted, a blue-and-dapple-gray flash, along the track, lowering the allotted time by ten and a quarter seconds.

"Bravo, Cupidon, *le Vieux!*" The shout rang from several hundred throats.

"Bah!" said Blaise Tremoulet contemptuously. "It was an accident. That sees itself."

"It was the Holy Virgin!" said 'Polyte fervently to himself.

The second run proved disastrous to the Forest Knight, who had but two rings to his credit. D'Hymel, Vance and Ellwood each bore off three. 'Polyte—and now Cupidon wiped another second from the time—'Polyte again dropped the four rings from his lance's head at the feet of the judges. The jeers and laughter of outfield and pavilion were changed to astonished admiration. 'Polyte's stock went up at a bound. Even the judges had out their betting-books. M. St. Martin—the Acadian blood tingling in his veins—offered to back Cupidon—and 'Polyte—against the field.

"Holà, 'Polyte!" yelled the spectators; "the crown is already at your hand!"

"*La couronne!*" echoed 'Polyte vaguely. The crown, indeed! What 'Polyte wanted was to sell Cupidon for fifty dollars. "For the habitation Garsin, my poor Cupidon," he whispered, leaning to the up-pricked ear. "Make thyself worth the mortgage—and the saints will reward thee!"

Cupidon whinnied softly in reply, and, when 'Polyte's turn came, carried his master more like a whirlwind than a 'Cajan pony.

"He will die of it, that ancient Cupidon," declared Blaise Tremoulet. Notwithstanding, he sought 'Polyte, when that gentleman—declared victor of the Des Amis Tournament—had retreated, stolidly uncomfortable, to the blacksmith's shop, and offered fifty dollars for Cupidon, provided he, Blaise, could borrow that sum from his *marraine*.

The score of the final heat stood: Ellwood, 0; Vance, 2; d'Hymel, 3; Garsin, 4.

. . . .

The Coronation Dance began early; hardly had a full moon begun to silver the magnolias, when slim girls—dainty as the Des Amis rosebuds that brushed their skirts, white as the magnolia-bells above their heads!—and trim gallants, ample mammas and staid papas, flocked to the town hall, garlanded and beflagged for the occasion. There the fiddlers were already tuning their strings; the judges were seated in grave state before the table which held, fragrant, fresh and dewy, the Queen's crown.

Speculation was rife as to how the victor would comport himself; whom would he choose for his Queen—that lank 'Cajan, that brown *père de famille?* The aristocracy giggled, the bourgeoisie bridled, the committee were openly anxious. But there was no thought of interfering with 'Polyte's prerogatives. The Des Amis Tournament abides honorably by its rules and its traditions.

At a given moment, and with due formality, Monsieur Hypolyte Garsin was called forward. Monsieur Garsin refused pointblank to budge from the corner where he stood looking on with half-shut, inscrutable eyes. It became necessary, therefore, for Mr. Darsam, the secretary, to convey the crown to its winner, and to explain—which he did with the utmost patience and good humor—to Monsieur Garsin that he was expected to choose a Queen from among the ladies present: to place the crown upon her head, and to open the ball with her.

'Polyte had never missed a Tournament since he could remember. This was his first ball.

The secretary presently returned to his colleagues. 'Polyte, it seemed, had no idea of performing the time-honored function: he called it a *bêtise*.

The air around the committee cleared on the instant. D'Hymel, having the second highest score, was declared eligible to all honors; and Mr. Darsam journeyed once more to 'Polyte's corner to fetch away the crown. Once more his mission failed, the 'Cajan opposing to all entreaties and expostulations the simple statement:

"Me, I keep dose flower."

The committee, reduced to helplessness, and pressed for time, were fain to send out and procure from a nearby garden a bunch of Des Amis roses. These, hastily tied together, were handed to d'Hymel, who, putting aside his own chagrin, in turn presented them to Mademoiselle St. Martin; and so it was that the Knight Sans Nom, stepping by accident into another man's shoes, opened the ball with an uncrowned Queen.

'Polyte looked on for a time at the dancing, the Queen's crown hooked over his arm; but he presently slipped out and crossed the strip of green that encircles the hall, to where Cupidon browsed, his halter thrown lightly over the back of a wooden bench. 'Polyte seated himself on the bench in the dazzling moonlight and laid the wreath on his knee. He was very tired, 'Polyte. His head dropped to his breast; he wondered how long it would take Blaise Tremoulet to go to his *marraine's* on Bayou Noir and come back. Blaise would ride Cupidon in the Parish races next week. Why, of course! He trembled as he pictured the pony under Blaise Tremoulet's whip-lash.

"I am a monster without a soul!" he muttered, standing up. "May the saints punish me if I sell thee, my little Cupidon." Cupidon's nose came snuggling against his shoulder. "Never will I commit such a crime—never!"

But he sat down again with a scared face; Dominique Bechet's greedy black eyes danced before him in the moonlight; he smote the bench with a clenched fist. "The habitation, then, will be another's, and thou, Gabrielle, wilt be thrust from thy chimney-corner to make a place for Jeanne Bechet." He groaned aloud. For between the east wind and the west wind, as the 'Cajan saying is, he knew not how to wear his cap.

At that moment Ellwood seated himself on the other end of 'Polyte's bench. He took no note of his chance companion; he did not hear the clear whistle of the mocking-bird in the magnolia above his head, nor the rollicking dance-tunes which floated out from the ballroom. His thoughts were busy with the downfall of his own hopes. He had lost the one woman in all the world. The Tournament? That had not mattered, after all, since d'Hymel was no more the real victor than himself; but—— He ground his teeth at the recollection of that splendid pair leading the march yonder; the two dark heads lifted so proudly; the smiles flashing from one high-bred face to the other! Oh, well, he had lost. Why sit sulking like a child deprived of its toy! He shrugged his shoulders impatiently and turned, frowning, to regard his neighbor. His eyes fell upon the crown lying on 'Polyte's knee.

"Mr. Garsin," he said abruptly, "would you mind giving me that wreath?"

"Wreat'?" echoed 'Polyte, puzzled. "Oh, *la couronne!* Pardon, M'sieu' h'Ellwood, I bring that c-r-rown to Gabrielle. Gabrielle, M'sieu', is my wife."

"I wish you would give it to me," persisted Ellwood. He suddenly felt as if his life depended upon the possession of that wreath of faded rosebuds beneath which, a few hours earlier, he had seen, as in a vision, the face of Nysidà St. Martin, starlike behind a wedding-veil. "Give it to me," he urged recklessly. "It will be withered before you get home. It is withered now."

"*Non*, M'sieu'," 'Polyte said doggedly. "I leave Cupidon. I bring dose flower to Gabrielle. It not that I wish to sell Cupidon, me!" he went on to explain in answer to Ellwood's surprised ejaculation. The story came out—tumbled out!—a queer jumble of French and English . . . the mortgages . . . the last payment . . . Dominique Bechet, and Jeanne Bechet his wife . . . the habitation Garsin . . . the coffin of *la petite* Madeleine . . . 'Toinette . . . dose boy . . . Gabrielle . . . Blaise, who had gone to borrow fifty dollars from his *marraine* . . . "Therefore, M'sieu'," concluded 'Polyte with a click in his throat—"therefore, I sell Cupidon. But I think he onderstan', that little 'orse. *Hein*, M'sieu'?"

"I am sure he understands," returned Ellwood absently. He had stretched out a leg and thrust a hand into his trousers pocket. "Mr. Garsin," he added easily, "I will give you fifty dollars for that crown."

"Fif——!" 'Polyte gasped wildly. "It is that M'sieu' means for Cupidon; is it not so?"

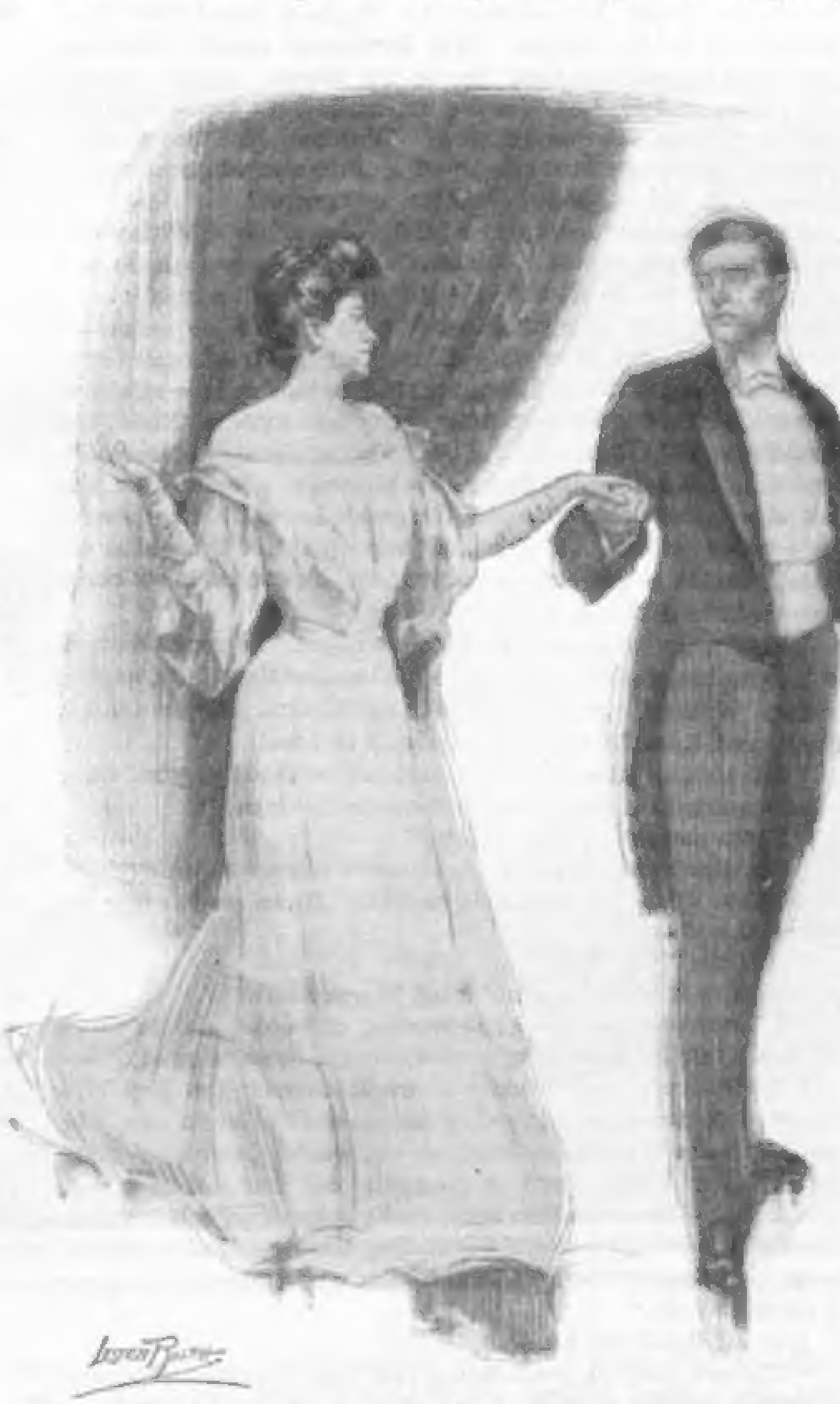
"Fifty dollars for the crown," repeated Ellwood.

"*La couronne!* But, M'sieu', *la couronne*, she is not wort'——"

"It is worth that much to me," interrupted Ellwood, smoothing out on the bench with one hand five ten-dollar bills, while with the other he transferred the Queen's crown from 'Polyte's knee to his own.

'Polyte stared with speechless incredulity at the money; then, still dazed, he grasped the hand extended to his own, and, laying his face against Cupidon's inthrust nose, he blubbered aloud.

Ellwood turned his back squarely upon the scene. When he looked round again both 'Polyte and Cupidon were gone; but, miracle of miracles! Nysidà St. Martin sat in 'Polyte's place, slim and lovely in her shimmering ball dress.



THE TWO DARK HEADS LIFTED SO PROUDLY; THE SMILES FLASHING FROM ONE HIGH-BRED FACE TO THE OTHER!

"Mr. Ellwood," she said sweetly, "will you conduct me over at my *grande cousine*, where my mamma and my papa attend me?"

"But, d'Hymel . . . where . . . ?" Ellwood stammered involuntarily.

"Mr. d'Hymel is gone—since an hour," returned Nysidà, dropping her eyes demurely. "He has found himself fatigued, my cousin André. Ah!"—she checked herself to cry—"But you have the crown! How is it that you have the crown?"

"I bought it," said Ellwood shortly.

Then, before he knew it, the story came tumbling out, as 'Polyte's had done but now, and in words almost as disjointed: the wreath . . . the vision . . . the wedding-veil . . . his cherished hope . . . his sudden despair . . . "Therefore," he concluded, borrowing a phrase from 'Polyte—"therefore, I have bought the Queen's crown. Therefore——"

But Nysidà had moved swiftly along the bench: she was close beside him.

A little later, when Mr. Ellwood and Mademoiselle St. Martin passed, hand in hand, within the gate of the *grande cousine*, the Queen's crown, faded but giving to the night air a divine perfume, rested on Mademoiselle St. Martin's dark hair.

'Polyte, clattering past on Cupidon's back, noted the pair and grinned understandingly to himself. Cupidon, as fresh in body and as serene in spirit as if he had never quitted the habitation nor assisted at the winning of a crown, was bearing his master homeward.

'Polyte, having appeased—over a bottle of claret—the just wrath of Blaise Tremoulet, had forgotten all his weariness; his heart weighed no more than a feather! He shouted at the top of his lungs as he passed along rose-hedged lanes, by plantation-houses and canefields sleeping in the moonlight, through bits of swamp, across strips of prairie. He stopped now and then to take out his worn pocketbook and assure himself by actual sight and touch that the price of "dose mortgage" was there. At such moments he poked an imaginary fist under Dominique Bechet's very nose, and cried sarcastically in the face of his beady black eyes: "Aha, you will take the habitation Garsin, *hein*, Dominique Bechet? You will not wait one little minute, *hein?* You will shut up dose mortgages on the instant, *hein?* You will plant Jeanne Bechet in the place of Gabrielle Garsin, *hein?* B-r-r-r!"

Cupidon's steady gallop drew him nearer and nearer home. An hour after midnight he crossed the Bayou des Amis, and, climbing the opposite bank, came in sight of the habitation. The 'Cajan chanson he was softly humming died on his lips and a lump rose in his throat. The little place lay silent in the heart of the night. Cupidon—as if he knew!—went more and more softly. 'Polyte's blood all at once went cold. What if——

The saints be praised! There she sat, Gabrielle, just where he had left her that morning—waiting for him, 'Polyte!—with the sleeping boys huddled against her knee and 'Toinette in her arms.

"Gabrielle, *ma mie*," sobbed 'Polyte, jumping down and running to her, "behold, our little Cupidon! And the habitation Garsin is ours and not another's!" And once again the story tumbled out.

Cupidon, with his hoofs ringed about with honeysuckle trumpets, shook his foam-flecked sides and gave a sigh of content; for, wriggling and shouting, "dose boy" were once more swinging to his mane and his tail, and 'Toinette, sleepy-eyed but blissful, sat astride of his neck.

❧

Getting Business

THERE is a good business point in how I once sold a bill of goods to a man who had quit me when I changed firms. We had been good friends in a business way for many years. I thought that he would buy from me regardless of the line I carried. That was where I made a mistake. The other fellow slipped in on me and I was out of it for a couple of seasons. In fact, I had quit making the town. When you see you are out of it with a certain man the best thing for you to do is to quit trying to pick grass out of his pasture, and seek to break into other green fields where the fences are not so strong.

I chanced to meet my friend, Walter, on the train in Indiana one day. To be sure, I was not going to be surly about having been turned down. The best thing to do when you are out of it is to ignore the fact altogether, and if a man has been your friend and quit buying goods from you treat him just the same as if he continued to give you his patronage.

"Well, how goes it, Walter?" said I. "First rate," he answered. I talked with him for an hour—never mentioning business. We smoked a couple of cigars together, and I turned the conversation always to old times. We had known each other for sixteen years. After a while I saw that he had warmed up to me. This was as we drew near the station. "Where are you going here, Walter?" said I.

"Just up to meet my daughter who is coming in on the midnight train."

"If that is the case," said I, "and you are free, you are going to take dinner with me to-night at the hotel."

At dinner not a word did I say about business. I knew that was not a prudent thing to do. I wanted to sell him, of course, more than most any one I knew, because it had hurt me to lose one of my oldest business friends. After dinner we played billiards. When it came time for him to go to the station to meet his daughter he turned to me and said:

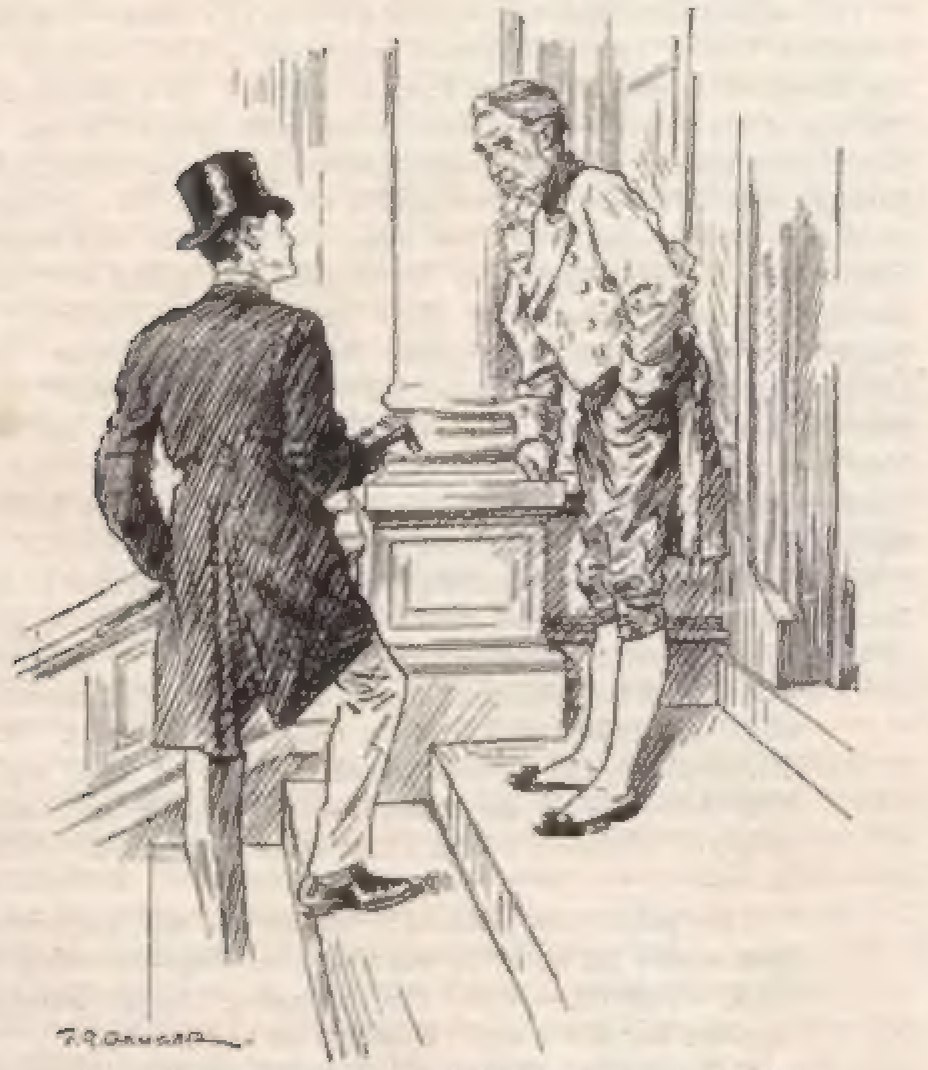
"Look here, old man, I'm certainly ashamed of myself for the way I have treated you. Confound it! Send me $100 of such stuff as you think I can use. I will handle it on top of what I have, anyway.

"I can use it all right, as I did not buy very strongly, and next season you just come around to see me or let me know where I can meet you, and in the future you shall have my trade." —*Charles N. Crewdson.*

THE SPECULATIONS OF JOHN STEELE—By Robert Barr

Third and Last Time—Gone

Copyright, 1905, by The Curtis Publishing Company. Copyright in Great Britain



"NOT AT 'OME, SIR," WAS THE CURT ANSWER

JACK STEELE'S friends were amazed to find him back in Chicago almost within a week after he had left with such lavish preparations for a long stay in the wilderness. It was difficult for him to offer an adequate explanation, and it grew to be most annoying, once he had constructed his excuses, to be compelled to repeat them to every friend he met, and listen to the advice given by people who didn't in the least know what they were talking about.

Nor was that the worst of it. Now that the immediate tension of the crisis had relaxed, John Steele found himself very close to a mental and physical collapse. It was true that the great Peter Berrington was dead, but the elation which that startling piece of news had first caused subsided long before Jack reached the city. Men die, but systems remain. Had the shadow of Peter Berrington been lifted, after all, even though Peter himself was now a shadow? The grotesque uncertainty of the situation was making rags of John Steele's nerves.

It was not that he shrank from ruin, or even from death; he had faced both within the past year. It was the doubt of when and how the blow was to fall. He began to fear that something worse than either ruin or death would overtake him. In the privacy of his own room he would sometimes march up and down with set teeth and clenched fists, saying to himself: "You must quit thinking of this, or you'll go mad——" and yet with all his strength of mind he could not stop his planning to circumvent the unseen danger which threatened him.

It was the more difficult for Jack Steele to cease his thoughts of the Amalgamated Soap combination because the papers continued full of Peter Berrington and the financial upheaval which his sudden death was certain to cause. The imagination of the world was touched by the fact that this tremendous power, which Peter Berrington had wielded in ever-increasing force for nearly half a century, now lapsed into the hands of a girl, Constance Berrington, aged twenty-four, the only child of the billionaire. The newspapers printed column after column about this young lady, who appeared to be even more of a recluse than her father. They published portraits of her, no two alike: pictures ranging from the most beautiful woman in Christendom to a gaunt and ugly hag; which seemed to indicate that photographs of Miss Constance were unobtainable, and that the artists drew on their imagination as much as on their drawing-pads. She avoided society, was never seen at such resorts as Newport or Lenox. She took no part in the festivities of a great city, and never entered a theatre. It was said she was haunted by a fear of being married for her money and had become a man-hater. It was also alleged that she had a conscience, a possession with which her father had never been credited, and intended to devote her life and her billions, as far as possible, to the undoing of the harm which her parent had accomplished.

"She is fanatically religious," said one sheet.

"She is a plain, commonplace girl," said another, "whose father has bequeathed her his cash, but not his brains."

When Jack Steele found he could not cease thinking over his paralyzing situation, and began to fear that insanity awaited him, he resolved to meet this girl, and persuade her, if he could, to stop this huge golden Juggernaut which threatened to crush the life or reason out of him. Yet it seemed cowardly for a grown man to make such an appeal to a young girl who was an entire stranger to him, and who, if he actually succeeded in reaching her presence, would most likely feel indignant and insulted that such crimes as he placed before her without the slightest proof should be attributed to her father. His interview would doubtless end with his being turned out of the house. Again, even if she believed him, had she the actual as well as the nominal power to stop the persecution? Was she like the Czar of Russia, helplessly at the head of an organization over whose movements the supposed chief has no control?

Steele resolved to propose a treaty of peace with Nicholson. Then came the doubt. Should Nicholson agree to such a pact, would he keep it? Would he not rather use it as a sedative to lull his intended victim into false security? Such an outcome was very likely; still, a frank talk with Nicholson could do no harm, and Steele had not the slightest intention of being lulled into security by anything Nicholson could say. Therefore, he did not go impetuously to New York and fling himself at the feet of his Nemesis. Instead, he first set about the preparation of the goods he would trade with this white Indian. It gratified him to think that, after all these months of doubt and uncertainty, he could at last come to a definite decision about anything.

There were no women in Steele's office. His confidential stenographer was a quiet man, a little older than Jack, named Henry Russell. Steele touched an electric button on his desk, and Russell came in, notebook in hand.

"Sit down, Russell. If I remember rightly, you were connected with a newspaper in your early days?"

"I was merely a reporter, sir."

"Oh, don't say merely! A reporter is ever so much more important than an editorial writer. Have you ever attempted a novel?"

"No, sir."

"Still, you know something of literary form?"

"I know nothing about the writing of books, sir. I think I have a fair knowledge of how a sentence should read."

"Well, don't you think you could concoct the plot of a novel? A novel of every-day business life, let us say, like one of those that have been so successful lately. A book pulsating with the greed of gold, and all that sort of thing, you know—unscrupulous men, and perhaps an adventuress here and there, of perfectly stunning beauty. For instance, some one resembling that Miss Fuller who came in to see me a fortnight ago."

Russell shook his head.

"There's nothing much doing just now," continued Steele. "At this present moment I intended to be off on my vacation, but I found the mountains too exciting—er—too dull, I mean, and so you see I am back earlier than I expected to be. Now, Russell, between ourselves, there is nothing more absurd than for a successful business man to attempt the writing of a novel. Yet I'm the sort of person who cannot remain idle, and there is nothing in sight to do for a month or two. I'm going to while away the time by composing a business novel, and I want you to assist me. I'll dictate the thing straight off to you, and you must invent the names and kick the sentences into shape."

"I'll do my best, sir."

"And remember, Russell, of all the confidential transactions you've been called upon to perform, this is the one in which I demand the utmost secrecy. I would be the laughing stock of the town if it once got out."

"I'll never breathe a whisper of it, sir."

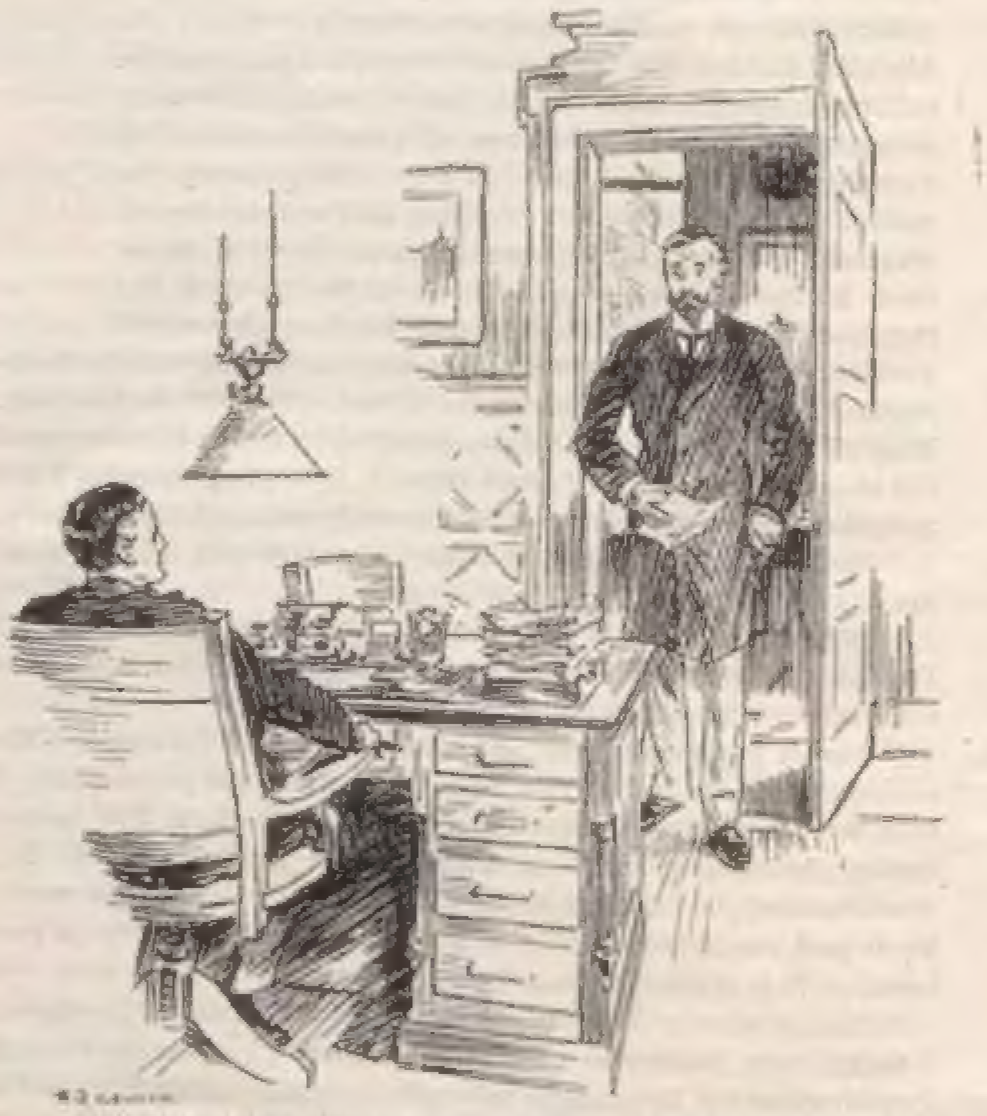
"I'm sure you won't, and that is why I trust you. Now, we'll just lock the doors and refuse ourselves to all comers. If a novel is to be a success nowadays, when people have so much to read and so little time for reading, it must be as sensational as possible, and I think I can do the trick. Anyhow, if it fails there's no great harm done, and for a time we two will court that seclusion which I read in the papers all true literary men surround themselves with. You will type it first straight off from your notes; then we'll go over the copy together, and have it done in duplicate."

The two men worked together day after day, until the first draft of the history was completed and typed, then they revised this copy very thoroughly, and Steele directed that duplicates should be made with blanks left for all proper names. He professed himself dissatisfied with the titles they had invented, and said that while the final manuscript was being prepared he would concoct more suitable appellations for his main characters, and insert them with his own hand. This final revision was accomplished by John Steele alone, when he inserted the real names; then he wrote the following letter to Stoliker, of the Chicago Daily Mail:

> *My dear Stoliker:* If the accompanying manuscript ever comes into your possession, I want you first of all to remember that on a certain night I brought to you a most remarkable article regarding the wheat situation in this country, the truth of which you quite legitimately doubted. After events proved the accuracy of my statement, and you were thus enabled to score a great triumph for your paper. Believe me, then, when I tell you that every word here typed is true, for when you read the accompanying pages I shall not be by your side to use arguments in favor of its publication. I shall either have disappeared, or more probably I shall be dead. In either case this manuscript, every name in which is real, will give you a clew to the disaster which has overtaken me.
>
> Your friend,
> JOHN STEELE.

This letter and the manuscript he wrapped up into a parcel, which he securely sealed. On the outside he wrote instructions that in the case of his death or disappearance the package was to be handed intact to Stoliker, of the Daily Mail. The other package, with a duplicate of the letter to Stoliker, was placed in the vault of a depository, supposed to be the greatest strong-room in the city, which he afterward learned, with some amusement, belonged to Amalgamated Soap. The thin key and the code word which opened this receptacle he placed in a sealed envelope which he left with his lawyers, with instructions to forward the envelope to Stoliker in case of his death or disappearance.

All this accomplished to his satisfaction, he took the Limited to New York, and entered the tall building on Broadway which was body to the brain that directed the activities of Amalgamated Soap. There he asked that his card should be taken to Mr. Nicholson, and, replying to an inquiry that he had no appointment, he was taken into a small but richly furnished waiting-room, which he saw to be one of many on the eleventh floor, where he rested for nearly half an hour before a messenger entered and announced that Mr. Nicholson would be pleased to see him.



HIS FACE WAS WHITE AS CHALK, AND HE COULD NOT SPEAK

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of six stories by Mr. Barr, each independent of the others, but all dealing with "The Speculations of John Steele." The concluding story of the series will appear in an early number.

Nicholson's room was large and sumptuous, with several windows opening on Broadway. The two financiers, big and little, met on the plane of ordinary politeness.

"I have called," said Steele, "to see if we can come to any workable arrangement."

"In what line of activity?" asked Nicholson.

"In a line of passivity rather than of activity," explained Steele with a smile. "When I was a youngster, and engaged in a fight, it was etiquette that as soon as the under boy hollered 'Enough' the fellow on top ceased pummeling him. I have come all the way from Chicago to cry 'Enough.'"

"I fear I do not understand you, Mr. Steele."

"Oh, yes, you do. It will save your time, which I know to be valuable, if we take certain things for granted. When we first met I was so unfortunate as to find myself opposed to you. I admit frankly that I entirely underestimated your genius and your power. Since then, on one occasion you came within an ace of ruining me. On a second and more recent occasion you came within an ace of causing my death. Now I have called at the captain's office to settle. What are your terms?"

Nicholson regarded his visitor with a look in which mild surprise was mingled with equally mild anxiety.

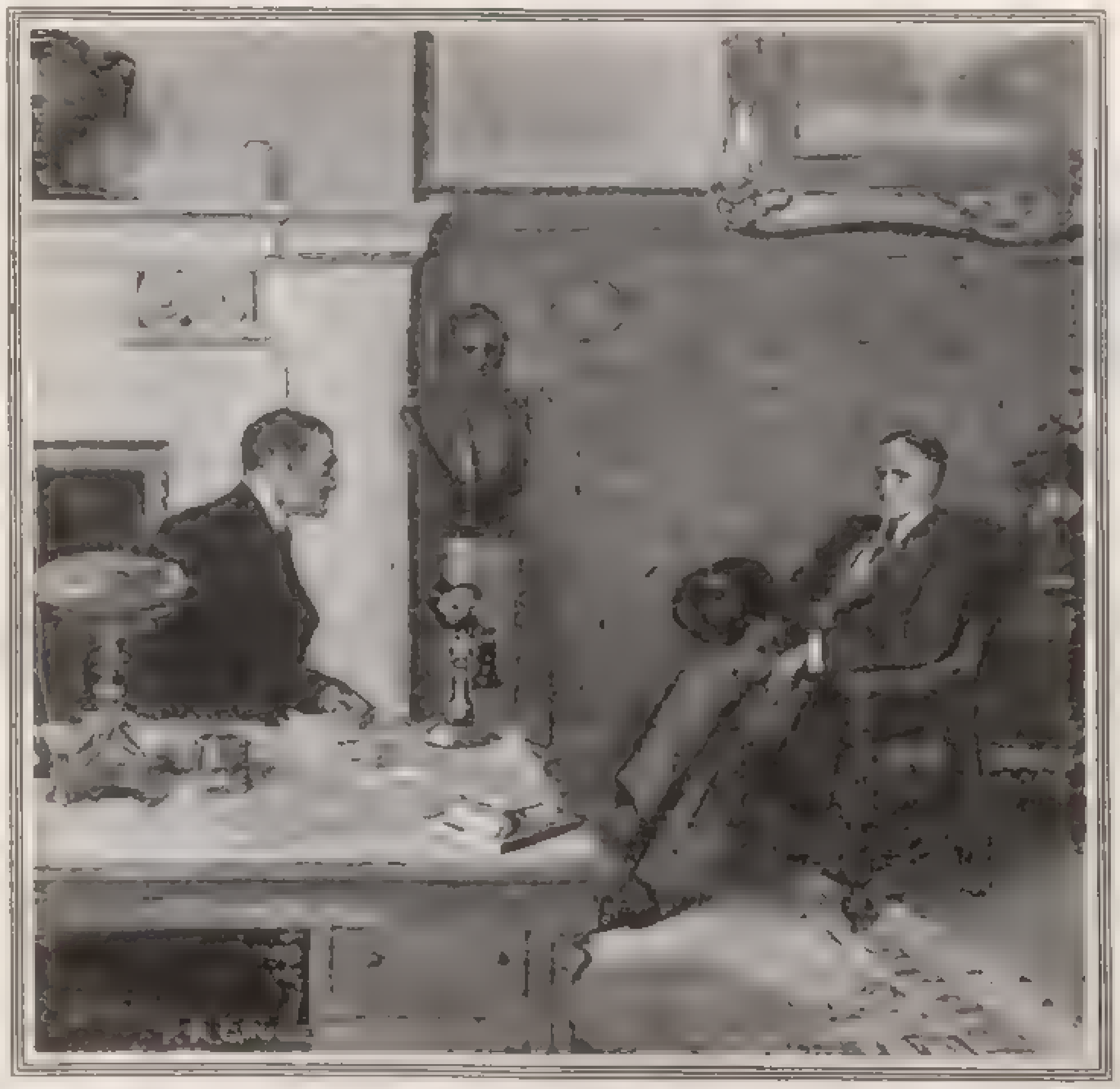
"You are not looking very well, Mr. Steele."

"No, nor feeling well, either, Mr. Nicholson."

"I am sorry to hear it. What is the trouble?"

"Amalgamated Soap, I should say," said John with a dreary laugh. "Excellent for the complexion, but mighty bad for the nerves."

"I shall make no pretense of misunderstanding your meaning, Mr. Steele," Nicholson went on with the patient enunciation one uses toward an unreasonable child. "You are hinting that, in revenge for fancied opposition on your part, either I personally or the company with which I am associated, or both, have entered into a conspiracy, first to rob, and secondly to murder you. I hesitate to be so blunt, but, as you quite sensibly remark, we should be frank with each other."



"SUPPOSE ON THE THIRD ATTACK YOU SUCCEED IN DRIVING ME TO THE WALL"

"Your bluntness is more than compensated for by your accuracy, Mr. Nicholson. What you describe is exactly what you have done. Mere accident saved me from ruin in the Consolidated Beet Sugar formation. Less than a month ago I was led across the plains by one of your minions, a most charming, beautiful and fascinating young woman, into a death-trap from which I escaped largely through my own ingenuity. Now, I have written down a rather vivid and strictly accurate account of these doings; I have put in your name, and that of Amalgamated Soap, and my own, and there are two copies of this narrative in existence with a slow match attached to them which you can very easily light."

"Meaning that this interesting account will appear in print, Mr. Steele?"

"Quite so. Now, I ask you, Mr. Nicholson, is it worth while going any further with this feud?"

"Really, Mr. Steele, it's rather difficult to know what to say without seeming impolite. Many things have been printed about Amalgamated Soap during the last twenty years, and so far they have never been replied to, nor have our dividends been adversely affected. A few of the articles I have read. Some were largely statistical, others of a defamatory character, others again had the two qualities combined. But you, Mr. Steele, threaten to inject a most unusual and interesting quality, namely, that of an attractive young man journeying across the prairies with a beautiful and mysterious young woman. If I raised a finger to prevent the publication of a human document so well calculated to touch the better and more sentimental parts of our nature I should consider I was depriving my fellow-creatures of a source of pure enjoyment. I believe we sometimes unite beauty and soap in our advertisements. Attractive pictures they are. But this romance of the Black Hills——"

"How do you know it was the Black Hills?"

"Didn't you mention the locality?"

"I said the plains."

"Then I beg pardon. This romance of the plains——"

"Now, stop a moment, Nicholson, just stop where you are. Do you see what a mistake you've made? For your own purpose, whatever it may be, you have been pretending that this human document of mine, as you call it, is a myth. Yet in the calm and choice language with which you are describing it you have suddenly given yourself away. You know of the affair in the Black Hills, and, of course, I knew you knew from the very first. Now let us quit sparring. I asked you what your terms were. I am not using threats at all; I am merely trying to come to an arrangement. Suppose on the third attack you succeed in driving me to the wall. What good will it do you?"

"None at all, Mr. Steele; and I assure you I have not the least desire to interfere even in the remotest degree with your affairs. You evidently attribute to me more power than I possess. The undertakings of our association are all a matter of mutual arrangement between the directors, of whom I happen to be one. We meet each day at eleven o'clock, and I trust you will believe me when I say that if I proposed to my colleagues either the robbery or murder of Mr. John Steele I should be very promptly asked to resign my position, and deservedly so."

"You will not come to terms, then?"

"There are no terms to come to."

"Is this your last word, Mr. Nicholson?"

"If you will pardon the liberty I take, Mr. Steele, I shall venture some last words on another subject. As I said when you came in, you are not looking well. Do you know what paranœa means?"

"I do not."

"Then, if you take my advice, you will consult a physician and ask him about it."

"I'll ask you and save the physician's fee. What is paranœa?"

"It is a disease of the brain, and its symptom is fear. The victim imagines that some one, or every one, is plotting against him. All the energies he possesses are directed toward the circumvention of conspiracies that are wholly imaginary. This disease, if not checked, leads to insanity or suicide."

John Steele rose to his feet.

"Does paranœa ever lead to murder, Mr. Nicholson?"

"Quite frequently."

"Then, as I understand the directors of Amalgamated Soap are a most piously inclined body, please solicit their prayers that I may not be afflicted with the malady you mention. I thank you for giving me so much of your time, and now bid you good-day."

"Good-by, Mr. Steele," said Nicholson, rising; then speaking in his suavest manner, he added: "If ever you have any project that requires more capital than you can command I shall be most pleased to submit it to Mr. John Berrington at any time, and perhaps we may be of assistance to you. As I told you before, I have the utmost admiration for your financial ability."

"Thank you, Mr. Nicholson, I shall bear your kind invitation in mind. However, I may inform you that I have entirely dropped out of all speculative business. I am one of the few men who know when they have had enough. I have accumulated all the money I shall need during my lifetime and I intend to take care of it."

"A most sensible resolution, Mr. Steele; and, once more, good-by, with many thanks for the visit."

John Steele walked up Broadway the most depressed man in New York. His attempted compromise had proven a complete failure; his journey East a loss of time. And yet, of what value was time to him, who dared not undertake the most innocent project through fear of the developments that might follow? Nicholson had said that fear was the symptom of the malady he had so graphically depicted. Could it be possible, Steele asked himself, that he was actually the victim of a disease, every indication of which he seemed to possess? Nicholson had evidently planted that thought in his brain to his further disquietude. How that man, who rarely allowed a smile to lighten his face, had inwardly laughed at him, flouted him, defied him, and all with soothing, contemptuous insults!

Steele walked slowly up Broadway until he came to its intersection with Fifth Avenue, and then he followed the latter street, aimlessly making for his hotel. Nevertheless, when he came opposite the hotel he wandered past it and on up the Avenue. Suddenly he shook himself together and denied the cowardliness which he had hitherto attributed to the design forming in his mind. He would appeal to a woman, and if he could not thus circumvent the demoniac Nicholson he would go out of business entirely as he had threatened, and either travel or take up some interesting recreative occupation. He made inquiries, was directed to the Berrington residence, walked up the steps of that palace and rang the bell. A servant in gorgeous livery opened the door to him.

"I wish to speak with Miss Berrington," said Steele.

"Not at 'ome, sir," was the curt answer.

Steele put his hand in his pocket and drew forth a twenty-dollar bill.

"I think the lady is in," he said quietly, handing this legal tender to the man in plush. Even in the residences of millionaires tips of this size are unusual, and the haughty menial at once melted. He pocketed the money.

"No, sir," he said, "she is not in town at all. Speaking confidentially, sir, Miss Berrington's that peculiar, she don't like New York. Her ladyship—I beg your pardon, sir—Miss Berrington is at her country 'ome, some distance out of town, sir."

"How far? Where is it?"

"On a lake, sir. I don't quite remember its name."

"Lake Saratoga?" suggested Steele.

"It begins with a S, sir. Oh, yes, sir, Superior! Lake Superior, sir."

"Great Heavens!" cried Steele, unable to repress a smile. "That isn't just exactly in the environs of New York. I suppose you couldn't tell me whether the house is on the Canadian or the United States side?"

"No, sir, I couldn't say, sir, being it's in Michigan, sir."

The man in plush pronounced the name of the State as if the first syllable was spelled M-i-t-c-h.

"Oh, well, that's near enough! I can guess the rest."

"Yes, sir, her ladyship—beg your pardon—Miss Berrington has a large property there, so they tell me. Thousands and thousands of acres, all covered with forests, and there's a big 'ouse there full of servants, but her lady—but Miss Berrington receives nobody, sir. Not if you brought a letter from the King of Hengland, sir."

"Ha, rather exclusive, isn't she?"

"Yes, sir."

Thanking the man, Steele turned away and walked down the Avenue to his hotel, resolved to let the Berringtons or the Nicholsons do their worst. He would attempt no further parley with any of the gang, and, probably inspired by the accent of the servitor in plush, gave serious thought to the investing of all his money in English consols, small as was the percentage granted by that celebrated security. He took it for granted that the Government of Great Britain was probably free from the influence of the Berrington crowd, and he was rapidly coming to the conclusion that no other sphere of human activity was.

Arrived at his hotel, he found a telegram waiting for him. It proved to be from his oldest and most trusted friend, the vice-president of the Wheat Belt Road, Richard K. Vernon. The telegram ran:

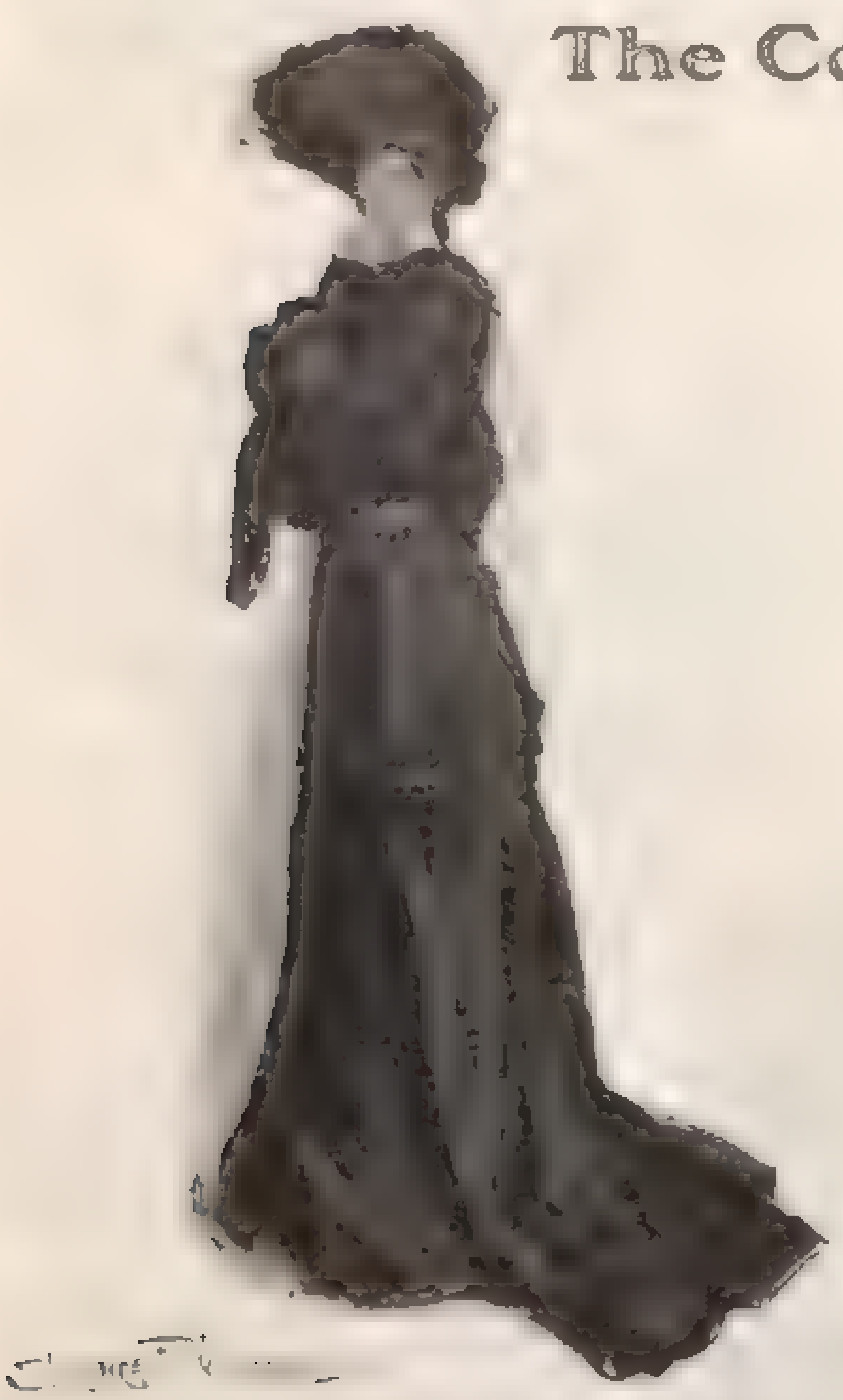
> Congratulate me. Have just been appointed president of the Wheat Belt System. Important development. Great opening here that just suits you, and so I must see you at once. If you cannot come here telegraph me, and I shall leave at once for New York.

"Ye gods!" cried Steele, bracing up his shoulders, while the look of anxiety lately customary to his countenance vanished like the mist before the sun. "Just at the point when

(Continued on Page 22)

A SOCIAL SECRETARY

The Commentaries of a Caesar in Skirts



THE BARONESS NADESHDA HAS BEEN WILD ABOUT THE BURKES

DECEMBER 27—Three weeks simply boiling with business since I wrote here—and it seems not more than so many days. And all by way of preparation, for the actual season is still five days away.

I can hardly realize that Mrs. Burke is the same person I looked at so dubiously two days less than a month ago. Truly, the right sort of us Americans are wonderful people. To begin with her appearance: her hair isn't "bottled," as she called it, any more. It's beautiful iron-gray, and softens her features and permits all the placid kindliness and humor of her face to show. Then there's her dress—gracious, how tight-looking she was! A *thin* woman can, and should, wear *close* things. But no woman who wishes to look like a lady must ever wear anything *tight*. To be tight in one's clothes is to be tight in one's talk, manner, thought—and that means—well, common. What an expressive word "common" is yet I'm sure I couldn't define it.

For a fat woman to be tight is—revolting! My idea of misery is a fat woman in a tight waist and tight shoes. Yet fat women have a mania for wearing tight things, just as gaunt women yearn for stripes and short women for flounces. My first move in getting Mrs. Burke into shape—after doing away with that dreadful "bottled" hair—was to put her into comfortable clothes. The first time I got her into an evening dress of the right sort I was rewarded for all my trouble by her expression. She kissed me with tears in her eyes. "My dear," said she, "never before did I have a best dress that I wasn't afraid to breathe in for fear I'd bust out, back or front." Then I made her sit down before her long glass and look at herself carefully. She had the prettiest kind of color in her cheeks as she smiled at me and said: "If I'd 'a' looked like this when I was young I reckon Mr. Burke wouldn't 'a' been so easy in his mind when he went away from home, nor 'a' stayed so long. I always did sympathize with pretty women when they capered round, but now I wonder they ever do sober down. If I weighed a hundred pounds or so less I do believe I'd try to frisk yet."

And I do believe she could; for she's really a handsome woman. Why is it that the women who have the most to them don't give it a chance to show through, but get themselves up so that anybody who glances at them tries never to look again?

It is the change in her appearance more even than all she's learned that has given her self-confidence. She feels at ease—and that puts her at ease, and puts everybody else at ease, too. It has reacted upon Mr. Burke. He has dropped brilliantine—perhaps "ma" gave him a quiet hint—and he has taken some lessons in dress from "Cyrus," who really gets himself up very well, considering that he has lived in Germany for three years. I should have hopes that "pa" would blossom out into something very attractive socially if he hadn't a deep-seated notion that he is a great joker. A naturally serious man who tries to be funny is about the most painful object in civilization. Still, Washington is full of statesmen and scholars who try to unbend and be "light," especially with "the ladies Nothing makes me—or any other woman, I suppose—so angry as for a man to show that he takes me for a fool by making a grinning, cavorting galoot of himself whenever he talks to me. Bucyrus is much that kind of ass. He alternates between solemnity and silliness. I said rather pointedly to him the other night: "You men with your great, deep minds make a mistake in changing your manner when you talk with 'the women and the children.' Nothing pleases us so much as to be taken seriously." But it didn't touch him. However, he's hardly to blame. He's spent a great many years round institutions of learning, and in those places, I've noticed, every one has a musty, fusty sense of humor. Probably it comes from cackling at classical jokes that laughed themselves as dry as a mummy centuries ago.

We've been giving a few entertainments—informal and not large, but highly important. I had two objects in mind: In the first place, to get Mr. and Mrs. Burke accustomed to the style of hospitality they've got to give if they're going to win out. In the second place, to get certain of the kind of people who are necessary to us in the habit of coming to this house—and those people are not so very hard to get hold of now; later they'll be engaged day and night.

For two weeks now I've had my two especial features going. One of them is for the men, the other for the women. And I can see already that they alone would carry us through triumphantly; for they've caught on.

My men's feature is a breakfast. I engaged a particularly good cook—the best old-fashioned Southern cook in Washington. Rachel had her, and I persuaded Mr. Derby to consent to giving her up to us, just for this season. Cleopatra—that's her name—has nothing to do but get together every morning by nine o'clock the grandest kind of an old-fashioned American breakfast. And I explained to Senator Burke that he was to invite some of his colleagues, as many as he liked, and to tell them to come any morning, or every morning if they wished, and bring as many of their friends as they pleased.

I consult with Cleopatra every day as to what she's to have the next morning; and I think dear old father taught me what kind of a breakfast men like. I don't give them too much, or they'd be afraid to come and risk indigestion a second time. I see to it that everything is perfectly cooked—and it's pretty hard for any man to get indigestion, even from corned beef hash and hot cornbread and buckwheat cakes with maple syrup, if it's perfectly cooked and is eaten in a cheerful frame of mind. No women are permitted at these breakfasts—just men, with everything free and easy, plenty to smoke, separate tables, but each large enough so that there's always room at any one of them for one more who might otherwise be uncomfortable. Even now we have from fifteen to twenty men—among them the very best in Washington. In the season we'll have thirty and forty, and our house will be a regular club from nine till eleven for the men who "cut ice," as they call it.

My other big feature is an informal dance every Wednesday night. It's already as great a success in its way as the breakfasts are in theirs. I've been rather careful about whom I let Mrs. Burke tell it to that they could come in on Wednesdays whenever they liked. The result is that everybody is pleased; the affairs seem to be "exclusive," yet are not. I know it will do the Burkes a world of good politically, because a certain kind of people who are important politically, but have had no chance socially, are coming to us on Wednesdays, and that's just the kind of people who are frantically flattered by the idea that they are "in the push."

Speaking of being "in the push," there are two ways of getting there if one isn't there. One is to worm your way in, the other is to make yourself the head and front of "the push." That's the way for those who have money and know how And that's the way the Burkes are getting in—getting in at the front instead of at the rear.

It's most gratifying to see how Mr. Burke treats me. He always has been deferential, but he now shows that he thinks I have real brains. And since his breakfasts have become the talk of the town and are "patronized" by the men he's so eager to get hold of, he is even consulting me about his business. I am criticising for him now a speech he's going to make on the canal question next month—a dreadfully dull speech, and I don't feel competent to tell him what to do with it. I think I'll advise him not to speak it, tell him his forte is diplomacy—winning men round by personal dealing with them—which is the truth

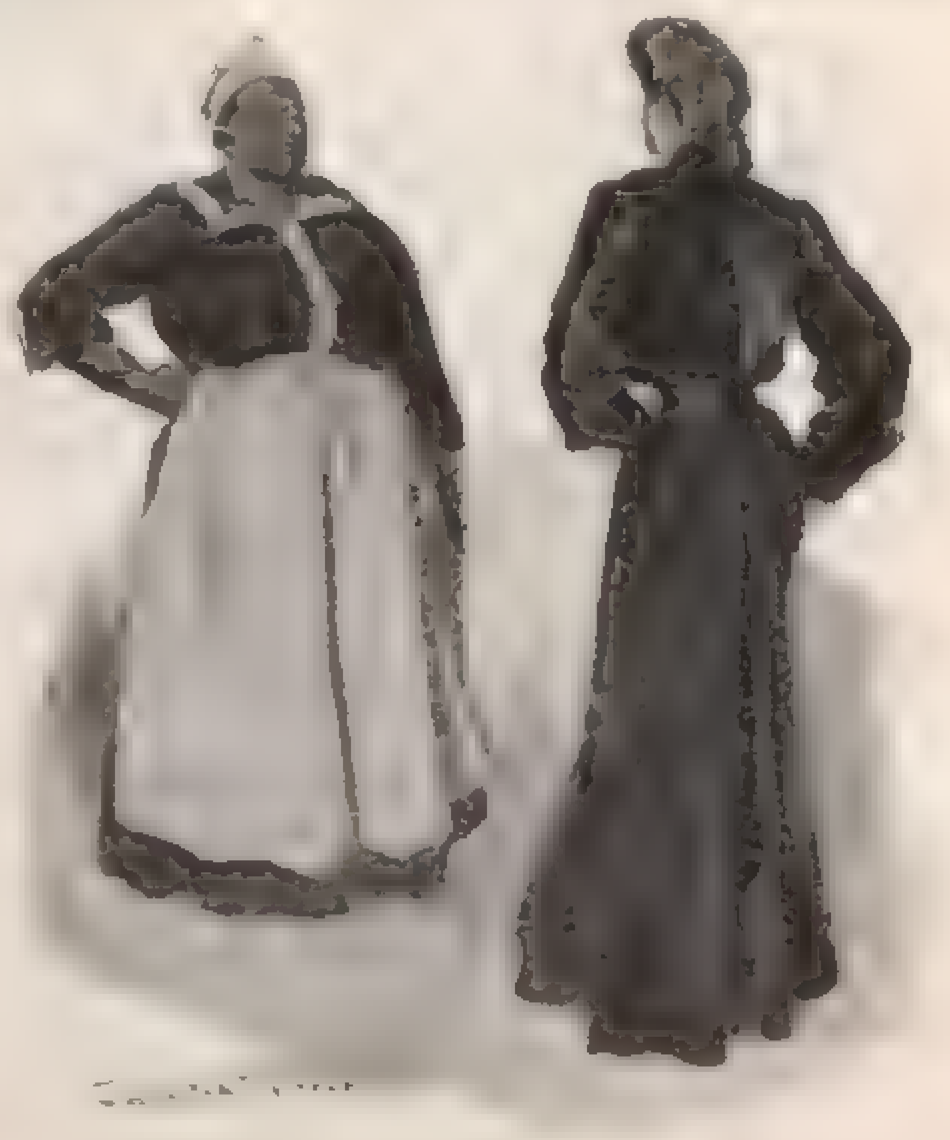
Young Mr. Burke—after a period of unbending—is now shyer than ever. I wondered why until it happened to occur to me one day as I was talking with Jessie. I suddenly said to her: "Jessie, did you ever tell Nadeshda that you had planned to marry me to Cyrus Burke?"

She hopped about in her chair a bit, as uneasy as a bird on a swaying perch. Then she confessed that she "might have suggested before Nadeshda what a delightfully satisfactory thing it would be

I laughed to relieve her mind—also because it amused me to see through Nadeshda.

Of course, one of the women I needed most in this Burke campaign was Nadeshda. And I happened to know that she is bent on marrying a rich American—indeed, that's the only reason why the wilds of America are favored with the presence of the beautiful, joy-loving, courted and adored Baroness Nadeshda Daragane. The yarn about her sister, the ambassadress, being an invalid and shrinking from the heavy social responsibilities of the embassy is just so much trash. So, as soon as "Cyrus" came I went over to see her and, as diplomatically as I knew how, displayed before her dazzled eyes the substantial advantages of the sole heir of the great Western multi-millionaire. As I went on to tell how generous the Senator is, and how certain he would be to lavish wealth upon his daughter-in-law, I could see her mind at work. A fascinating, naughty, treacherous little mind it is—like a small Swiss watch of the rarest workmanship and full of wheels within wheels. And she's a beautiful little creature, as warm as a tropical sun to look at, and about as cold as the Arctic regions to deal with. No, I haven't begun to describe her. I'd not be surprised to hear that she had eloped with her brother-in-law's coachman; nor should I be surprised to hear that she had married the most hideous, revolting man in the world for his money and was suspected of being engaged in trying to hasten him off to the grave. She's of the queer sort that would kiss or kill with equal enthusiasm, capable of almost any virtue or vice—on impulse. If there's any part of her beneath the impulsive part it's solid ice in a frame of steel. But—is there? She's talked about a good deal—not a tenth enough to satisfy her craving for notoriety, and, I may add, not a tenth part so much as she deserves to be, and would be if we studied character on this side of the water instead of being too busy with ourselves to look beneath anybody else's surface.

Well, the Baroness Nadeshda has been wild about the Burkes ever since we had our talk. And she has Mr. Cyrus thoroughly tangled in her nets, and the Senator, too. And, naturally, she lost no time in trying to "do" me. She has told Bucyrus what a designing creature I am—no doubt has warned him that if I seem distant to him I'm at my deadliest, and to look out for mines. He certainly is looking out for them, for, whenever I speak to him, he acts as if he were stepping round on a volcano. I'm having a good deal of fun with him. I wish I had the time; I'd try to teach him a very valuable lesson. Really, it's a shame to let a man go through life imagining that he's an all-conqueror when in reality the woman who marries him will feel that she's swallowing about



I CONSULT WITH CLEOPATRA EVERY DAY

as bitter a dose as Fate ever presented to feminine lips in a gold spoon.

Dear old "Ma" Burke hasn't yet yielded to Nadeshda's blandishments. We went to the embassy to call yesterday afternoon at tea time, and I saw her watching Nadeshda in that smiling, simple way of hers that conceals about as keen a brain as — well, as I shouldn't care to have tearing me to pieces for inspection.

The embassy at tea-time is always wild. For then Sophie comes in with her monkey and Nadeshda's seven dogs are racing about. And the Count always laughs loudly, usually at nothing at all. And each time he laughs the dogs bark until the monkey, in a great fright, dashes up the curtains or flings himself at Sophie and almost strangles her with his paws or arms, or whatever they are, round her neck. I don't think I've ever been there that something hasn't been spilt for a huge mess; often the whole tea-table topples over. Mrs. Burke loves to go, for afterward she laughs a dozen times a day until her sides ache.

As we came away yesterday I said to her: "What a fascinating, beautiful creature Nadeshda is."

Mrs. Burke smiled. "When I was a girl," she said, "I had a catamount for a pet — a cub, and they had cut his claws. He was beautiful and mighty fascinating — you never did know when he was going to fawn on you and when he was going to fasten his teeth in you. The Baroness puts me in mind of my old pet, and how I didn't know which was harder — to keep him or to give him up."

"She certainly has a strange nature," said I.

After a pause Mrs. Burke went on: "She's the queerest animal in this menagerie here, so far as I've seen. And I don't think I'm wrong in suspecting she's sitting up to Cyrus."

"I don't wonder he finds her interesting," said I.

"Cyrus is just like his pa," said she; "a mighty poor judge of women. It was lucky for his pa that he married and settled down before he had much glitter to catch the eyes of the women. Otherwise, he'd 'a' made a ridiculous fool of himself. But I like a man the women can fool easy. That shows he's honest. These fellows that are so sharp at getting on to the tricks of the women ain't, as a rule, good for much else. But Cyrus has got *me* to look after him."

"He might do much worse than marry Nadeshda," said I.

"That's what his pa says," she replied. "But I ain't got round to these new-fashioned notions of marriage. I want to see my Cyrus married to the sort of woman his ma'd like and be proud to have for the mother of her grandchildren. And I ain't altogether sure we need the kind of tone in our blood that a catamount'd bring. Though I must say a year or so of living with a catamount might do Cyrus a world of good."

Which shows that even love can't altogether blind "Ma" Burke.

JANUARY 3 — I had to do a little scheming to get Mrs. Burke an invitation to assist at the New Year's reception. It's always the first event of the season, and, though it would have been no great matter if I hadn't been able to get her in among those who stand near the President's wife and the Cabinet women, still I felt that I couldn't get my "pulls" into working order any too soon. Ever since the second week in my "job" I've realized that nothing could be easier than to put the Burkes well to the front, but my ambition to make them first calls for the exertion of every energy.

So, in the third week of December I set Rachel at Mrs. Senator Lumley and Mrs. Admiral Bixby — the two women who can get almost anything in reason out of the President's wife. Rachel is about the most important woman in the old Washington aristocracy, and the Lumleys and the Bixbys are in the nature of fixtures here, not at all like an evanescent President or Cabinet person. So Rachel's request set the two women to work. And although the President's wife said she'd asked all she intended to ask, far too many, and didn't see why on earth she should be beset for a newcomer who had been reported to her as fat and impossible, still she finally yielded.

I hadn't hoped to get an invitation for them for the Cabinet dinner, and I was astounded when it came. We had arranged to give a rather large, informal dinner that night, and had to call it off, as an invitation from the White House, even from the obscurest member of the President's family for any old function whatever, is a command that may not be disobeyed. Well, as I was saying, the invitation to the Cabinet dinner came unsought. It seems that the Burke breakfasts are making a great stir politically, so great a stir that they have made the President a little uneasy. Of course, the best way to get rid of an opponent is to conciliate him. Hence the command to Senator and Mrs. Burke to appear at the President's dinner to his ministers.

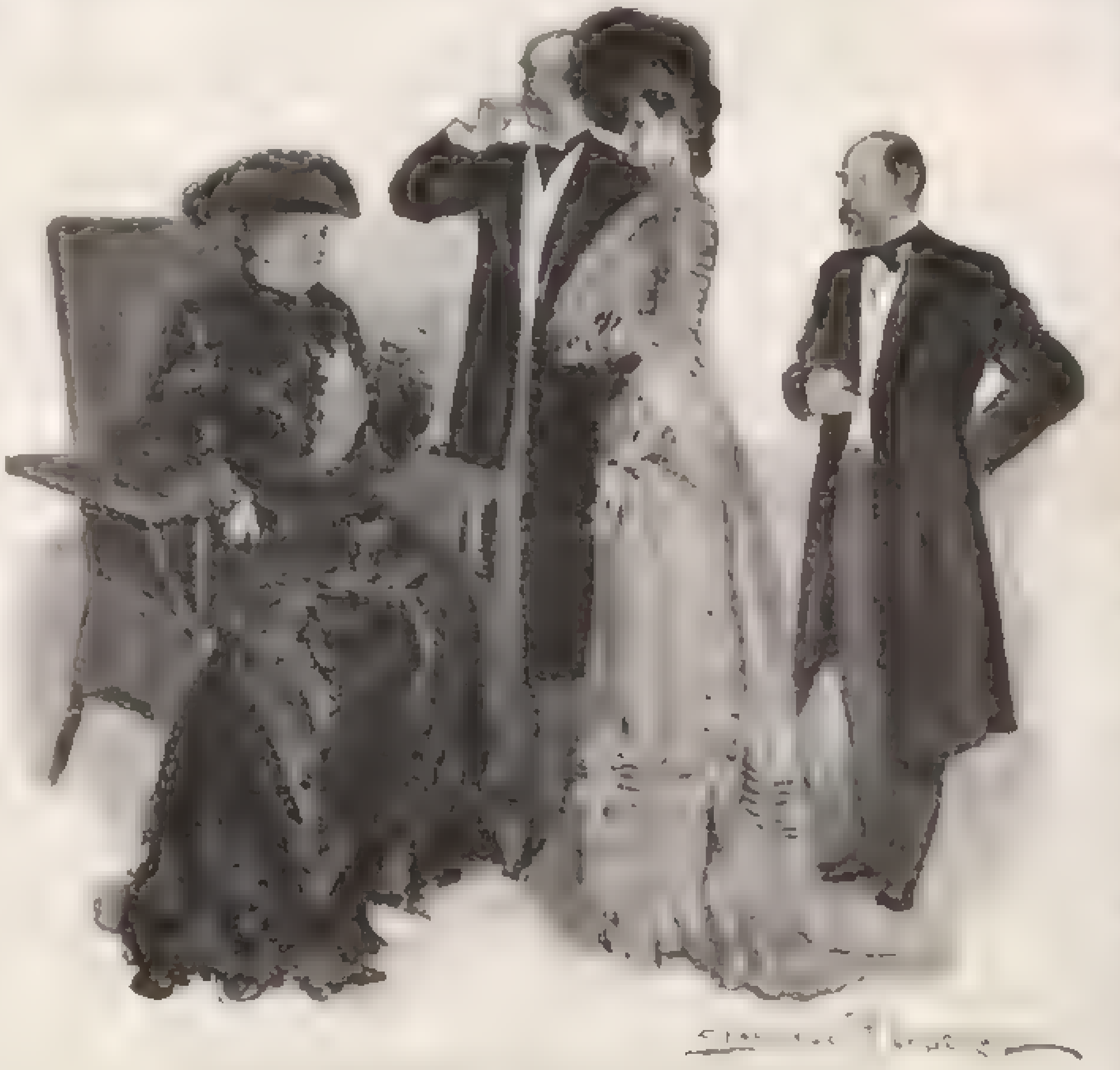
Mrs. Burke is tremendously proud of her first two communications from the White House. As for the Senator, he looks at them half a dozen times a day.

I went down to the New Year's reception to see how "ma" was getting on. As I had expected, she didn't stand very long. She cast about for a chair, and, seeing one, planted herself.

Soon the Baroness joined her, and young Prince Krepousky joined Nadeshda, and then General Martin, who loves Mrs. Burke for the feeds she gives. The group grew, and Mrs. Burke began to talk in her drawling, humorous way, and Nadeshda laughed, which made the others laugh — for it's impossible to resist Nadeshda. When I arrived Mrs. Burke was "right in it."

And after a while the President came and said: "Is this your reception, madam, or is it mine?" At which there was more laughing. Then they all went up to have something to eat, and the President spent most of the time with her.

She doesn't need any more coaching. Of course, she's flattered by the success she's having. But instead of having her head turned, as most women do who get the least bit of especial attention from the conspicuous men here, she takes it all very placidly. "They don't care shucks for me," she says, "and I know it. We're all in business together, and I'm mighty glad it can be carried on so cheerful-like." At the Cabinet dinner, to-morrow night, she'll have to sit well down toward the foot of the table. But she won't mind that. Indeed, if I hadn't been giving her lessons in precedence she wouldn't have an idea that everything here is arranged by rank.



AS I HAD EXPECTED, SHE DIDN'T STAND VERY LONG

Jessie — so she tells me — had a half-hour's session with "Cyrus" the other day and gave him a very exalted idea of my social position and influence. No doubt, what she said confirmed his suspicion that I and my friends are conspiring against him; but I observe a distinct change in his manner toward me. He's even humble. I suppose he thought I was some miserable creature whom his mother had taken on, half out of charity. I'm afraid I have a sort of family pride that's a little ridiculous — but I can't help it. Still, I am American enough to despise people who are courteous or otherwise according as they look up to or look down on the particular person's family and position. I guess young Mr. Burke is his father in an aggravated form. Yet Jessie, and Rachel, too, pretend to like him. And probably they really do — it's not hard to like any one who is not asking favors and is in a position to grant them, and isn't so near to one that his quills stick into one.

The Countess of Wend came in to see me this afternoon and told me all about the row over at their legation. It seems that the new minister is a plebeian, and in their country people of his sort aren't noticed by the upper classes unless an upper classman happens to need something to wipe his boots on and one of them is convenient for use. Well, every attaché is in a fury, and none of them will speak to the minister except in the most formal way and only when it's absolutely necessary. As for the minister's wife, the other women — but what's the use of describing it; we all know how nasty women can be about matters of rank. Wend is talking seriously of resigning. I'd be dreadfully sorry, as Eugénie is a dear, and more like an American than a foreigner; and I believe she really likes us where most of them privately despise us as a lot of low-born upstarts. I know they laugh all day long at the President's mannerisms — but then, so do we, for that matter. And it's quite unusual for Washington, where each President is bowed down to and praised everywhere and flattered till he thinks he's a sort of god — and forgotten as soon as his term is ended. I suppose there's nothing deader on this earth than an ex-President, with no offices to distribute and no hopes for a further political career.

JANUARY 9 — We had a beautiful dinner here last night — very brilliant too, as we all were going to a ball at the Russian embassy afterward. All the diplomats and army men were in uniform — and one or two of the army men were really brilliant. But none of the diplomats. They say that no nation sends us its best. It seems that diplomats don't amount to so much in this day of cables.

But, to return to our dinner, Mrs. Burke went in with the German ambassador, and I saw that they were getting on famously. He is a very clever man in a small way, and has almost an American sense of humor. As soon as he saw that she intended what she said to be laughed at he gave himself up to it. "Your Mrs. Burke is charming, Miss Talltowers," said he to me after dinner. "She ranks with Bret Harte and Mark Twain. It's only in America that you find old women who make you forget to wish you were with young and pretty women."

Jim Lafollette took me in — the first time I've had him here. I must say he behaved very well and was the handsomest man in the room. But he never has much to say that is worth hearing. Though conversation at Washington in society isn't on any too high a plane, as a rule — how could conversation in a mixed society anywhere be very high? — still it isn't the wishy-washy chatter and gossip that Jim Lafollette delights in. Of course, army officers almost always go in for gossip — that comes from sitting round with their women at lonely posts where nothing occurs. And they, as a rule, either gossip or simply drivel when they talk to women, because all the women that ever liked them liked them for their brass buttons, and all the women they ever liked they liked for their pretty faces and empty heads. So, usually, to get an army officer at dinner is to sit with a bowl of soft taffy held to your lips and a huge spoonful of it thrust into your mouth every time you stop talking. That's true of many of the statesmen, too, especially the heavyweights. I suppose I'm wrong, but I can't help suspecting a man without a sense of humor of being a solemn fraud.

You'd think American women — at the Capital, at least — would be interested in politics and things like that. But they're not. They say it's the vulgarity of the intriguing and of most of the best intriguers that makes them dislike politics, even here. I suspect there's another reason. We women are so petted by the men that we don't have to know anything to make ourselves agreeable. If we're pretty and listen well that's all that's necessary. So, why get headaches learning things?

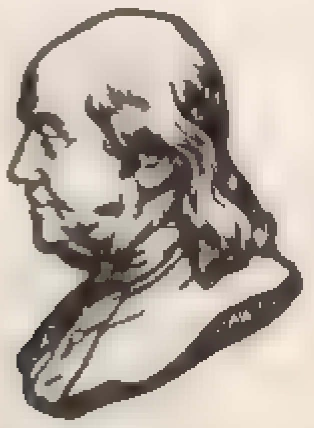
Of course, there are exceptions. Take Maggie Shotwell. She's got a perfect fool — not a point missing — for a husband. Yet in eleven years she has advanced him from a second secretary to a minister to a second-class Power just by showing up here at intervals and playing the game intelligently. And there are scores of army women who do as well in a smaller way, and a few of the diplomats' wives are most adroit, intriguing well both here and at their homes in a nice, clean way, as intrigue goes.

But most of the women are like "Ma" Burke, who'd as soon think of entering for a foot-race as of interfering in her husband's political affairs in any way, beyond giving him some sound advice about the men that can be trusted and the men that can't. I suppose if there were real careers in public life in this country, not dependent upon elections, the Washington women wouldn't be so lazy and indifferent, but would wake up and intrigue their brothers and sons and other male relatives into all sorts of things. Then, too, a man has to vote with his "party" on everything that's important, and his "party" is a small group of old men who are beyond social blandishments and go to bed early every night, and associate only with men in the daytime.

No, we women don't amount to much *directly* at Washington. If Jim Lafollette had kept away from the women and society he might have amounted to something. It's become a proverb that whenever a young man comes here and goes in for the social end of it he is doomed soon to disappear and be heard of no more. The President is trying to make society amount to something, but he won't

(Continued on Page 24)

THE SATURDAY
EVENING POST



FOUNDED A.D. 1728
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
421 TO 427 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA
GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Single Subscriptions, $2.00 the Year
In Clubs, $1.25 Each
Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

The Circulation of The Saturday
Evening Post of February 25 was
809,100 Copies

How to Tell When Your Subscription Expires

At the head of the first inside page of each copy of this magazine is printed the serial number of that issue. Each volume begins with the first issue in July. The first issue in July is number 1; the last issue in June number 52.

Following the name of the subscriber on the address label attached to each copy of the magazine sent by mail is the number of the issue with which the subscription expires. By consulting this number you can get the information desired. Renew as far in advance of expiration as is convenient, stating that the order is a renewal. By so doing, any possible delay in entering your renewal because of rush of business will be avoided.

The Hole in Your Purse

WITH spring just out of sight beyond the approaching horizon, laboring men are beginning to talk of increases of wages and of strike projects and plans. It is a good idea to talk and think of higher wages — the next best thing to talking and thinking of doing one's work more intelligently and more faithfully. But does it ever occur to wage-earners that it is useless — and even a little silly — to arrange for more money to flow into your pocket when there is a large and unguarded hole in the bottom of it?

Wages absorb the attention of workers. *Prices* — how little attention, comparatively, they pay to them! If the increase of wages is more than balanced by the increase of prices enhanced to make good the increase of wages, how does the wage-earner benefit?

Dangerous Precedents

MANY — notably, just now, the United States Senators — are much perturbed lest the President, in executing his omnibus commission to make at least a stagger and a stab at righting whatever he thinks wrong, shall establish "dangerous precedents." Nothing so flutters the cotes of conservatism as does a "precedent." If there is a precedent for whatever is proposed the doves and owls are eager for it, but if there is not one cannot hear one's self think for the clamor.

What are the facts about "precedents"? Are they not, first, that the precedent for doing the right thing in the right way cannot be established too soon; second, that, no matter how many the precedents for doing a thing wrong, the sooner and the more utterly they are disregarded the better; and third, that no people was ever deprived of any material part of its rights for any great length of time solely by the establishment of a "dangerous precedent"?

A "dangerous precedent" established as a rule of action may be a sign that a people has hopelessly lost its virtue. Otherwise, it is dangerous only to the rash fool who makes it.

The Real "Trust-Busters"

AT THIS writing the prospect seems to be that, if the millennium of industrial justice does not burst immediately into full day without the preliminaries of a dawn, it will not be the fault of the President and the Congress. To read the laws in process of enactment ought to make the hair of givers and takers of industrial privilege "to stand on end like quills upon the fretful porpentine." Why, then, do they continue to go about with their locks slicked down and with smiling faces?

Perhaps because Congress is not now enacting against a single offense that is not under long-existing law already a penitentiary matter. New laws usually mean not fewer offenders but more and fatter fees for the lawyers. There are your true "trust-busters." Pile up the laws. Pile up the work for the lawyers; and "counsel fees" will "bust the trusts" — perhaps.

Hopeless England

ENGLISH medical scientists say that one-third of the farm-laborers of England die of softening of the brain. And they attribute this to the fact that the English farm-laborer, having nothing to think about, does no thinking. His unused brain withers, shrivels, moulders, and he dies young.

The real reason, however, is deeper. The English farm-laborer has no hope. He knows that he must live and die a farm-laborer, that his wages will never rise beyond what is absolutely necessary to keep a leaky roof over his head and to provide him with not quite enough food of a not too nourishing kind. Those bring the conditions, fixed irrevocably upon him by the tyranny of class and caste — conditions paralleled only in Russia and some parts of Italy. How fortunate that he does not think! And, since he has no real reason for living, how fortunate that he dies young!

It is hard for us to understand this — for us who live in a land where hope is as universal and as free and as fresh as the air and the sunshine that makes it sparkle.

Breaking the Big Stick

IT HAS not been so many years, as history goes, since public sentiment regarded a man as dishonored if he appealed to a court for redress of a wrong done him by a fellowman. So recent is this, in fact, that some people still argue that in many cases private vengeance is a right and duty. Yet to-day, in civilized countries, the overwhelming majority of men recognize the essential barbarity and injustice of private vengeance, and compel the individual to act on the supremacy of impartial courts, which but yesterday were sneered at as the concoction of "base weaklings."

We "human warriors," with our imperfect sense of historical proportion, love to use such words as "immutable" and "irrevocable." But the truth is that nothing is immutable, not even the war spirit. Nevertheless, the war spirit is going the way of other stupidities and brutalities; and those who find in its decline evidence of degeneration would better read history a little more carefully. They might there learn that not peace, but the spread of the passion for armed quarreling, for bloodletting, wholesale and retail, is the invariable accompaniment and sign of the rapid decay of a people.

Too Many Laws

AT WASHINGTON, and at every State capital where a legislature is in session, and at the city halls of every municipality, the air is heavy with appeals and proposals for new laws. And no doubt some of these appeals and proposals should be listened to. Further, very few of them are wholly without merit. Especially is this true of the unwise and the bad ones. A bad bill is always like a measure of forced-season strawberries — it has its surface sprinkled with attractiveness.

The main point, however, is that everywhere we do not need new laws; we have too many already; what we need is the sensible and honest enforcement of existing laws. And we shall never be greatly better off until we shut our ears against reformers shouting for new legislation, and tricky politicians calling for new grants of power, when their only purpose is to distract public attention from the fact that they already have, under existing law, all the power they need, if they would but use it. Sensible judges with fogless minds, sensible executives with courage and honesty — that is our need. And swelling the statute-books only postpones the filling of that need.

Stranger than Fiction

MOST of us have heard that truth is stranger than fiction, but the fact is seldom borne in upon us as it was lately, in the manner in which a moonshiner was brought to justice. He had evaded one revenue officer and was fleeing through the woods from the other. Hearing a crash and a cry behind him he stopped and learned that his pursuer had fallen and broken an arm. The night was bitter cold, and the forest a trackless waste. The moonshiner went back, cared for his pursuer and led him to his comrade and to shelter — only to be captured and put in jail.

No reader will doubt that the moonshiner acted nobly and magnanimously, and none will deny that the officers did their duty, however disagreeable. They were true men, all. But as fiction the incident is a sheer impossibility. The scheme of the universe, to mortal eye, is immeasurable, inscrutable. "Yet I doubt not," sang Tennyson, "through the ages one increasing purpose runs." But what the purpose is we only dimly surmise. "His ways are not our ways, His thoughts are not our thoughts."

In fiction we require to see and know the beginning and the end of all. The history of the universe, as it flows by us in the making, is without any definite form, any exactly discernible meaning. The work of the artist is to give form and meaning to some detached bit of it. "No incident in life is complete," Miss Josephine Dodge Daskam lately remarked. Over Mr. Clyde Fitch's work-table hangs the motto, "Not life, but illusion based on life: that is art." In life virtue often seems its only reward; but in our hearts we know that it is not. And that is why the fate of the moonshiner, so just and right as it happened, would seem in fiction to be sordid and cynical.

Elaborate Mr. James

THE excursion of Henry James to the land of his birth has aroused a discussion of his work that extends far beyond the limited circle which professes to have the time and the patience to read his marvelous elaborations of what people who do not think might have thought if they had found anything they thought worthy of thinking about and had been reminded to think about it. To survivors of the period — sometimes called the "Dark Ages" — when men gave a great deal of time to discussing how many angels could stand on the point of a needle, Mr. James is a boon and a blessing. But in what way do the arduous labors of Mr. James' undoubtedly excellent mind contribute to our knowledge of human life — external or internal, past, present or future? What shall it profit the mountain to labor if it give forth not even the substantiality of a mouse, but only the unsubstantiality of a squeak, that might or might not have been a mouse's, and possibly was a mere imagination?

Mr. James comes in the year when the world is about to celebrate the turning of another century since the creation of Don Quixote, whom Sancho Panza has made immortal with his wise and witty condensations of human experience.

Truth vs. Subtlety

THROUGHOUT the land, especially in the cities, there is a notable revival of the debating society. This is gratifying. A republic can live and grow in health only if the people are continually learning how to reason better — and what instrument to developing the reasoning faculty better than the debating society?

But, like every good thing, the debating society offers subtle temptations to mischief. It is altogether improving for a young man or young woman to learn to look at all sides of a question — that develops fairness, tolerance, freedom from prejudice. But the profound meaning of the proverb, "There are two sides to every question," is that there is a right side and a wrong side. And what could be worse for a youth with a natural talent for subtlety than to be constantly thinking up tricky plausibilities to present as arguments for the wrong side of the question his club is debating?

Out West, in three splendid, earnest colleges, they used to guard against this evil by having a censor whose business it was, after the judges had given their decision, to take up both the matter and the method of the several speakers and show where they had failed of truth. A wise plan. No debating society should be without its censor, and he should be fitted for his work.

The Sin of the Tempter

THE latest photograph of the man who is the directing energy of the very meanest and most pervasive monopoly in this country shows a face of the highest manly beauty — regular, sensitive features; fine, sympathetic eyes; lips that one would think could not be opened to utter a harsh or cruel word. One is not surprised to hear that this man is generous to his employees, idolized by his family, beloved by hosts of friends, the first to give in good causes of every kind. Yet his wealth is the result of oppressions that have made life harder for millions.

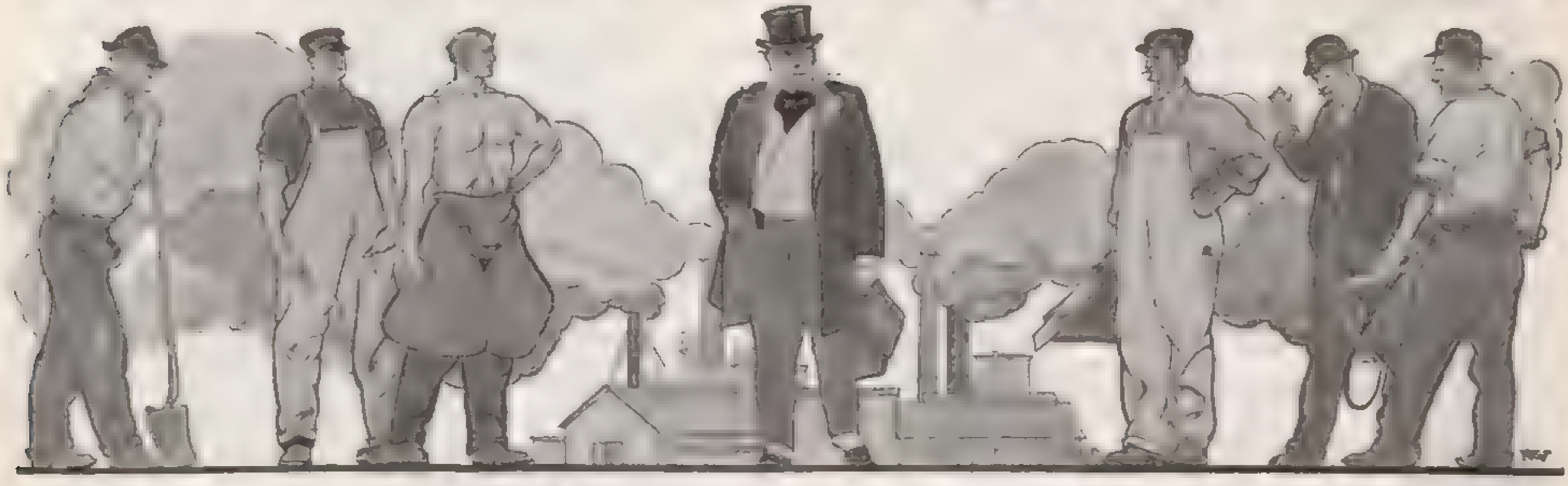
Strange, isn't it? How a system can undermine the conscience of a man! How habit can blind us to our own transgressions! And what a crime that the people should permit systems to exist and commercial habits to grow that result in such high talents and instincts as that man's being perverted and put to base uses! Greater than the sin of the tempted is the sin of the tempter!

A Political Millennium

IT IS easy to foresee when we shall have the political millennium in this country. It will come just as soon as every and any public official, high or low, knows that if he does his duty he will be reelected or promoted, and that if he doesn't do his duty, then, as surely as the coming of the next election day, he will be thrown out and need never hope to be intrusted with office again.

Meanwhile we shall continue to get what we invite.

THE TRUST INQUISITOR



The Man Who Commands the Secrets of Every Business Concern in the Country

BY J. J. DICKINSON

ALTHOUGH the newest Executive Department of the Government—that of Commerce and Labor—has been in operation two years, so quietly and unostentatiously has it gone about its work that only a small fraction of the public seems to be aware of its existence; and as to its operations a still smaller fraction appears to know anything Yet there is working through the Department of Commerce and Labor a new and tremendously potent force—a startlingly novel assertion of republican government. I refer to the Bureau of Corporations. The act creating the Bureau of Corporations bears upon its face the evidence of having been an afterthought in the minds of the men who conceived, framed and promoted the legislation that brought into being the Department of Commerce and Labor. When one knows something of the "inside" of things at Washington, one wonders how it happened that a Bureau vested with such power was permitted to get through the legislative hopper without being emasculated. It is true, however, that partial emasculation was performed, in that the railroads—"common carriers" they are called euphemistically in the law—were specifically exempted from the jurisdiction or supervision of the Bureau.

That paragraph of the section of the law creating the Bureau of Corporations reads:

"The said Commissioner of Corporations shall have power and authority to make, under the direction and control of the Secretary of Commerce and Labor, diligent investigation into the organization, conduct and management of the business of any corporation, joint-stock company or corporate combination engaged in commerce among the several States and with foreign nations, excepting common carriers, subject to 'an act to regulate commerce,' approved February 4, 1887, and to gather such information and data as will enable the President of the United States to make recommendations to Congress for legislation for the regulation of such commerce, and to report such data to the President from time to time as he shall require; and the information so obtained, or as much thereof as the President may direct, shall be made public."

Hence, by the very organic law of the Department of Commerce and Labor, the President is virtually Commissioner of Corporations. He not only selects the chief of the Bureau, but, under the general powers of his executive authority, he may direct the work of the Bureau. He may say what corporations, joint-stock companies, combinations or trusts engaged in interstate or foreign commerce shall be investigated, the form, course and extent of the investigation, and finally what action may be taken by the Executive Department of the Government to check any harm to the public interest that the concern subjected to his surveillance may be working. He can—and perhaps does—go even further and designate special agents of the Bureau who are sent into the field to do the practical work. For this purpose he may suspend the Civil Service rules in order that such agents as he selects may be commissioned. A perusal of the section of the law quoted above will show that the President may make himself the sole and exclusive custodian of the reports of investigations made by the special agents to the Bureau. These reports are carefully digested by experts and submitted to the President for his information. Besides, as will be shown later, he is in close and constant communication with his Commissioner of Corporations, and thus may be daily informed of the progress of investigations under way, of the discoveries as to methods of corporations made by special agents in the field.

In brief, it is doubtful if any ruler of a civilized nation in the world to-day has at his command such a potent instrument for the public weal or woe as has been placed in the hands of the President of the United States by the creation of the Bureau of Corporations. The limits of the inquisitorial powers of the Bureau have not yet been defined by the courts, nor, so far as known, have they been tested. The Bureau has made and is making "diligent investigation into the organization, conduct and management of the business" of corporations, joint-stock companies and corporate combinations engaged in interstate and foreign commerce, and if the President has not already done so he is privileged to read reports sent in by agents in the field. He also is empowered, at any time and apropos of nothing in particular, to publish these reports in any manner he may see fit. He can do this either by sending the reports to Congress or by publishing them out of hand. It is a mooted question whether Congress, having delegated this extraordinary power to the President, has the right to demand of him full reports of any investigation. Congress can, of course, so revise or amend the law as to divert the reports from the Executive to the Legislative Department of the Government. Under existing statutory provisions, however, the President has practical control of this greatest of all of his agencies of information and publicity. It is even doubtful whether a member of Congress has the right to examine the reports on file in the Bureau. If this privilege is open to members of Congress it is also open to their representatives—their private secretaries, clerks, messengers, etc.—and thus a big leak might be sprung through which the country and the world might be flooded with parboiled information concerning business institutions that possibly would work incalculable harm to those interests

From Columbus to Washington

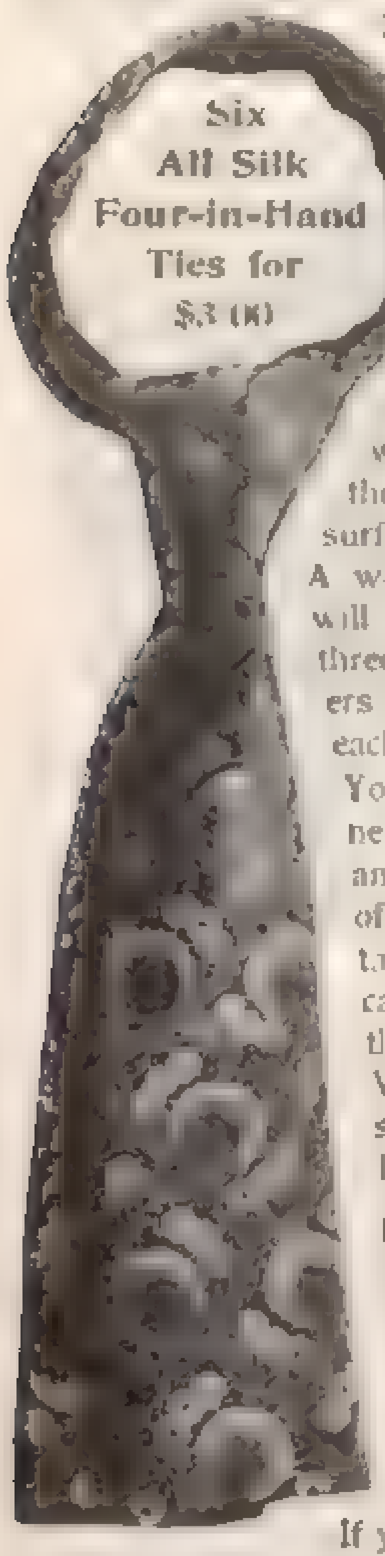
HENCE, the President and only two other officials of the Government—the Secretary of Commerce and Labor and the Commissioner of Corporations—are now or soon can become the sole custodians of private business secrets of vital concern, not alone to the institutions directly involved but also to the whole country. Were they or any of them so disposed, either by unfortunate temperamental weakness or viciousness, great injury could be inflicted upon guilty or innocent corporations, or the gullible and greedy public. This could be done in one of several ways. Premature publicity of undigested data might be made; hasty conclusions could be drawn from specious premises, leading to the tremendous power of the Government being brought to bear against unoffending institutions; or false rumors might be set afloat by wicked or unfit special agents of the Bureau. Or, worse still—and this is to be spoken only in the lowest and the huskiest of whispers—that monstrous ogre, which sprang full-panoplied from the perfervid imaginations of some of the Democratic campaign managers and editors toward the close of the last Presidential contest, might actually stalk forth from his dank, cavernous lair—*Blackmail!*

For these reasons, it behooved the President and his first Secretary of Commerce and Labor—George Bruce Cortelyou, who is soon to become Postmaster-General—to exercise the greatest care and caution in the organization of the Bureau of Corporations. Other Bureaus in the new Department were merely transferred bodily from other Executive Departments of the Government—mainly from the Treasury, Interior and State. All of these Bureaus were fully officered, equipped and experienced. Only two new Governmental Bureaus were authorized by the law creating the Department of Commerce and Labor—the Bureau of Corporations and the Bureau of Manufactures. The latter has only very recently been put into operation by President Roosevelt's order designating J. Hampton Moore, of Philadelphia, as its first chief. But such importance was attached by the President to the character and authorized functions of the Bureau of Corporations that he selected its first Chief or Commissioner simultaneously with the first Secretary of the Department. His choice was James Rudolph Garfield, second son of the late President.

Mr. Garfield was at that time a member of the Civil Service Commission. The only other office he had held prior to his appointment by President Roosevelt to the Civil Service Commission was that of State Senator in Ohio, his native State. He was not a conspicuous figure at Columbus The reason for this was twofold. In this country of ours the son of a great man—and especially if sired by a man who has reached the Presidency—must be content to move in the shadow projected by the public stature of his father. The fame of our Presidents endures among us. It overshadows even to the third and fourth generation their descendants of the male line. So true is this that it has become a national axiom that our great men leave no great sons. Perhaps it is good for us that this belief is ingrained in our national life. Perhaps it is one of those multitudinous inheritances that have come down to us from the rugged men and women who hazarded their precious lives to establish the doctrine that entail and primogeniture are wicked and oppressive principles. It may have been this, or it may have been something else, that prevented James Rudolph Garfield from wielding sufficient power and influence in the Ohio Legislature to impress his ideals and principles upon Buckeye affairs. The politicians at Columbus viewed him with indifference, if not with mistrust. Neither Foraker men nor Hanna men warmed to him. But for the favor of President Roosevelt he probably to-day would be merely a respectable but not overburdened lawyer in Cleveland, instead of one of the most-talked-about men in American public life and the not impossible successor of Theodore Roosevelt as the Republican leader in 1908. But this part of the story belongs in another place.

A close view of the man, which has been gained from an official association necessarily confidential in a sense, enables me to speak somewhat intimately of this second son of one of our murdered Presidents. A liberal acquaintance with his father's career fits me to compare sire and son. Thus far I have been able to discover only one intellectual trait that is common to both—that is, persistence, which usually is another name for patience. This kind of patience denotes a

This is the tie that binds our customers.



Four-in-hand ties, all silk, the latest spring patterns, at 50c each

The real reason why your ties fray out and look shabby after two or three wearings is because the silk is all on the surface.

A well-made all silk tie will outwear two or three of the kind retailers usually sell at 50c each.

You have probably never been able to buy an all silk four-in-hand of correct style at retail for 50c. Retailers cannot afford to sell them at that price.

We cannot afford to sell you one tie for 50c, but we can and do

OFFER to send prepaid on receipt of $3.00 an assortment of six guaranteed all silk four-in-hand ties, all the latest spring styles to any address.

If you prefer black silk or satin say so in your order.

If on receipt the ties are not satisfactory send them back. We will exchange them or refund your money as you prefer.

WE CLAIM that in no fashionable haberdashery can the equal of these ties be purchased for less than 75c or $1.00 each.

Our motto is, "Once a customer always a customer."

You take no risk in buying from us, and our stock is larger than any retailer can afford to carry.

Send $3.00 for 6 ties, the ties that will bind you to come again. There can be no regrets, for you get your money back if you want it.

METROPOLITAN NECKWEAR CO.
Metropolitan Building, New York

SOIESETTE

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
(Pronounced "Swa-zette")

The above trade-mark on genuine Soiesette

The Beautiful Wash Fabric

[illegible] why SOIESETTE is the most [illegible] fabric in the world is because [illegible]

[illegible] — improves in lustre by [illegible] shrunk. All shades. [illegible] in Wash Goods Depa[illegible] class stores. The wise shopper know[illegible] stitutes are offered — they sell for a little less, perhaps, but they give the dealer a larger profit [illegible] advantage to get the GEN[illegible] seeing the word "[illegible]"

[illegible] ETTE will satisfy you [illegible]

For sale everywhere
Do not take an imitation

EUROPE *Go Clark's Way*

New S. S. CALEDONIA, 9,400 Tons
Specially Chartered. July 1st. $245 [illegible]
Exceptional advantages. Many other Tours. Write [illegible]
FRANK C. CLARK, 113 Broadway, NEW YORK

reserve power of philosophy and industry that in the end achieves the results sought. The son has the father's industry without the father's superabundant physical strength. He has thus far displayed none of the scintillant qualities of mind that made his father loom among a multitude of brilliant men. Where the father had cunning the son has caution. Where the father had dash and audacity the son has care and modesty. But "caution"—caution [illegible] the word that describes the dominant trait of mind he has displayed to m[illegible] [illegible]ation which at times I have thought bordered on timidity. Withal, there is in his make-up a becoming sense of humor that renders him companionable. He was with his father in the railroad station at Washington when the maniac Guiteau fired the assassin's bullet into the unsuspecting Chief Magistrate's back. He was then seventeen years old—just at the age when the mind is most susceptible to impressions. The indescribable shock of that wretched tragedy has left its mark upon his face, the expression of which is one of half sadness even when he smiles. It may be the influence of that awful scene that has imparted to his nature a caution that seems to mark his every move; or it may be his peculiarly close and confidential relations with President Roosevelt, imposing, as all such relations must, a burdensome sense of responsibility.

It is not yet widely known, but it is a fact nevertheless, that the President has no closer or more confidential friend than Mr. Garfield. The Commissioner of Corporations is consulted almost daily—frequently more than once a day—by the President. These consultations pertain not exclusively to the affairs under Mr. Garfield's official jurisdiction, but embrace the general policies of the Administration. In fact, there is no member of the Cabinet who is more often appealed to or more respectfully heeded by President Roosevelt than is this young man of thirty-nine. Although the law specifies that the work of the Bureau of Corporations shall be conducted "under the direction and control" of the Secretary of Commerce and Labor, as a matter of fact it is known that the President deals directly with Commissioner Garfield on all subjects pertaining to the organization, conduct and management of corporations that may be under investigation. It may, therefore, be inferred that the President is kept very closely advised of the progress of investigations under way. It is, indeed, not irrational to suppose that, if he is so minded, the President can learn every night before he goes to bed just what special agents in the field have reported concerning the capitalization and methods of any corporation or alleged trust or combine that may be under investigation. A possible extension of this system would give the Chief Magistrate an espionage over the vast business interests of the nation which no other ruler on earth is known to possess; and President Roosevelt is such a glutton for work that there is no doubt of his ability to master and hold in mind the details which his Commissioner of Corporations is directed to lay before him.

Neither as a matter of law nor fact does the Commissioner of Corporations await instructions from Congress before instituting investigations. Of course, if Congress as a whole or by either branch directs by resolution or otherwise the investigation of a particular corporation, it is met with very ready response by the Commissioner. In such a case he instantly sets the machinery of his Bureau in action along the line marked out. It may happen, however, to the surprise of Congress and the public, that the investigation called for was already under way or completed, in which event all the facts and other data desired are immediately available for the use of the law makers—in the discretion of the President; for be it understood that, under the organic law of the Department, all such information gathered and compiled by the Bureau of Corporations is primarily for the use of the President, and Congress can obtain only so much of it as the President may see fit to report.

A case in point is the investigation of the Beef Trust. The House by resolution called for this investigation last March, not knowing that the Bureau had been quietly working on the subject a month or more. When the resolution reached the Secretary of the Department and Commissioner Garfield it was discovered that it requested that the results of the investigation be reported to Congress. The Secretary and the Commissioner immediately called the attention of the House to the fact that to comply literally with the directions of the resolution a special appropriation would have to be provided, in view of the fact that the organic law of the

MULLINS
STEEL BOATS CAN'T SINK

Mullins Stamped Steel Boats Can't Sink

Auto Boats — Motor Boats — Row Boats
Hunting and Fishing Boats

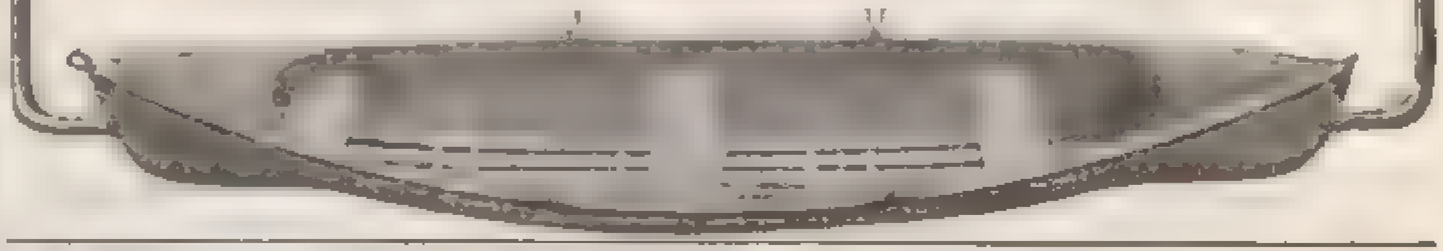
Staunchly built of strong, rigid steel plates, with air chambers in each end like a life boat — buoyant — strong — safe — speedy. They don't leak — crack — dry out — wear out or sink, and are the best and most elegant boats built. Endorsed by all leading sportsmen, resorts, boat liveries, etc.

Motor Boats 16 foot, 1½ h. p., $135.00; 18 foot, 3 h. p., $240.00

Row Boats $20 up. Special quotations on Auto Boats. All boats sold direct from our factory and every boat is guaranteed. The New Beaver Tail Auto Boat is a record breaker.

EVERY BOATMAN SHOULD SEND FOR 1905 CATALOGUE
It shows all our new models and many new innovations in boat building.

The W. H. Mullins Co. (The Steel Boat Builders), **120 Franklin St., Salem, O.**
Member National Association of Engine and Boat Manufacturers



NO [illegible] when [illegible] clothes hang up as they do in your [illegible] compartment [illegible] how many [illegible] sides keep them free from wrinkles.

The ABC Wardrobe Trunk

is the one perfect trunk for both men and women. Every article in it is instantly accessible. No trays to lift — drawers for ev[illegible]

Price $35.00 and Upwards.

Write for our illustrated b[illegible] request

Abel & Bach Company,
Largest Makers of Trunks [illegible] Bags in the World
Milwaukee, Wis. U. S. A.
Insist on having this mark on any Trunk, Suit Case or Bag [illegible] and durability

Saving Money by Mail
at 4% Interest

This bank was established in 1868 and is one of the oldest and largest savings banks in the country, with a record of which it may be justly [illegible] amounting to over **Thirty-Seven Million Dollars.**

Aside from its financial strength, however, it is [illegible]. Its Board of [illegible] Advisory Board are composed of over sixty men of unquestioned [illegible], whose tireless [illegible] wise judgment have made it what it is to-day — **an absolutely safe place for the deposits of savings, whether large or small.**

Send for booklet "M" telling how you can send deposits by mail — no matter where you live.

THE CITIZENS SAVINGS and Trust Co. Cleveland, Ohio

"Old Hickory"
Andrew Jackson
Chair

$2.75

[illegible] out-door use, weather cannot affect it. Made [illegible]

[illegible] Special Introductory Offer FREE
The Old Hickory Chair Co.
23 Cherry St., Martinsville, Ind.

CLASS PINS OR BADGES

For any College, School, Class Club, Society or Lodge
Direct from Factory to Wearer

We make to order Gold, Gold Plated, Silver, Silver Plated Pins, Buttons or Medals of all descriptions. **Either of the two** styles illustrated in one or two [illegible] any letters or figures if not more than [illegible]

Silver Plate, $1 doz. Sample, 10c.
Ster. Silver, $2.50 doz. Sample 25c.

[illegible] of [illegible]. **Satisfaction guaranteed.** [illegible] Special designs and estimates free.

Bastian Bros., 21 L., S. Av., Rochester, N. Y.

SANTA CRUZ CALIFORNIA

Climate the best
Famous Big Trees within 5 [illegible]
[illegible] in bloom every day in the year
Finest Bathing Beach on Pa[illegible]

Send 2c. stamp to Board of Trade, Santa Cruz, [illegible] Department X.

THE MODEL
One Quality Plan

[illegible] different and better plan of [illegible] selling vehicles than the ordinary way. By our one quality Plan you get more value for your money than from others, [illegible] by giving [illegible] a Free Trial and a two year guarantee. Full explanation in our 1905 Free Catalogue. Send Now.

THE MODEL CARRIAGE & HARNESS CO
101 W. Sixth St., Cincinnati, Ohio

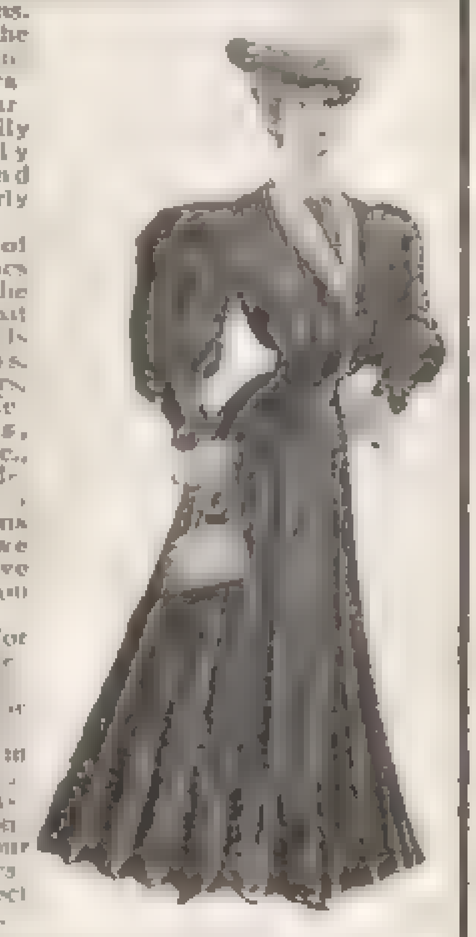
PATENT SECURED

Or Fee Returned [illegible] Send for Guide Book and What to Invent, finest publications issued for free distribution. Patents secured by us advertised for sale at our expense.

EVANS, WILKENS & CO., 667 F St. Washington, D. C.
New York Offices—132 Nassau St., New York City, N. Y.

Spring Suits Made to Order
$6 to $25

Our catalogue illustrates 158 of the latest New York Fashions. It tells you the proper costume for every occasion. Every garment is beautifully illustrated, fully described, and prices are clearly given.
Our stock of over 500 fabrics includes all the latest and most popular materials — Broadcloths, Serges, Mohairs, Tweeds, Taffetas, Pongees, Henriettas, etc., in every shade. From so large a variety of fashions and fabrics we are sure we have just what you want.
Our directions for taking measurements are so simple that any one in your own home can take them easily and accurately. Your measurements in connection with our remarkable system insure perfect fitting garments.



We guarantee to fit you or refund your money.
Everything made to order — nothing ready-made.

Tailor-Made Suits	$7 50 to $25
Silk Costumes	$12 to $25
Shirt-Waist Suits Made of Mohair, Serge, [illegible]	$6 to $20
Silk Shirt-Waist Suits	$12 to $25
Rain Coats and Long Coats	$9 75 to $18
Jackets	$5 75 to $15
Separate Skirts	$3 50 to $12

Express charges prepaid to any part of the U S

We send FREE to any part of the United States our Spring and Summer catalogue, showing the latest New York fashions, a large assortment of samples of the newest materials, and simple directions for taking measurements correctly. Write for them to-day. Mention colors desired and whether you wish samples for a tailor-made suit, silk costume, shirt-waist suit, skirt, jacket or rain coat

NATIONAL CLOAK AND SUIT CO.
119 and 121 West 23d Street, New York.
Mail Orders only. No Agents or Branches. Est 17 yrs

No More Darning

Do Not Darn "His" Socks

No holes to darn if you buy

Holeproof Sox
(Trade Mark)

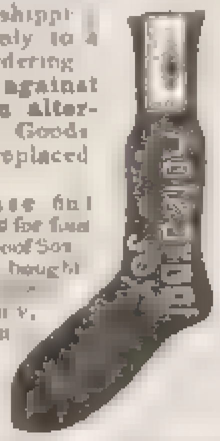
Fast colors: Black, Tan (light and dark), Pearl, Navy Blue, and Black legs with White feet. Sizes 9 to 12. Two grades (1) Merino, (medium heavy) Sold only in boxes containing 4 pairs for $2 00 (2) Cotton. Sold only in boxes containing 6 pairs for $1 50. All shipping charges prepaid. One size only to a box; state size desired when ordering.

We guarantee our sox against holes for 6 months, if worn alternately by the purchaser. Goods worn out under this condition replaced free.

GENTLEMEN: Inclosed please find Money Order to the amount of $2 00 for four pair of black heavy weight "Holeproof Sox" size ten. Two or three years ago I bought four pair of you and they are not [illegible] too bad for wear yet. Yours truly,
HENRY H LANE, Bainbridge, Ind

Send for interesting booklet

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY
Address Dept. C Milwaukee, Wisconsin



Your Investments Solicited upon which we will pay 5% Per Annum

Assets $1,700,000
Surplus and Profits $160,000

OUR patrons participate in the earnings of a non-speculative business, established over 11 years, operating in high grade New York real estate [illegible] Banking Department 5% per annum paid on your [illegible]

We will gladly send you full particulars upon request

Industrial Savings and Loan Co.
1135 Broadway, New York

STAMPS 1000 mixed foreign, 25c, 100 page list packets, sets, albums, &c, and 50 stamps, free. Stamps on approval. 50% commission.
SCOTT STAMP & COIN CO., 1304 Chestnut St., Philadelphia

Department directs that the results of all investigations made by the Bureau of Corporations be reported only to the President. The original resolution was then promptly amended so as to comply with the law. Thus the results of the Bureau's thorough and exhaustive inquiry into the operations of the Beef Trust will be laid by Commissioner Garfield on President Roosevelt's desk, and not on the desk of either the Speaker of the House or the President of the Senate

But the beef inquiry is only one of several quite as important investigations that are being made along similar lines under the direction of Commissioner Garfield, to say nothing of the work of experts in various economic and industrial fields that is going on under his supervision at the same time in the Bureau. For example, consider the exhaustive research involved in the work which resulted in the Commissioner's recommendation to the President for the enactment of a law by Congress for bringing all corporations engaged in interstate or foreign commerce under direct Federal supervision by subjecting them to a license system. Several lawyers of long experience labored on this proposition alone for nearly a year. The fact that this recommendation has excited more serious discussion among all sorts and conditions of men in the United States than has been excited by any other proposition or action of the present Administration demonstrates at once its vast importance, and the care and labor required to present it in rounded and finished form for public consideration before being accepted or rejected by the President as an Administration policy.

More than sixty experts in various lines are employed in the Bureau. In organizing his working force, Commissioner Garfield drew liberally on college faculties for political economists and social scientists of recognized standing. Numerous great law firms of the country have contributed some of their brightest and best-trained assistants to the Bureau's force. Men skilled in insurance, in finance, in journalism, have been employed, without regard to section or political affiliations, to aid the Commissioner of Corporations to assemble accurate and minute information relative to the operations of business concerns of all sorts and sizes. The corporation laws of the several States and Territories, including those of the insular possessions, are being studied and compared, with the ultimate view of bringing harmony out of the present chaotic conditions which are such a fruitful source of corporation abuses and popular misapprehension. Skilled agents and expert statisticians are kept constantly in the field reporting upon the methods and operations of those great aggregations of capital called, loosely, trusts

By the digests of these reports President Roosevelt is enabled to keep in closer and more intimate touch with the operations of the vast business enterprises of the country than were any of his predecessors, not even excepting Washington and his immediate successors, whose solicitude for the nation's weal, though not one whit greater, nevertheless was more easily manifested in deeds because the industrial system of the country was not so amazingly complex or delicate as it is now.

As distribution is such a vital factor in latter-day wealth production, the relations of the railroads to every industry of the country necessarily are occupying a vast deal of the attention of the Bureau of Corporations, in spite of the apparent attempt of the lawmakers to shield the transportation lines from contact with the new Executive Department. It is not unlikely, therefore, that developments in the near future will show that information obtained on this subject through Commissioner Garfield's direction was instrumental in determining the President's announced policy toward the railroads in the matter of the Federal regulation and control of rates

It is thus shown that Mr. Garfield is placed at the very centre of those forces of the Government that have been stimulated into activity by President Roosevelt and his Cabinet advisers for industrial and economic reforms nation-wide in their sweep. The progress of events will show that the Commissioner of Corporations is the President's most trusted agent in the preparatory work of reform that is to mark the Roosevelt Administration. The conclusion, therefore, seems inevitable that James Rudolph Garfield will be almost as conspicuously identified with the new movement as even Theodore Roosevelt himself. It is for this reason that many men of discernment and insight into large affairs are already talking of him as the logical successor of President Roosevelt in 1908

Columbia
35-40 H. P. TOURING CAR

Columbia Mark XLV
35-40 H. P.
Gasolene Cars

A surplus of material for every strain, but no excess of material where it is not needed. Every part and piece of chassis from selected stock subjected to the most thorough mechanical laboratory tests, so that parts that most frequently break in cars of ordinary construction — axles, frame, springs, casings, transmissions, etc.— are made unbreakable under any stress of normal use, however severe. Exclusive features of unequaled merit are: new carburetor, which positively maintains a correct explosive mixture, new system of spark and throttle control with ball-joint connections from levers mounted on non-revolving head within the steering wheel; new method of releasing compression in starting, new steering mechanism and other improvements adding to efficiency of the motor and ease of control and care-taking

[illegible] in body designs and [illegible] the Mark XLV Chassis [illegible] following styles [illegible] Double Side Entrance Tonneau [illegible] Royal Victoria [illegible] Victoria, $5000, Landaulet, $5500, Limousine, $5500 [illegible] the limit of [illegible] and sumptuous appointment

Catalogue of [illegible]
[illegible] separate catalogue [illegible]

ELECTRIC VEHICLE COMPANY
HARTFORD CONN
NEW YORK CHICAGO
BOSTON

W. L. DOUGLAS
Union Made, $3.50 SHOES For Men.

W. L. Douglas $3 50 shoes are the greatest sellers in the world because of their excellent style, easy fitting and superior wearing qualities. They are just as good as those that cost from $5 00 to $7.00. The only difference is the price. W. L. Douglas $3 50 shoes cost more to make, hold their shape better, wear longer, and are of greater value than any other $3 50 shoe on the market to-day. W L. Douglas guarantees their value by stamping his name and price on the bottom of each shoe. Look for it. Take no substitute. W L. Douglas $3 50 shoes are sold through his own retail stores in the principal cities, and by shoe dealers everywhere. No matter where you live, W. L. Douglas shoes are within your reach.

BETTER THAN OTHER MAKES AT ANY PRICE.

[illegible] $3 50 shoe and [illegible] of price [illegible] Cashier The Capital National Bank Indianapolis, Ind

BOYS WEAR W. L. DOUGLAS $2.50 AND $2.00 SHOES BECAUSE THEY FIT BETTER, HOLD THEIR SHAPE, AND WEAR LONGER THAN OTHER MAKES.

[illegible] in his $3 50 shoes. Corona [illegible] finest patent [illegible] produced

FAST COLOR EYELETS WILL NOT WEAR BRASSY

[illegible] mail order business in the world. No trouble to get a fit [illegible]

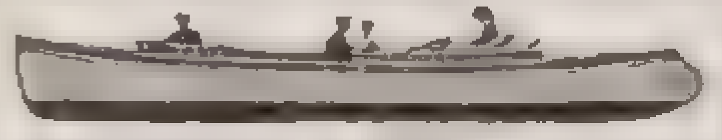
W. L. DOUGLAS, 166 Spark Street, Brockton, Massachusetts.

W. L. Douglas makes and sells more Men's $3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world. $10,000 REWARD to any one who can disprove this statement.

How to Illustrate — Write for Free Booklet explaining our Complete Art Education for One Dollar.
Brown Publishing Company, Room 984, 114 Fifth Av., New York

WRITE the San Juan Valley Improvement Club at San Juan, California, for illustrated booklet concerning the Garden Spot of San Benito County — THE SAN JUAN VALLEY.

We Teach Telegraphy Quickly
and put our graduates at work. Railroads write us daily for operators and furnish Railroad Passes to Destination. Expenses very low and students can earn their board while attending school. 80-page book telling about it — Free.
Valentine's School of Telegraphy
Estab 33 yrs. Janesville, Wis.



Build It Yourself
TRADE MARK

UP-TO-DATE DESIGN
speedy, roomy, steady, comfortable and safe anywhere. Length 25 ft., beam 5 ft. 10 in. Draft 22 in. Usual factory price, less engine, $585 00. Build it yourself for $75 using our modern full size paper patterns and Carpenter's Improved Method for Amateurs with photos of boat and its parts under different stages of construction, bill of material required and full instructions. Everything so plain so simple you can't go wrong. Price only $16, carriage prepaid [illegible] K D Boat Frames, [illegible] Boat Fittings and Engines. Established [illegible] inventor and pioneer manufacturer [illegible] the largest plant [illegible] in the world.
The Modern Boat Pattern Co. Ltd., Wharf 9, Bay City, Mich., U. S. A.

Made of Clear Argentine Nutria.

Hats for Men

THE C & K [illegible]

The final test of propriety in a hat is its becomingness—it is not proper if it is unbecoming.

Knapp-Felt hats are extremely unusual in that they combine a Noticeable Elegance of Style and Superb Quality.

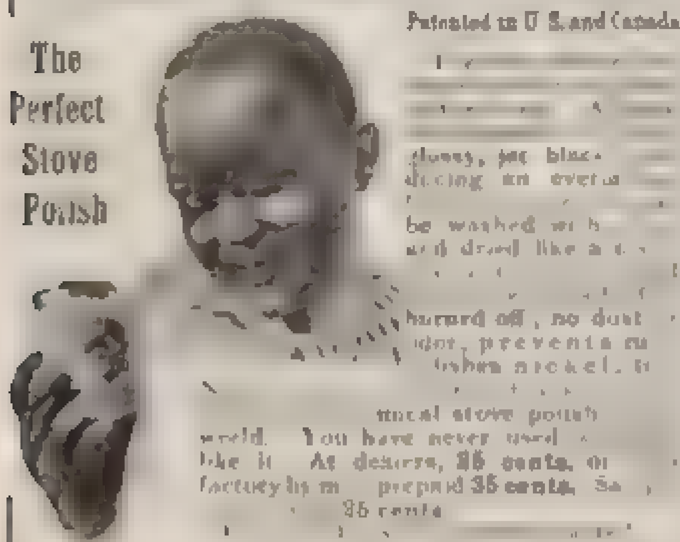
This trade-mark will guarantee correct shape and finest materials.

The best hatters sell Knapp-Felt $4 hats and Knapp-Felt DeLuxe $6 hats (the hat with the Vellum Finish).

Write for The Hatman.

THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.
840 Broadway, New York

Canfield Dress Shields



Black Satin in Cans

Patented in U. S. and Canada

The Perfect Stove Polish

[illegible] world. You have never used [illegible] like it. At dealers, 35 cents, or factory by [illegible] prepaid 35 cents. [illegible] 35 cents.

BLACK SATIN POLISH CO.
Room 542, 107 Chambers St., New York City

The Works of Plupy Shute

By Henry A. Shute

Author of Sequil, or Things Whitch Aint Finished in the First

EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, ——, 186—

DEAR BEANY, i got your letter and the 25 cents but it come two late Beany. she is mad with me. i will tell you all about it as long as you were buly enuf to send me the money. if you cood sent it jest a day before she woodent have been mad but i gess it woodent have done mutch good becaus she wanted somthing all the time and i wood have to be prety ritch to buy her something every day. I have been most crazy i have been so retched and i most wished i was ded. i tell you Beany they aint ennything so bad as to have your girl get mad with you and keep mad espesialy when she goes with a nother feller. if a girl gets real mad and runs her tung out at you and says she wont never speek to you agen, you can most always make up by giving her some of old Si Smiths goozeberrys or some juju paist or sometimes some new gum that aint been chewed, but when she goes of with a nother feller becaus he is biger than you and can lick you then they aint no use. and when that other feller and you has a fite and he licks you they aint no use neether. i tell you Beany it is tuff. they has been times when i have lost my best rooster or had him get licked by Ed Toles and i never yipped, but this was the wirst thing i ever had hapen to me. now Beany you cross your throte not to tell and hope to die two and i will tell you about it. jest as soon as you wright me that i will tell you all about it if i am not ded or in jale for i may do some auful thing i feel so tuff

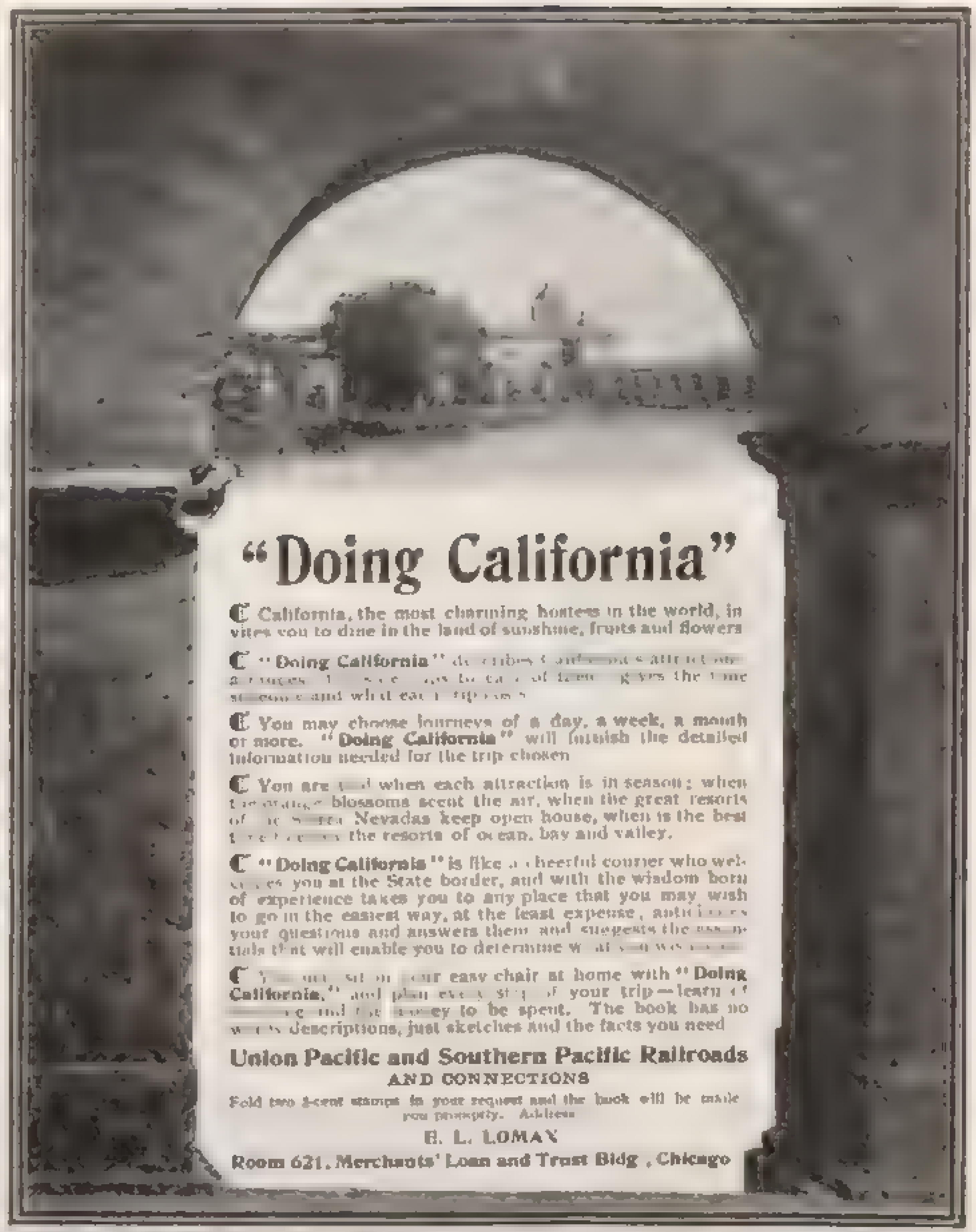
Yours very respectively, PLUPY.

EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, ——, 186—

Dear Beany, all rite i will tell you all about it only dont you forget that you have crossed your throte and hoped to die. well it is a prety tuff story and shows how meen a girl can be. i dont beleeve enny girl ever liked a feller xcept for what she can get out of him. perhaps you dont beleeve so Beany but i do. well this girl, and i aint going to wright her name down but i will tell you when you come home Beany if you ever are coming, but i wont wright it. well she wanted me to give her 1 of those waches that wind up with a key and click jest like a real wach. some of the girls has got them and she wanted one. they cost 35 cents and i dident have a red cent for i had spent it all on her. she was kind of mad about the lobster neck chane and she said i wood be a [illegible] if i dident give her a wach and she said Fatty Melcher wood give her one if she wood go with him. so i went down to Lane and Rollins and asked them if they wood trust me for the wach. father told me that he wood lick time out of me if i ever got trusted for ennything. i dont see why he shood get mad at me for it becaus he always gets trusted at old Si Smiths for things and every month when he pays his bill he and old Si has a row and they jaw and swear and bimeby they get over their mad and father pays the bill and old Si gives father a segar whitch burns up all one side and curls up and father throws it away and swears about it. well ennyway old Lane woodent trust me for the wach and then i tride to borrow the money. i asked Fatty and Fatty he dident have enny money and then i asked Pewt and Pewt he said he dident have enny chink and then i asked you and i knew you wood get it if you cood. well what do you think. Fatty Melcher had been trying to cut me out and i gess he had been saving up his chink. ennyway he went down to old Lanes and he bougt a wach and give it to her and i met her with it on and i asked where she got it and she said it wasent enny of my business, ennyway it wasent me whitch give it to her becaus i was two meen to give her ennything xcept old smelly lobster chanes and things whitch dident cost me ennything and she said she wasent going to go with me enny more.

i wondered who give her the wach but i dident know until the next day when i saw Fatty Melcher walking with her and when

Editor's Note—This is the last of Judge Shute's series of Plupy's letters to Beany.



"Doing California"

California, the most charming hostess in the world, invites you to dine in the land of sunshine, fruits and flowers

"Doing California" [illegible] gives the time [illegible] and what each trip costs

You may choose journeys of a day, a week, a month or more. "Doing California" will furnish the detailed information needed for the trip chosen

You are told when each attraction is in season; when the orange blossoms scent the air, when the great resorts of the Sierra Nevadas keep open house, when is the best time to visit the resorts of ocean, bay and valley.

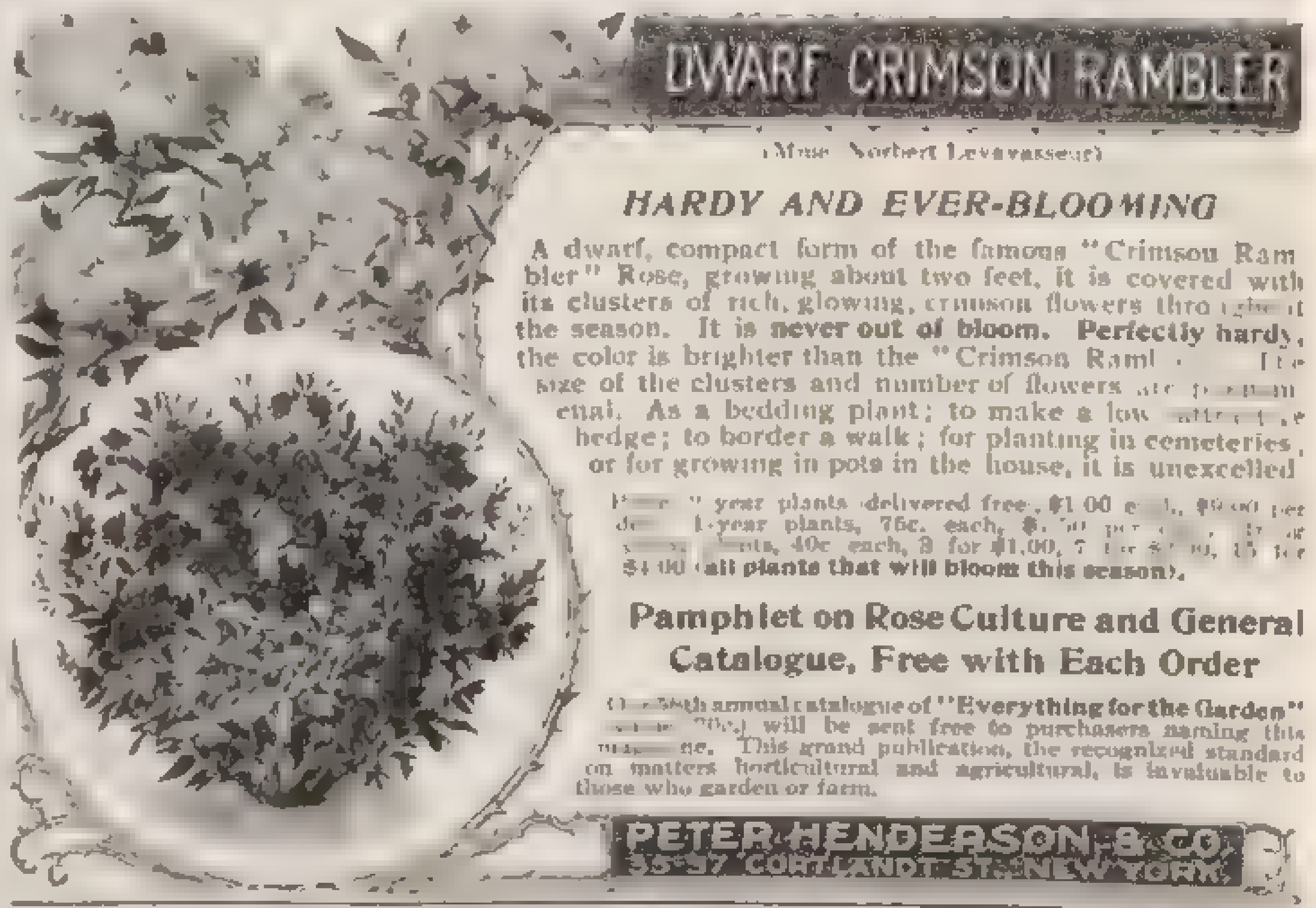
"Doing California" is like a cheerful courier who welcomes you at the State border, and with the wisdom born of experience takes you to any place that you may wish to go in the easiest way, at the least expense, anticipates your questions and answers them and suggests the essentials that will enable you to determine what you wish to see

You can sit in your easy chair at home with "Doing California," and plan every step of your trip—learn of [illegible] and the money to be spent. The book has no [illegible] descriptions, just sketches and the facts you need

Union Pacific and Southern Pacific Railroads
AND CONNECTIONS

Fold two 2-cent stamps in your request and the book will be mailed you promptly. Address

E. L. LOMAX
Room 621, Merchants' Loan and Trust Bldg., Chicago



THE MOST UNIQUE ROSE OF A CENTURY

DWARF CRIMSON RAMBLER

(Mme. Norbert Levavasseur)

HARDY AND EVER-BLOOMING

A dwarf, compact form of the famous "Crimson Rambler" Rose, growing about two feet, it is covered with its clusters of rich, glowing, crimson flowers throughout the season. It is **never out of bloom. Perfectly hardy**, the color is brighter than the "Crimson Rambler." [illegible] size of the clusters and number of flowers are phenomenal. As a bedding plant; to make a low [illegible] hedge; to border a walk; for planting in cemeteries, or for growing in pots in the house, it is unexcelled

[illegible] year plants delivered free, $1.00 each, $9.00 per doz. 1-year plants, 75c. each, [illegible] plants, 40c. each, 3 for $1.00, 7 for [illegible], 15 for $4.00 (**all plants that will bloom this season**).

Pamphlet on Rose Culture and General Catalogue, Free with Each Order

Our 58th annual catalogue of "**Everything for the Garden**" [illegible] will be sent free to purchasers naming this magazine. This grand publication, the recognized standard on matters horticultural and agricultural, is invaluable to those who garden or farm.

PETER HENDERSON & CO.
35-37 CORTLANDT ST., NEW YORK

ALWAYS USE
Huyler's
PINK WRAPPER
VANILLA CHOCOLATE
FOR EATING.
DRINKING & COOKING.

Agents Wanted to sell our [illegible] lamp [illegible]. An unequalled opportunity to make considerable money. Full particulars mailed to any address.
[illegible] & CO., Real Estate Trust Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

BICYCLES ON TRIAL

For 10 days. We ship on approval to anyone without a cent deposit

[illegible] guaranteed 1905 Models $10 to $24
with Coaster-Brakes and Puncture-Proof Tires
1903 and 1904 Models of best makes $7 to $12
500 SECOND-HAND WHEELS
All makes and Models [illegible] $3 to $8
RIDER AGENTS WANTED [illegible] at good pay. *Write at once* for Special Offer [illegible]

TIRES, SUNDRIES, AUTOMOBILES
MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. H 55, Chicago

D. and C. Roses

[illegible] States. Safe arrival guaranteed. [illegible] Flower and Vegetable Seeds a specialty. [illegible] with every order. Write for

New Guide to Rose Culture

for 1905—the leading rose catalogue of America [illegible]. Mailed free. Over 1,000 varieties. Tells how to grow them and all other desirable flowers. Est. 1850. [illegible] greenhouses

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO., West Grove, Pa.

It's twice as strong as other cocoas, yet none are more delicate in taste.

THE COCOA WITH THE
YELLOW WRAPPER
THAT'S
BENSDORP'S
ROYAL
DUTCH
COCOA

½ lb
30 cts
BENSDORP'S
ROYAL DUTCH
COCOA
AMSTERDAM-HOLLAND

Lea & Perrins' Sauce
THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

The Peerless Seasoning.

The housewife who knows the deliciousness of a well cooked plate of Cold Meats, has a revelation in store in **LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE.** It gives an usual relish to Cold Roast Beef, Mutton, Lamb, or Beef Tongue, Baked Beans, Macaroni and Cheese, Chops, Salads, etc.

John Duncan's Sons, Agents, New York

Did you ever see 5 straight or circular rows of Pansies side by side, each a different color? If so, you know that the effect is charming. Did you ever see Childs' Giant Pansies, marvels in beauty and true to color? If not, you have not seen the best.

As a Trial Offer we will for 10 cents mail 5 Pkts. Giant **Pansies, Snow White, Coal Black, Cardinal Red, Pure Yellow, Azure Blue;** also

Five Pkts. **New Giant Sweet Peas for 10 cents,** White, Pink, Scarlet, Blue, Yellow

Five Pkts. new early flowering **Carnation Pinks for 10 cents,** Scarlet, White, Pink, Red and Striped—

OR ALL 15 PKTS. FOR 25 CENTS

Our Catalogue for 1906—Greatest Book of Flower and Vegetable Seeds, Bulbs, Plants and New Fruits. 148 pages, 500 illustrations, many plates—will be mailed Free. Scores of Great Novelties.

JOHN LEWIS CHILDS, Floral Park, N. Y.

they saw me they both begun to laff as hard as they cood and talk together and woodent look at me. well the next day i met Fatty and he rooted me of the sidewalk and i asked him if he wanted enny part of me and he give me a nother root and i give him a paist in the mouth and he give me one in the eye and we went at it and he got me down and i turned him and then he turned me and we roled into the gutter and he got on top of me and lammed me and bimeby old Bill Greenleef he come up and grabed Fatty and puled him of and shook him up lifely for licking a feller whitch wasent as big as he was. Fatty he give me a black eye and a skined nose and my mouth was all swole up but i dident yip. well when i went home mother washed my eye and put some brown paper and vinniger and some of docter Derborns sarve on it and told me i coodent go out of the yard until father come home, and when father come home he asked me what i was fiting about and i said Fatty rooted me of the sidewalk and i give him one and then we had it. he asked me what Fatty rooted me for and i said i dident know becaus i hadent done nothing to him only he jest come up and give me a root and i said i gess i has jest as good a rite on the sidewalk as he had. then father he asked me if i had enny truble with Fatty and i said that Fatty hadent yipped to me and i hadent yipped to him but Fatty he jest come up and give me a slam and i give him a paist and then we fit and he was bigger than me and got me down and licked me and father he asked me if I holered enuf and i said i bet i dident and if he wanted to know he cood ask old Bill Greenleef. so that nite father he see Bill down town and asked Bill and Bill he said i fit good and dident yip and when father come home he give me 25 cents but it was two late. so that is all they was about it Beany only it is prety tuff on me. i aint so very mad with Fatty only me and Fatty was frends and i dident supose he wood play it on me like that

Yours very respectively, PLUPY.

EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, ——, 186—

Dear Beany, you needent get mad about your old 25 cents. if you dident want to trust me for it what did you lend it to me for. i woodent have asked you for it if i hadent thaugt you wood be willing to lend it to me. enyway i will pay you the ferst gob i can get. i know money is a prety good thing to have but i havent got enny now or i wood send it to you. i think i can rase it in a few weeks. aint it about time for you to come home. they dont seem to be ennyone to rase time with now you aint here. i have been thinking a good deal laitly about what is the use of trying to be desent. i think the feller whitch rases time has more fun than the feller whitch tries to be desent. all xcept Potter Goram and they aint any feller jest like Potter. so if you will come home Beany we will ring some doorbells and try and trip up some peeple with ropes.

Yours very respectively, PLUPY.

EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, ——, 186—

Dear Beany, if i was you i woodent have mutch to do with the girls. you know you are prety easy to get liking a girl but if you aint carful you will get it plaid on you jest like i did and then you will wish you hadent. i send you a ten cent scrip of the 25 cents i owe you. i got this for washing a wagon for old Head. i am going to wash a nother for him tomorrow or next day and i will pay you that. i have been in swiming every day most this summer. i can throw my hat into the middle of the river and then dive in and swim under water and come up with the hat on my head. none of the other fellers can do it. i have lerned to turn back and frunt somersets and do the whirlagig only i cant flote. i gess i am two skiny. i gess if i have good luck i can send that 5 cents prety soon.

Yours very respectively, PLUPY.

EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, ——, 186—

Dear Beany, Buly. i am so glad you are coming home. i will be on hand wating for you at the depot. Joe Parner has got a new pair of horses on his hack and Charles Tole and Mager Blake has a fite most every day over passengers for the beach. they is lots to do. Perry Moltons apples are ripe enuf to hook and old Missis Sawyers doorbell and Ike Steals doorbell two hasent been rung all summer and i gess if we don't trip up old Hobbs before long it wont be our falt. i will be there Beany when the cars come in and i will have some of old Si Smiths goozeberrys two.

Yours very respectively, PLUPY.

SHREDDED WHOLE WHEAT
HEALTH

Develops Bone, Brain and Brawn

A sound mind in a sound body is the ideal which every rational man seeks to attain. This ideal is a question of proper food, and

Shredded Wheat Biscuit

will produce the desired result. It is made from the choicest wheat and nothing else. ℂ It is a known fact that wheat contains all the elements of the human body and brain. It builds muscle, bone, teeth and "gray matter." ℂ Try **Triscuit,** the whole wheat cracker used as a toast or wafer.

Send for booklet, "The Vital Question Cook Book."

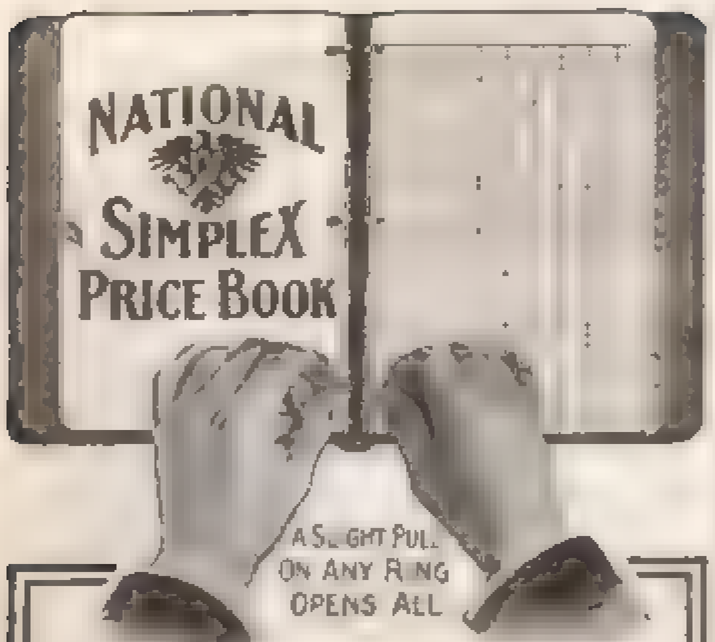
THE NATURAL FOOD
COMPANY
Niagara Falls, N.Y.

NATURE gives **MURAD CIGARETTES** the perfect flavor that is only found in her rarest growths of Turkish tobacco. The skillful blending is the latest effort of Mr. Allan Ramsay, who as government expert ministered for sixteen years to the refined smoking tastes of Turkey's court circles.

MURAD
CIGARETTES

appeal to exquisite tastes through distinctive qualities of natural purity and delicacy. *Flavored* cigarettes are decidedly inferior; at least they are so judged by connoisseurs.

10 for 15 cents



LOOSE LEAF PRICE BOOK

This is the cleverest loose leaf device ever invented. A slight pull on any ring will draw all back and lock them open. They can all be snapped together by pressing any ring. Light, compact, and inexpensive

SIMPLEX PRICE BOOKS

are made in black cowhide seal, fully flexible, leather lined and flat opening. There is nothing to get out of order, and they will stand long and constant usage. Obtainable in a variety of sizes and with three styles of ruling.

FOR SALE by Leading Stationers EVERYWHERE

Manufactured by
National Blank Book Company
Dept. 27
Holyoke, Massachusetts

FREE Send us the name of your local stationer and receive six issues of our bright little publication, "The National.

This Eagle on the [illegible]

Banking by Mail

Send for booklet A which tells why THE CLEVELAND TRUST COMPANY pays 4 per cent interest on savings deposits; how it is managed by a conservative and active body of prosperous Cleveland business men; and how you can open an account no matter where you live.

Be Sure of Your Bank

48,000 depositors
$25,000,000 assets
Dollar deposits welcome

The
Cleveland
Trust Company

CLEVELAND OHIO

Boys' Names Wanted [illegible]

STAR MONTHLY 448 Hunter St., Oak Park, Ill.

Literary Folk Their Ways and Their Work

A BIOGRAPHY OF THOMAS MOORE—

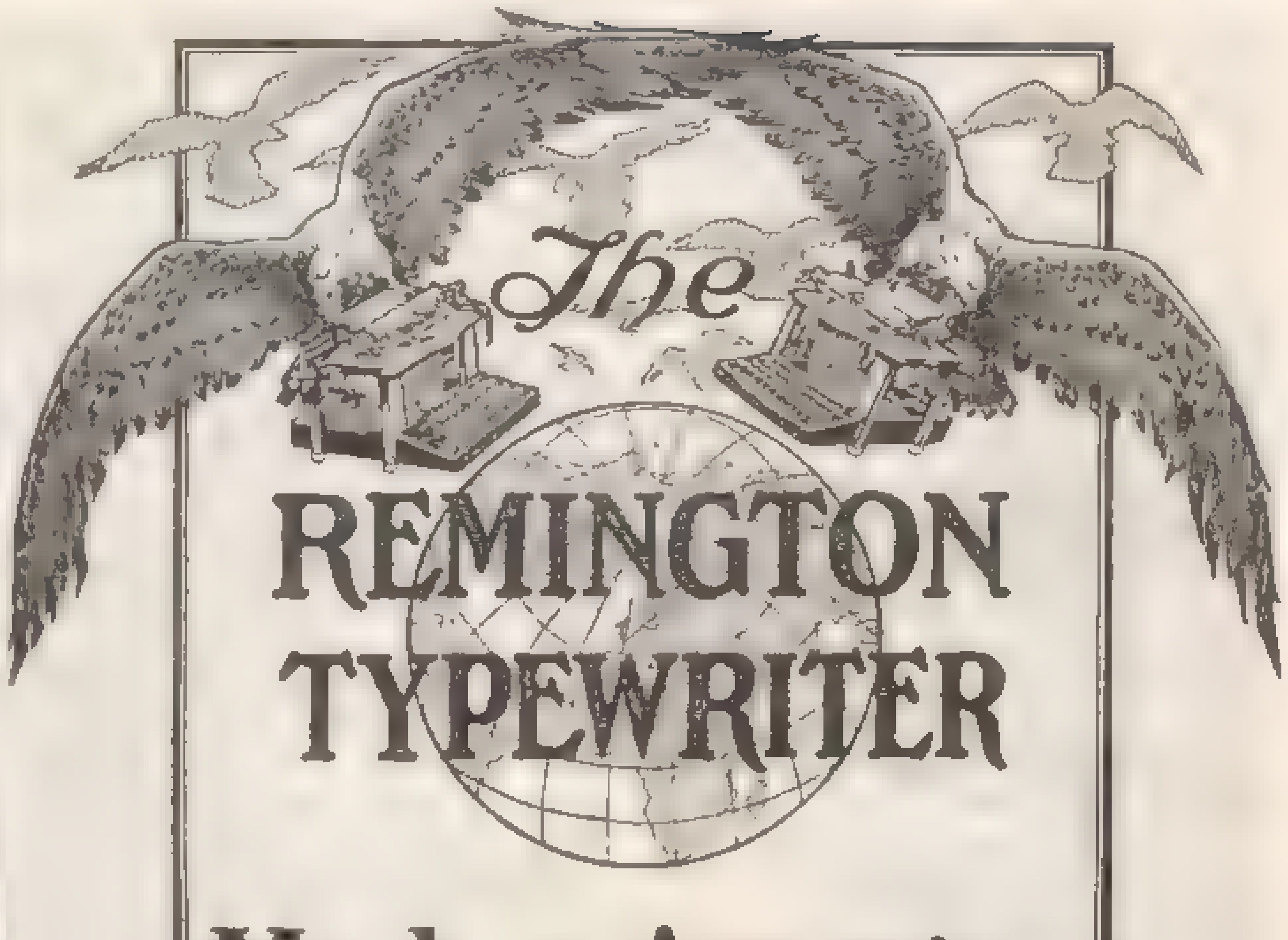
What a modern Irishman thinks of Ireland's first national poet.

If it is hard to make a good biography it is harder to make a good literary biography; for death has not ended the campaigns of the soldier of ideas, and the call of the poet echoes and his semblance beckons long after his voice is stilled and his substance dissolved. After telling the story of a life it becomes necessary to write the history of a name.

"Sudden fame acquired with little difficulty," says Stephen Gwynn of his countryman, Moore, "suffers generally a period of obscuration after the compelling power which attaches to a man's living personality has been removed, and from this darkness it does not always emerge. Of such splendor and subsequent eclipse, Moore's fate might be cited as the capital example." So it might. Byron was another example, though in his case the eclipse was partial and of no import to his lasting name. To-day Stevenson furnishes, perhaps, a better parallel. There was little of "compelling power" in either the Irishman or the Scot, but both had in the true sense an attractive personality—they drew men. Moore's, no doubt, stands the larger figure: to quote again, "He was in his own country for at least three generations the delight and consolation of the poor In Ireland his poetry is still, as a matter of course, familiar to all Irishmen of the Nationalist persuasion, young and old. And for the older men he has lost none of his magic—for they remember the day when many and many an Irish peasant, leaving his country for the New World, carried with him two books—Moore's Melodies and The Key of Heaven."

Between these two paragraphs—typically the first and last of the book—lie all the difficulties of a biography of Thomas Moore (Thomas Moore, by Stephen Gwynn, in English Men of Letters: *The Macmillan Company.*) To-day we are out of sympathy with much that Moore wrote and a great deal that he thought. Yet on his own times and on the great men of his times he left a profound impression. Byron was his close friend and devoted admirer; Scott said that "at a song Moore beats us all." Shelley and Landor had the highest opinion of his merit. Throughout his life he was befriended by political power and flattered by social position. A well-born, well-bred, well-educated society is—for the purposes of society—the most spontaneous and generous of democracies, and the poor son of a petty Dublin tradesman was always welcome and at ease at Bowood and Holland House. Mr. Gwynn does him justice here, as it was to be feared an Irishman might not. Moore paid his way, as every one must, but not in snobbery. He was the best of company: men liked him and women, too—and there's an end of it. Haydon, the painter, is quoted for a description of the charm that made him sought for and courted at the great houses: "Met Moore at dinner and spent a very pleasant three hours. He told his stories with a rapid hit-or-miss air, as if accustomed to people of rapid apprehension. It being asked at Paris who they would have as godfather for Rothschilds' child, 'Talleyrand,' said a Frenchman. *'Pourquoi, monsieur?' 'Parcequ'il est le moins chrétien possible.'* Unless one had heard Moore tell the above story of Talleyrand it would have been impossible to conceive the air of half-suppressed impudence, the delicate light-horse canter of phrase with which the words floated out of his sparkling Anacreontic mouth."

Much of Moore's "sudden fame" was owed directly to this social charm. For many years it was a regular practice of his to go up to town for a month or two to sing his melodies, and he seems always to have counted the evening a failure when he could not bring the tears. "One must bear in mind," says



REMINGTON TYPEWRITER

Made in America

Has been carried to the uttermost corners of the earth:—
because of its proved ability to write the thought of the world in any language that has an alphabet.

Remington Typewriter Company
New York and Everywhere

Shur-On Eye-glasses

Improve the looks as well as the sight.

That's one of the great things about Shur-On Eye-glasses. Neater and more comfortable and entirely [illegible] glasses. Won't come off till [illegible]

Valuable Book Free
for the name of your optician. Send for a copy to-day and learn some important facts about the eyes.
E. Kirstein Sons Co., Dept. B
Established 1864. Rochester, N. Y.

HEATING

The "PIERCE" SYSTEM OF STEAM and WATER HEATING

has been installed in thousands of homes, churches and public buildings. It means true economy in heating. Do not experiment with unknown, untried systems. Such practice is costly and unsatisfactory.

Write for booklet explaining our perfect system of Heating and Sanitary Plumbing
PIERCE, BUTLER & PIERCE MFG. CO
Dept D Syracuse, N Y
Manufacturers Heating and Sanitary Goods

PLUMBING

Ride in Our Split Hickory Rubber Tire Driving Wagon for 30 Days; If it Suits, Pay $50

WE sell this beautiful vehicle $25.00 cheaper than you can buy any driving wagon that is its equal in quality, style and workmanship. Has best quality solid rubber tires; roller rub irons; genuine open head springs; 13-in. padded patent leather dash; quick shifting shaft couplings, double braced; high bent shafts; round shaft leathers; second growth Split Hickory wheels and gears; long distance dust-proof axles; box frame spring cushion, choice of spindle or solid seat; full length rubber mat in bottom; oil and lead painting. Guaranteed for two years. Every vehicle rigidly inspected before leaving our factory. You can try it before you buy it. If not fully up to our representations, return it at our expense and your money will be refunded.

Send for our free 192-page money saving Vehicle and Harness Catalogue.

THE OHIO CARRIAGE MFG. CO. (H. C. Phelps, Pres.), Station 108, Cincinnati, O.

A REMARKABLE OFFER

This Fine Hollow Ground Hand Finished Razor Will for a Limited Time, be Given Free to Every Purchaser of the

RADIUMITE DOLLAR RAZOR STROP

Send 10c extra for postage, etc.

We make this remarkable free offer of a most excellent razor, that sells at $2.00 [illegible] to acquaint all with the [illegible] finishing properties of the RADIUMITE STROPS which will not harm the finest and most delicate razor. They make shaving a convenience and a delight, even to [illegible] The secret of a quick clean shave does not lie so much in a good razor as in a good strop [illegible] RADIUMITE STROPS [illegible] Each Radiumite Strop is sold under the positive guarantee that if it is not satisfactory your dollar will be refunded. They are for either Ordinary or Safety Razors [illegible] the RADIUMITE [illegible] Those who do not are rapidly taking them on

The Strop That Hones

When you buy, buy right - say Radiumite to your dealer

Radiumite Strops – 50c to $2.50. Radiumite Razors $1.00 to $3.00. Radiumite Catalog free to all.

We want good agents for introductory purposes [illegible] DEALERS, WRITE FOR TRADE DISCOUNTS CATALOGUE FREE

THE PETER A. FROST COMPANY, 95-97-99-101 S. Clinton Street, CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Meet
America's Great Men
Face to Face

We want to interest you in the Makers of American History—a superb new library of biography. This splendid twenty volume work contains forty life stories of great Americans making a connected history of the United States, from the discovery by Columbus through the nineteenth century. It is history told in narrative form by the lives of the men who made it.

The Makers of American History

For an hour's pleasant reading or for serious study, this work is admirably adapted. It gives complete biographies of Lincoln, Lee, Jefferson, Washington, Robert Fulton, Webster, Clay—and other great characters in our country's history. A perusal of one of these biographies will convince you of the value of the entire work, hence the liberal offer which follows.

How to Get a

Life of Webster Free

If you will send three two-cent stamps to cover postage and mailing expenses, we will send you the complete life of Daniel Webster, by Edward Everett, taken, just as it stands, from the Makers of American History. This biography, in 140 pages, with a portrait of Webster, is a complete life story of one of the most commanding figures in American history. It is a beautifully printed, copyrighted volume. We have bound up five hundred copies of this biography, which we shall send to the first five hundred inquiries received. We will let you know, at the same time, how you can get the entire set of twenty volumes at a low price, and on the easy payment plan. Send us your name and address, with three two-cent stamps for postage and mailing expenses. Mention THE SATURDAY EVENING POST when writing. Better write to-day. Five hundred copies won't last long.

J. A. Hill & Company
44-60 East 23rd Street New York

EDUCATOR SHOES

"LET THE CHILD'S FEET GROW AS THEY SHOULD."

Box, Russia and Patent Calf and Kid.
Infants', 5 to 8, $1 50 Misses', 11½ to 2, $2 00
Child's, 8½ to 11 1 75 Girls', 2½ to 6 2 50
Add 25 cents for delivery.
Oak Soles sewed with new Richardson Short Stitch give utmost pliability and strength.

Send for booklet about these and many other styles for Men, Women, Boys and Children.
Ask your dealer for [illegible]
Take no imitation.
[illegible] at Educator Shoes.
RICE & HUTCHINS
[illegible]
17 High Street, Boston

WRONG WAY
THE EDUCATOR WAY

There is no other hair-brush like the
Keepclean
Hair Brush
Handsome—Sanitary

Its bright aluminum "face" behind the bristles cannot get foul by absorbing water, oil or dirt. Military, Cloth and Hat Brushes also. Genuine sold in green boxes, by good stores, everywhere. Remember the name—don't accept substitutes.

STARK FRUIT BOOK shows in NATURAL COLORS and accurately describes 216 varieties of fruit. Send for our liberal terms of distribution to planters. STARK BROS., Louisiana, Mo.

Mr. Gwynn, "that Moore's lyrics are verse written for public utterance, designed to produce their impression instantly, and not to sink slowly into the mind: and it is useless to compare them with the packed thought of Shakespeare's sonnets. . . . There is, however, a class of verse to which they may attain, things whose perfection must be as simple as a bird's, dealing in the simplest emotions, free from all taint of rhetoric. And in that class I do not think that anything of Moore's can be placed. . . . Throughout, the poetry of Moore's lyrics lies very close to eloquence, and is remote from that distinctive quality of the highest poetic expression which transcends rhetoric altogether."

This is wise and discriminating criticism. It is more: it shows a true selective instinct when, in a final passage of appreciation, it seizes on Moore's peculiar service to his art: "Moore's importance in the history of literature lies in his connection not with English but with Irish literature. . . . The other Irishmen who had shown great literary talent—Burke, Goldsmith and Sheridan—belonged body and soul to English letters. Moore's case was different. Almost without knowing it, he wrote primarily for his own countrymen, and in return they honored him. . . . He had given a voice to Ireland: he had put into her mouth a song of her own."

Moore's life was not happy: he was almost perpetually in want of money, and he lived to know his talents dwindling and to be disappointed in those of his children who did not die. But it was an honorable and spirited life. The young Anacreon was always a devoted son, and he made a faithful and affectionate husband and father. Mr. Gwynn tells his story undemonstratively, with quiet good judgment and even-tempered humanity. He brings the man out of the facts and the artist out of the man. His book is an excellent piece of critical biography.

THE MEN WHO EAT SMOKE AND SPIT BLACK BUTTONS—Ten short stories of the fire-fighters.

¶ The American short story has much of the quality of American illustration—it is often a thing faultlessly executed, with stroke on stroke of dash and daring, with a sense for perfection of form that makes one think of Kipling's

> The Celt is in brain and heart,
> The Gaul is in his hand;

but too often it lacks weight and mass. Many magazine stories are delightful, but few are memorable.

With such work as The Smoke Eaters, by Harvey J. O'Higgins *(The Century Company)*, there is absolutely no fault to find. Of their kind they are as good as they could well be. The men are there—the men who "eat smoke and spit black buttons," the fire-fighters. What could be better than grizzled old Captain Meagher when he resolves against any further commerce with heroes? "They don't do," says the captain; "they don't do. . . . I might've knowed Brunton couldn't 've done the things he's done an' have good sense. I might've knowed it. . . . These here—heroes—I don't want no more of them! They're no good! They're no—good!" Yes, the men are there, the noise, the hurry, the color, all the intensity of the moment; but somehow, as with so much other excellent work, they do not carry beyond the moment.

A LITERARY GHOST—The return of Sherlock Holmes, and the memories he awakens.

¶ It seems a pity that Sherlock Holmes had to return. The Return of Sherlock Holmes, by A. Conan Doyle *(McClure, Phillips & Co.)*. As a literary possibility the story of ratiocination was fully developed by Edgar Allan Poe, who had the good sense to drop it when it was exhausted. As a *passe-temps* it served again under another name and with the addition of spectacular picturesqueness for another generation; but the element of the picturesque has become familiar, there is nothing new in the method or the material itself, and Holmes, having seized the moment and made the most of it, had done better to trust his own instinct for retirement. Unless—he needed the money? But the author rarely does wisely who listens to the approaches of publishers anxious to repeat a success; his own instinct is the safest guide. Sherlock Holmes, despite this reappearance, is dead. He died ten years ago, and his memoirs were given to the world.

"You can better afford to PAY for a
PECK-WILLIAMSON UNDERFEED FURNACE
Than take any other make as a gift"

In the Peck-Williamson Underfeed Furnace a ton of cheapest grade coal is made to produce as much heat as a ton of the most costly grade; the coal is fed from below and the fire is on top—the rational way; the gases and smoke do not escape up the chimney as they do in ordinary furnaces, but are consumed as they pass up through the fire; immunity from gas, smoke and dirt; less ashes and no clinkers; simple and strong in construction, easy to operate.

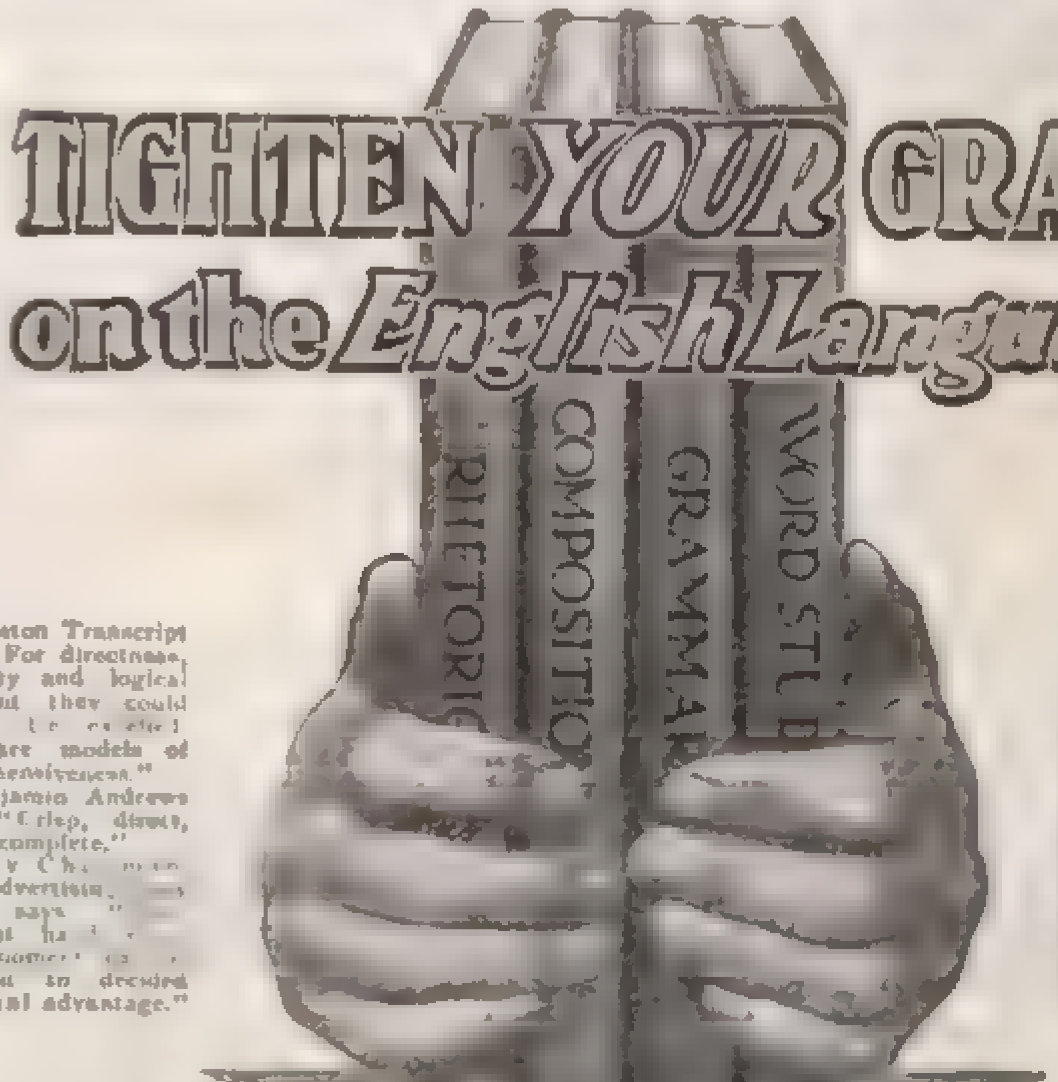
The Peck-Williamson UNDERFEED FURNACE
WILL SAVE ½ to ⅔ ON YOUR COAL BILLS

[illegible] Peck-Williamson Underfeed Furnace, [illegible] to the several makes. The Treasurer of a prominent Indiana Institution wrote, in reply to an inquiry from a friend in another city, the advice above quoted. Names of parties if desired, and fac simile letter will be furnished on application. Literally hundreds of such cases are brought to our attention.

Let us send you FREE our Underfeed Book and facsimile voluntary letters proving every claim we make.

Dealers are invited to write for our very attractive proposition.

THE PECK-WILLIAMSON CO.
329 W FIFTH STREET CINCINNATI OHIO



The Boston Transcript says: "For directness, simplicity and logical treatment they could [illegible] be excelled. They are models of comprehensiveness." Dr Benjamin Andrews says "Crisp, direct, simple, complete." [illegible] noted Advertising Expert, says "[illegible] them at hand [illegible] improved to decided financial advantage."

Several large business concerns have introduced these books to all their clerks, from the [illegible] to the most experienced correspondent. Heads [illegible] No stronger testimony could be given.

NOWADAYS, when billions of dollars' worth of business is transacted by mail, the ability to write a strong, original convincing letter is an *imperative* business requirement. No man can hope to reach the highest place in business if he is unable to express himself clearly and forcefully. The language you use in correspondence—or even in speech—must help you sell goods, win customers, collect debts, even secure the positions you hold, but it cannot do these things if weak, clumsy and half intelligible. The success of an idea or a plan—often of a business itself—depends upon the way it is presented.

How is Your English?

Are slips of speech habitual with you? Are your letters dry and poorly worded? Do they lack the snap, the tone of words that win? Get out of this rut—master the principles of smooth, easy fluent expression—of crisp, powerful, straight-from-the-shoulder business English. Tighten your grasp on the English language—it pays.

The man who will help you is Sherwin Cody. He has an international reputation as [illegible] Letter Writing, Story Writing and Creative Composition, hitherto sold in typewritten form for $1 to $25 for each separate course. These books contain everything that will help you, nothing that [illegible]

BUSINESS MANAGERS.—Several wholesale houses have introduced Mr Cody's Books and personal criticism of English service to all their clerks who write letters, from the merest stenographer to the most experienced correspondent. It pays.

CREDIT MEN.—Here is a point for you. You are not too old to learn yourself, and you will find that the credit of your house will improve wonderfully if you see that every letter that goes out is the best.

YOUNG BUSINESS MEN.—If you want the touch, the snap, the tone of "words that win" in the business world go to the man who is both a scholar and a master of straight-from-the-shoulder business English. His little books should be your daily companions.

ADVERTISEMENT WRITERS.—You can't afford to let mistakes creep into your work. The only way to avoid errors is to have a good reference work constantly at hand.

[illegible]

This Set of Four Books

[illegible] study courses is sold [illegible] at $5 per set. We offer it to you at the wholesale price of $2, if send our coupon with order—$3 without coupon.

The SYSTEM COMPANY
New York For Desk O. Chicago London

The System Company, Chicago

Enclosed find $2, for which mail me a set of Cody Books all complete, regular price $5. If I am not satisfied, you are to return my money.

Name

Address

Add $300 a Year To Your Salary

YOU can do it easily.

It won't take time from your regular business, either.

Just an hour or so in the evening at your convenience.

And you can do it if you're a bank president, without loss of dignity.

Become a local sales agent for the Oliver Typewriter.

Sell a few machines a year, with our assistance—with the help of our experience—our knowledge of typewriters—our regular correspondence—our traveling salesmen, and you can easily add $300 a year to your salary.

Many of our local agents do more than that—some make $300 a month—several have big offices with from five to twelve assistants and many of our big salaried men—the heads of departments, managers, etc., were at one time local sales agents.

Now it isn't hard to sell

The OLIVER Typewriter

The Standard Visible Writer

For the Oliver is the business man's typewriter.

It does better work at less cost than the ordinary typewriter.

It is simplified in construction, has only 503 parts, in place of the 4000 of the ordinary typewriter—hence fewer wearing points to give out—less repairs to be made; does clearer, neater work, has the writing in sight; can be easily learned; and is more satisfactory in every way than any other typewriter.

We find that Competition simply demonstrates the superiority of the Oliver over every other typewriter.

Now we make special terms with local agents. And you can be a local agent—if there is no other in your town—if you are the right man.

Write today for full information as to prices. Don't put it off, for as soon as ter-ritory is represented we can't appoint another local agent. And we're receiving many inquiries. Write today.

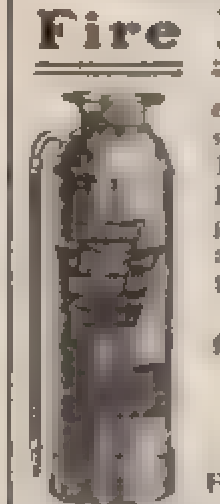
The Oliver Typewriter Co.
129 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Principal Foreign Office—75 Queen Victoria [illegible]

AGENTS

wanted in every locality to represent the Keystone Fire Extinguisher. *Attractive inducements* for permanent, profitable occupation. Previous experience not required. The

KEYSTONE

Fire Extinguisher



examined and approved under the standard of the National Board of Fire Underwriters—the **CHEAPEST** and **BEST** approved extinguisher on the market. This agency can be carried in addition to other business interests.

Write to-day for booklet and full particulars.

JAMES BOYD & BROTHER
18 N. 4th Street, Philadelphia

Manufacturers of
FIRE PROTECTION EQUIPMENT

FAMABELLA

HAVANA CIGARS

ARE THE PERFECTION OF BLENDS

Made in nine sizes from the finest tobacco. Try the Famabella, "Puritanos" size, ten cent straight.

"Conchas" size, three for twenty-five cents. If not on sale in your City, we'll supply you direct.

The names of the Presidents and their Cabinets from Washington to Roosevelt up to date are contained in a beautifully illustrated booklet that we will send you FREE, on request.

THE INDEPENDENCE CO., Dep't. "D," Detroit, Mich.

The Reading Table

Smartweed and Ticklegrass

Expensive Persiflage

Said the wag in the auto: "You're quite run down,"
To the man he had just knocked over,
"And you ought to take something." The man said: "True,
So I'll just take your number!" He did take it, too,
And a judge fined the reckless rover.

Within and Without

Some men declare it's hard to live
Within their incomes. Who can doubt them?
But, very likely, it would give
Still more distress to live without them

Beyond Hope

"And while the lamp holds out to burn
The vilest sinner may return,"
So hopeful mortals tell us:
He may return some things, 'tis true,
But did you ever know him to
Return purloined umbrellas?

—*Nixon Waterman*

At the Shirtwaist Counter

I DON'T pretend to know very much about women's clothes, but I can't help overhearing dialogues between shoppers and saleswomen what time I am waiting for change. And I am always lost in admiration of the saleswoman's patience and diplomacy

A young, pretty and ingenuous woman stops at the shirtwaist counter and says

"Are they wearing white shirtwaists now?"

"Oh, yes, indeed! They are worn a great deal"

"Do you think I would look well in white?"

"White would look especially well on you Here are some very nice waists that we sold a great many of last season at $7.94. This year you can get this for $4.96"

"Why did you mark them down?"

"There was such a demand for them we had to."

"Well, I don't believe I care to get a white one after all, because they must soil so easily"

"Oh, yes, they do soil easily! Here is a brown one that is very becoming to your style"

"Is it marked down?"

"No, these aren't marked down. They're worth twice what we ask for them, and we won't mark them down at all. Don't have to They are $4 96."

"I rather like brown"

"Oh, yes, brown's your color. Shall I have it wrapped up?"

"Er—no, I believe not, because brown doesn't look well in daylight on me. I think that blue one—what do you think of the blue one?"

"Well, now, I was going to say that if I was getting it for myself I'd get blue. Brown will fade, but blue is always serviceable."

"And it's more dressy, don't you think?"

"Oh, decidedly more dressy!"

"I've been told that I look rather well in blue."

"Oh, one wouldn't need to do more than look at you to see that! With your auburn hair blue is the color. And these shirtwaists were some that were made to sell at $10.49, and at the last minute they decided to let them go at $3.98."

"My, isn't that a great reduction?"

"Well, but the goods are worth it. They can stand a reduction. Some things look cheap the minute you reduce them, but these have a real air. You'd look lovely in one of those"

"Well, really, it's awfully nice in you to say so, but my husband doesn't like blue."

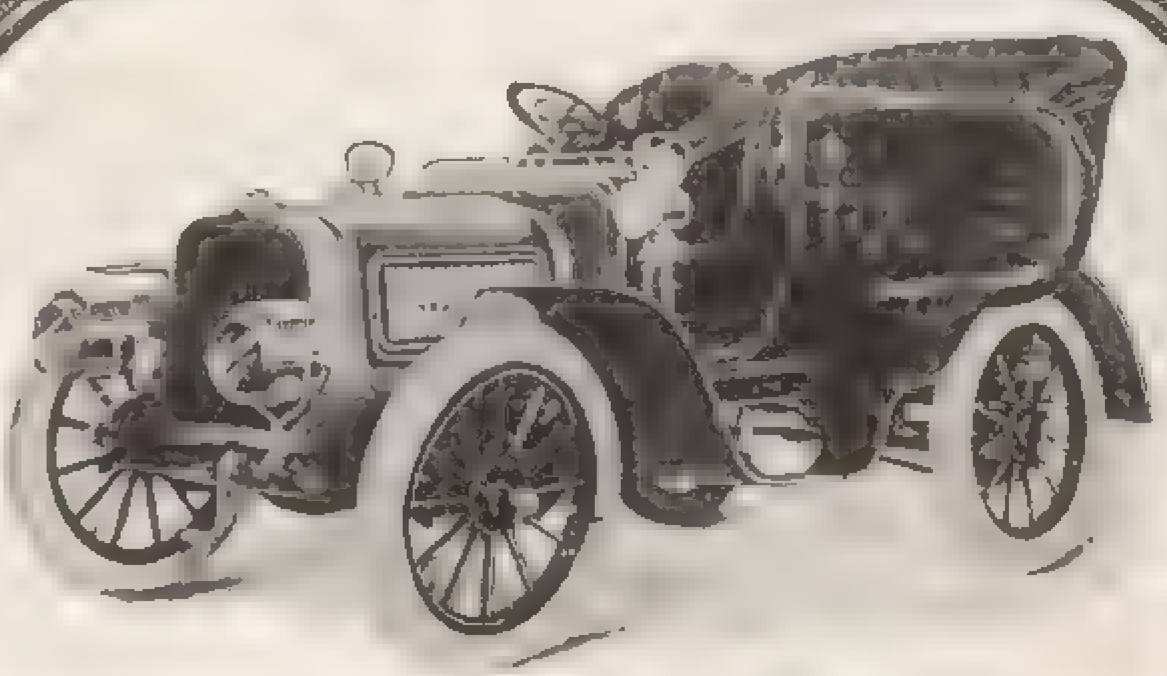
"Oh, of course blue isn't exactly a man's color, but you'd look awfully well in it."

"My husband thinks that pink is most becoming to me, but pink does show every spot so"

"Not these pinks. Here is one at $8 96 that is warranted not to show spots. It was just made for you. If your hair were a shade nearer red it wouldn't do at all."

"Mercy, I never thought of my hair! Auburn and pink would never do."

The Quiet Mile-a-Minute Car



The New Front Entrance

1905 "Toledo" 24-30 HP

IN body designing as in mechanical ideas and construction it is our policy to keep well in advance. For beauty of line, symmetry, convenience and comfort, the Pope-Toledo New Front Entrance Car will instantly appeal to discriminating buyers who want to get away from the old style rear entrance, as well as the now conventional side entrance. Prompt deliveries. **Price** With Standard Equipment ... **$3,200.**

This style of entrance offers many advantages besides those apparent. Write for new 1905 Catalogue.

POPE MOTOR CAR CO. **Desk L, Toledo, O.**

Royal TRADE MARK

THE "WHITEST" COLLAR MADE

LINEN
15c
EACH

MARINE

IF YOUR DEALER WON'T SUPPLY YOU, WRITE US

EMIGH & STRAUB, Dept. C.C., Troy, N.Y.

---

69 CENTS
POCKET ELECTRIC
FLASH LIGHT
VIM

[illegible] extra, 15c [illegible] the best [illegible] lasts the longest [illegible] The Vim Co., 68 E. Lake St., Chicago

---

MAKE YOURSELF TALLER

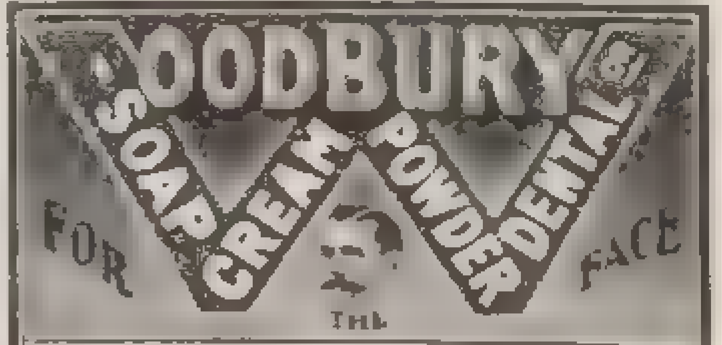
GILBERT'S HEEL CUSHIONS

"Worn inside the shoe"

Increase Height, Arch the In[illegible] better [illegible] READ. [illegible]

GILBERT MFG CO 16 Elm St. Rochester, N. Y.

WOODBURY



Blues and Heartache often find their source in the complexion worries of womankind. Woodbury's Facial Soap by cleansing the face lightens the heart. Send 10 cts. for samples of all four preparations.

The Andrew Jergens Co. Sole Licensee, Cin. O.

A Whitewashing and Painting Machine

DOES THE WORK OF 20 MEN—AND DOES IT BETTER

Send for catalogue which is free.

J. A. del SOLAR
108 Fulton Street New York, N. Y.

6% Interest Paid on Deposits Compounded Semi-Annually

"Banking by Mail" on request.

Equitable Banking and Loan Co.

GEO. A. SMITH Pres MACON, GA.

60,000 Sure Hatch Incubators

Working satisfactorily night and day No "case suicide" in the poultry [illegible] Sure Hatchers are [illegible] **$10** [illegible] Address

Box 5711 Clay Center Neb

SURE HATCH INCUBATOR CO
Box 15-11 Indianapolis, Ind.

A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN

AND INDEPENDENCE.

Our money will establish you in a successful tailoring business We furnish you free hundreds of samples, give the [illegible] advertise you extensively You take the measurements—we make the garments [illegible] representatives are now earning large profits and we are going to have one in every town in the country

Our $15.00 Suits Are Great Trade Builders

Our large variety of styles at this price [illegible] guarantee with every suit You can start now, [illegible]

The Great Western Tailoring Co., 147-149 Fifth-av., Chicago, Ill.

PURE WHITE LEAD

on the label and Pure White Lead in the keg are two different things. The question of purity in paint is far too important to every house-owner to allow any room for doubt. It means much more than the cost of the paint because of the cost of labor involved.

Our booklet "What Paint and Why" tells you how to make sure of getting PURE White Lead in the Keg. Sent free from any of our branches

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY
Largest makers of White Lead in the world
New York, Boston, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Chicago, St. Louis.
National Lead & Oil Co., Pittsburg.
John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Philadelphia

Carbo Magnetic
No Honing — No Grinding

Sold on 3 Months' Free Trial

[illegible]

Always Ready for Instant Use

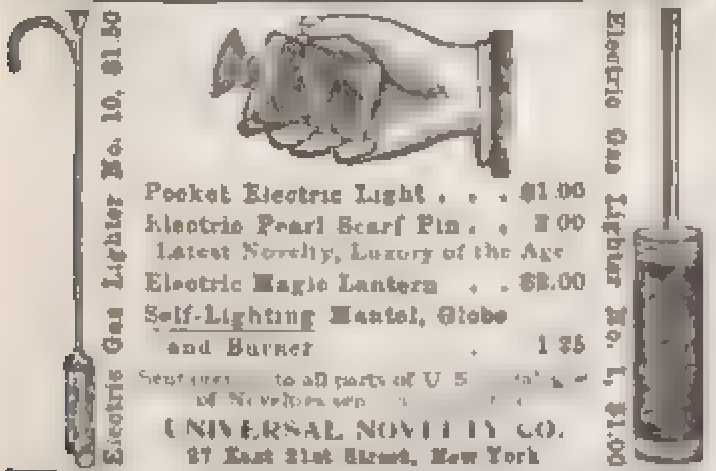
because the "Carbo-Magnetic" [illegible] peculiar wa[illegible] ordinary careful [illegible] it will hold [illegible]

PRICES
Carbo Magnetic $2.50
Pair in leather case $5.50
Double Concave for Heavy Beards $3.00

Buy of your dealer. He has (or can get) [illegible] Magnetic. Show [illegible] we mail postpaid on receipt of [illegible] above). Our book, "Hints to Shavers" mailed free on request.

Firm of A. L. Silberstein, Makers of Griffon Cutlery, 443-444 Broadway, N.Y.

[illegible] Magnetic Elastic Cushion Strops, $1.00 each


Electric Gas Lighter No. 10, $1.50
Electric Gas Lighter No. 1, $1.00

Pocket Electric Light . . . $1.00
Electric Pearl Scarf Pin . . 2.00
Latest Novelty, Luxury of the Age
Electric Magic Lantern . . $8.00
Self-Lighting Mantel, Globe and Burner . 1.25

Sent [illegible] to all parts of U. S. [illegible] of Novelties [illegible]

UNIVERSAL NOVELTY CO.
27 East 21st Street, New York

The Improved Method of
FINISHING FLOORS

[illegible] old or new, for rugs or [illegible]

GRIPPIN MFG CO
Dept 4 Newark New York

"I think you'd be wiser not to buy such a pronounced pink as this."

"I believe I'll look at the brown again. You say they don't fade?"

"Oh, no, brown is a fast color."

"But, after all, I think I'd better take blue because—"

"Most men really like blue, you know."

"Yes, but my husband has an antipathy to it. I guess I'll look at the white, after all. You say they don't show dirt?"

"Oh, no, white is the most serviceable of all, because you can wash it."

"You haven't any other colors? Have you green? I think green might go with my hair."

"Yes, but we haven't anything in green that would appeal to you. Our green shirt waists are not over three dollars, because there's so little demand for them that we don't make them up in expensive patterns. But I think you'll like the white. Shall I wrap up this one?"

"Yes, I think I'll take it. How much did you say?"

"$7.94."

"But I thought you said it had been marked down to $4.96."

"Yes, we marked down one in every lot, but the one you looked at has just been taken by that lady walking off. But you'll find you'll get more comfort out of this at $7.94 than out of the other, for it was shop-worn, and white will show dirt."

"Oh, then I don't believe I'd better take it."

"Oh, I mean on the counter; never when it's worn. You'll find this will wear. Thanks; shall I have it sent?"

—Charles Battell Loomis

Waiting for a Jury to Grow

"I HAVE a case still pending in a South Georgia Justice-Court that has been there since 1879," remarked Judge Spencer R. Atkinson, former Justice of the Supreme Court, to a group of friends at the Capitol. Of course they had to ask Judge Atkinson for particulars.

"Soon after I began the practice of law," the Judge continued, "I took a case for a client involving a verbal contract for building a log cabin. The amount involved was less than $100, so suit was brought in the Justice-Court of the little country district where the defendant, the owner of the log cabin, lived. By consent of all parties the matter was referred to a jury. The first jury came in with a mistrial.

"Another jury was called, and there was another mistrial. And so it went on for six or seven terms of court, each successive jury failing to reach a verdict.

"Then, one day, just before it was time to call the case up for submission to the seventh or eighth jury, I received this note from the Justice of the Peace:

'*Dear Sir:* I write this to let you know the case of Beckham agin Lyles cannot be tried no more in this court. You have used up all the juries in the district and it won't be possible to get no more juries until some grows up or some new folks moves in. I have wrote the same notice to the other side. Yours truly, P. WILLIAMS, Justice of the Peace, 407 district G. M.'

"With that we dropped the case by common consent and have been waiting ever since for a new jury to grow."

Uncle Ephraim's Notes of Spring

OLE Mistah Wintah ain't no gentlemen onless he bow he self out 'fore de woodpile git low.

Missie Spring am de flower gal what makes de pafway fer Missus Summer's weddin'.

Bluebird sing mighty high, but he doan't shake de feber out ob ole Eph's bones.

Early fish cotches de worm, all right, but swallers de hook, too—an' den fer de fryin'-pan an' de fish!

Tadpole 'ud be heap happier ef he didn't worry 'bout gittin' inter his frog clothes.

Plantin' de crop by de light ob de moon am good enough, providin' dar am plenty ob hoein' when de seeds come up.

Dreamin' ob watermillions am mighty pleasant, but it ain't bery fillin'.

Sly spring mole am like a liah—he works in de dark undah de groun', but 'most ennybody kin foller his track.

When de widder man whitewashes his fence it's er sign he's gwine ter be er candidate fer anudder term ob mattermoney.

Birds has too much sense ter look fer eggs in las' year's nes's, but some people wid brains turn pockets inside out 'spectin' ter find er nickel in las' spring's ves'.

NO HORSE
STAND ON END
Trade Mark
Rex Roofing
Flintkote

"The Resister"
Rex Flintkote
ROOFING

Resists Trouble

Any Careful Laborer Can Lay It Well

REX FLINTKOTE may be laid by *any* man, by following the plain directions—not only that, but everything required (except a hammer) is in each roll. The labor is simple and quick—so different from shingles or tin.

REX FLINTKOTE roofing is made of long fibre wool felt, saturated with an acid, alkali and water-proof material, both sides being coated with water-proof and fire-resisting compounds protected by a coating of flint—it is, therefore, fire-resisting and water, temperature, acid, alkali and rot-proof.

Our Handsome Booklet on roofing is sent with free samples; also photos of REX FLINTKOTE buildings of all kinds. We [illegible]

J. A. & W. Bird & Co.
43 India Street, Boston, Mass.

In Rain or Sun every woman is delighted with the neat appearance and many other excellences of the Worth Cushion Sole Shoe with patent cushion sole. So made they are always comfortable and wearers avoid corns, bunions and sore feet. Price $3 and $3.50. Catalogue Free.

THE CUMMINGS CO.
406 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

Flexo MEN'S Garter

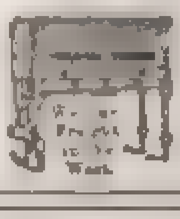
fit perfectly, hug the limb comfortably without binding, never let go of the hose, never tear them, last longest, look neatest—are best garters.

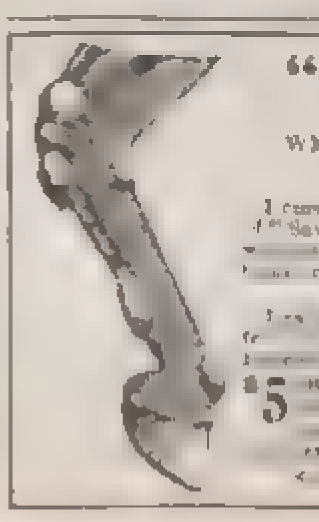
Sold by all dealers. Insist on Flexo, and if the dealer hasn't them, send us his name and 25c and we will see that you are supplied. Flexo Garters in fine heavy [illegible], 50c.

A. STEIN & CO., 252 Fifth Avenue, Chicago

PETALUMA INCUBATORS and Brooders are the oldest and most reliable machines on the market to-day. Devices purely automatic and sure. Catalogue FREE.

PETALUMA INCUBATOR CO
Box 81, Petaluma, Cal. Box 81, Indianapolis, Ind.


We pay Freight to the West.



"SAVE-THE-HORSE" Spavin Cure
Registered Trade-Mark.

WM. F. SELLERS, Practical Horseshoeing,
444-16 Jefferson St., Philadelphia, Pa.

I cured a bad bone spavin with less than [illegible] of "Save-the-Horse," gave the [illegible]

[illegible] "Save-the-Horse" made a per[illegible]

$5.00 Per Bottle with written [illegible] copy of guarantee, [illegible] of letters to confirm and convince. [illegible] Dealers or Express paid.

Ripon, Wis., July 29.
My [illegible] Used blisters for nearly [illegible] but to no effect other than [illegible] April I purchased a bottle of [illegible] and by the time I used half [illegible] completely cured the lameness and [illegible]
T. B. DAVIS

One-third of a bottle of "Save-the-Horse" cured my horse of a spavin that had been fired and blistered [illegible]
M. M. OSBORN

"Save the Horse" Permanently Cures Spavin, Ringbone (except low ringbone), Curb, Thoroughpin, Splint, Shoe Boil, Wind Puff, Injured Tendons and all lameness without scar or loss of hair. Horse may work as usual.

TROY CHEMICAL CO., Binghamton, N. Y.

For a Good Salary

Generally speaking a man gets what he is worth to the world; sometimes he may get less, sometimes more, but such are exceptional cases.

The surest way for a man to get a good salary is for him to make himself valuable—indispensable if possible. The world pays for what a man does—not for what he might do—not for undeveloped talents—not for dormant abilities.

The International Correspondence Schools have done more to increase the earning power of the young men of America than any other influence that this country has ever known. They have done this by giving young people an opportunity to gain the necessary technical education in occupations for which they have natural aptitude; they put their students on the road to success because they make them what the world calls for—trained specialists—not jacks-of-all-trades.

These schools, through their system of instruction by mail, offer a way by which every ambitious man may qualify, in his spare time for promotion or a more profitable occupation, or to commence work at a better salary than if he started without training.

These courses are inexpensive, costing from $10 up, with all text-books furnished. Read over the list of courses given in the coupon below, decide which is best suited to your tastes, then fill in, cut out, and mail to us the coupon, and we will give you full details of how we can qualify you for the position which you choose. At the same time we will send you our booklet **"1001 Stories of Success,"** telling what the Schools have done for some of our students.

International Correspondence Schools,
Box 1171, SCRANTON, PA.
Please send me your booklet, "1001 Stories of Success," and explain how I can qualify for the position before which I have marked X

Bookkeeper
Stenographer
Advertisement Writer
Show Card Writer
Window Trimmer
Mechan. Draughtsman
Ornamental Designer
Illustrator
Civil Service
Chemist
Textile Mill Supt.
French [illegible]
Spanish [illegible]
Electrician
Elec. Engineer
Elec. Lighting Supt.
Mechanical Engineer
Surveyor
Stationary Engineer
Civil Engineer
Building Contractor
Arch'l Draughtsman
Architect
Structural Engineer
Foreman Plumber
Mining Engineer

Name
Street and No.
City State

PACIFIC MAIL

Joins the East and the West

The new magnificent steamers of the Pacific Mail [illegible]

PACIFIC MAIL S. S. CO., San Francisco, Cal.
[illegible]

DRAW for MONEY

ILLUSTRATORS AND CARTOONISTS EARN LARGE SALARIES [illegible] Commercial Illustrating [illegible]
The [illegible] Press Association, 6 The Baldwin, Indianapolis, Ind.

The Speculations of John Steele

(Continued from Page 9)

I don't know what to do, here comes my chance! I'll bet a farm Vernon is going to offer me the vice-presidency of the road. I'll take it like a shot, and raise the freight rates on soap if Vernon will let me."

He seized a telegraph form and wrote:

> Heartiest congratulations. The right man in the right place. You need not come to New York, as I am leaving for [illegible] and to relieve your mind of any anxiety I shall accept your opening, whatever it is.

[illegible] John Steele was closeted with his friend Vernon in the president's room in the huge Wheat Belt building. The great flat table in the centre was covered over with broad maps taken from the civil engineers' department, maps unknown to the general public.

"Now, Jack," said his friend, "I'm in a position to offer you the absolute surety of [illegible] your money."

"Thunder!" said Jack in a tone of disappointment; "I thought you were going to offer me the vice-presidency of the road."

Vernon looked up at him surprised.

"Would you take it?" he said.

"Take it? Of course; that's what I thought I was engaging to do when I telegraphed from New York."

"Why, no sooner said than done, Jack. I'd no idea you wished to get back into the railway business. I should think a man who can make millions outside wouldn't be content to sit here at a salary of ten or fifteen thousand a year."

"I'm tired of making millions," said Jack.

"You don't mean to say," protested Vernon, with something like dismay in his words—"you don't mean to say you won't go in with us? Why, I took your telegram as consent, and, to tell the truth, because I could thus guarantee the bringing in of a big capitalist, I have induced others to join, and secured an extra slice for myself."

"Where there are millions to be made," said Jack dubiously, "there is a risk, and I had decided not to take any more chances."

"There is no chance about this, Jack; it is a sure thing, and the development of it rests entirely in my hands. You can double your money and pull out within ten days after I give the word, and I'll give the word whenever you say so."

"What's your project, Vernon?"

"Well, you see, the Wheat Belt Line, which has been one of the most prosperous roads in the country for some years past, is going to build a branch running 270 miles northwest until it taps the Wisconsin Pacific. This red line shows you where the road will run. The Wheat Belt Line has secured all the timber land on each side, but the former president, whose place I have taken, and myself, have an option on the prairie and the stump lands where timber has been cut. The president resigned simply to give his whole time to this land company, and that's why I'm in his place. Now, we can get the property at prairie value just now, but the minute we begin surveying up it will jump. You can trust me to keep my word. If you join us I shall give the order for surveying the line the moment deeds of the land are in our possession."

"How much money do you expect me to put up, Vernon?"

"You couldn't go $20,000,000, I suppose?"

"Twenty millions! Heaven and earth, no! It would practically clean me out to furnish $9,000,000."

"I mentioned the bigger amount simply because I am sure you will double your money within a month, and the more you put in the more you're going to pull out. You see, this is not a speculation, but an absolute certainty."

For a few minutes Jack Steele walked up and down the room, hands deep in his pockets, as was his custom, brow wrinkled and head bent. At last he said, with the old ring of decision in his voice:

"All right, Vernon, I'll go in; but if I fail you must give me the vice-presidency as a sort of consolation prize."

"I'll give it to you now," said Vernon; "but it can't fail. I tell you everything is in my hands. It is not as if this were any bluff. The proposed line is a road that is becoming more and more needed every day, and the land is good for the money, even if the road was never built. It's as safe as Government bonds."

A Kalamazoo Direct to You

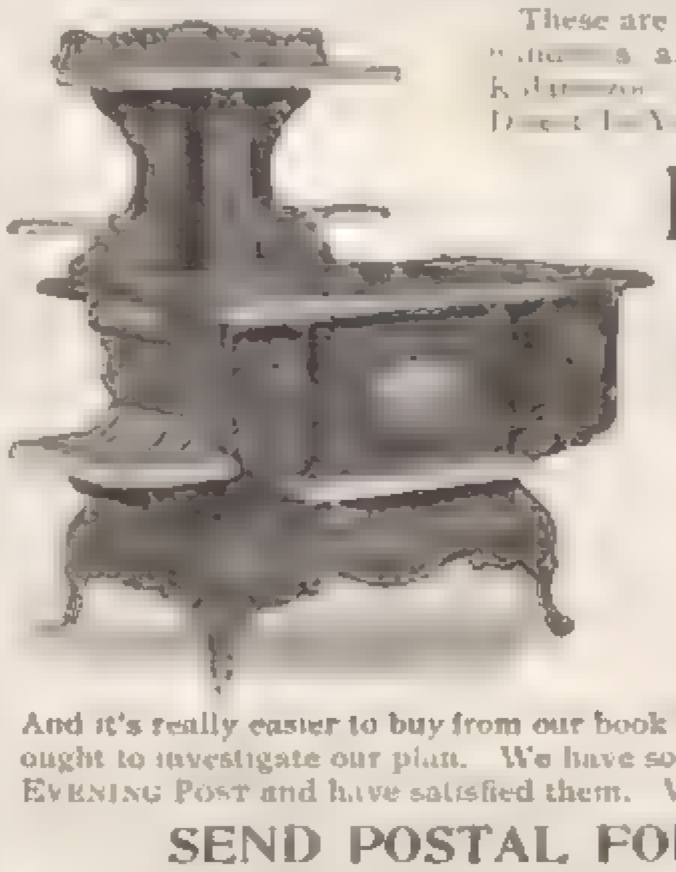
Oven Thermometer

MR. J. E. BURNS, of Silver Spring, Md., under date of January 4th, 1905, writes:

Some months ago we purchased a Kalamazoo Range; it reached us in good shape, and is really better than I expected for the money. We would not take $50 for it. The oven thermometer is wonderful; my wife is 'tickled to death with it.'

MR. JOHN T. SMITH, of Bowling Green, M[illegible]

"We have been using the Kalamazoo Range every day since we received it and it is giving perfect satisfaction. The range we formerly used cost $[illegible]. It did no better work than this one does, and we feel sure that the Kalamazoo *will last twice as long* and cost but *little more than one-third.*"



These are fair samples of the letters we receive by the hundreds and thousands from satisfied purchasers of Kalamazoo Stoves and Ranges. It's the Kalamazoo-Direct-to-You that gives you the opportunity of buying

Direct from Our Factory

at the lowest factory prices a stove or range of the highest quality on 360 Days Approval

Freight Prepaid

Guaranteed under a $20,000 bond, and your money back if you want it. If it's a ***Kalamazoo,*** its ***tried*** and ***true***

You might just as well buy of the manufacturers and save $10 or $30. It's better in your pocket than in the middleman's till. And it's really easier to buy from our book than from your local dealer. At any rate you ought to investigate our plan. We have sold to thousands of readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and have satisfied them. We want the opportunity of showing you.

SEND POSTAL FOR CATALOG No. 152

Compare our quality and prices with those of your local dealer and see for yourself. Our line embraces ranges, cook stoves, heaters and base burners for all kinds of fuel, all of superior workmanship and the latest patterns. The accompanying illustration shows our famous Kalamazoo Grand Range. All Kalamazoo cook-stoves and ranges are equipped with our patent oven thermometer, which makes baking and roasting easy. All stoves and ranges blacked, polished, ready for immediate use; any one can set them up. Write today.

Kalamazoo Stove Co., Manufacturers, Kalamazoo, Michigan

I Teach Jiu-Jitsu AS IT IS TAUGHT In Japan

YAE KICHI YABE
Late of the Ten-Shin Ryu School of Japan

WHEN I tell you that Jiu-Jitsu is the most wonderful system of physical training and self-defense in the world to-day, I am but repeating what hundreds of prominent Americans who have taken my course are writing me. These men enjoy better health, are stronger physically and more self-reliant for having mastered this ancient art.

It is to the persistent practice of Jiu-Jitsu that the Japanese owe their courage and success in battle, their almost superhuman strength and power of endurance, their low death rate and their material progress. Surely, a system of physical training and self-defense which has done so much for the Island Nation will interest YOU. Jiu-Jitsu not only embodies the ideal principles of obtaining perfect health and perfect physical development, but as a means of self-defense, it is as potent at short range as the deadliest weapon. A knowledge of its self-preserving principles renders a man or woman impregnable to every form of vicious attack.

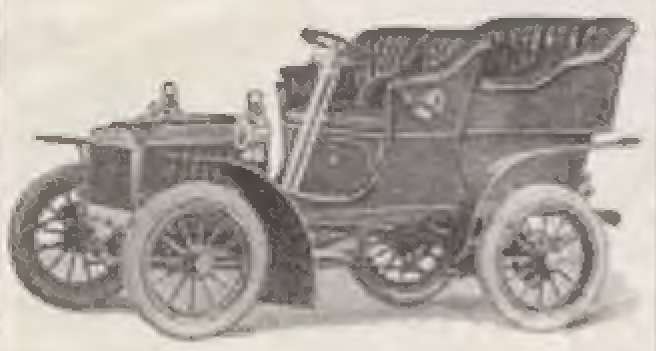
FREE LESSONS IN JIU-JITSU

I have just written an intensely interesting book, which explains and makes clear the principles of Jiu-Jitsu in a manner unapproached by any American writer. So long as the edition lasts I will send, free of cost, to all interested readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST a copy of this valuable book, together with a specimen lesson from my course in Jiu-Jitsu. The lesson is fully illustrated, and teaches one of the most effective methods known for defense against the attack of a vicious assailant. This method has been adopted by various Police Departments throughout the United States. It is especially designed for defense against hold-ups and assaults, and should be mastered by every man and woman in this country. If employed by an alert boy of fifteen, it will enable him to overcome and render powerless a man of thrice his strength.

If you desire to learn all the closely guarded secrets of this marvelous science, write me, and you will receive this book and specimen lesson by return mail, postage paid. Address

YAE KICHI YABE, 380 L, Realty Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

Autocar Type VIII $1400



A Wonderful Value

Type VIII Autocar at $1400 represents a wonderful automobile value. This type is the foundation of the Autocar's enviable reputation.

It is a car built upon honor throughout. There is nothing experimental about it — nothing uncertain in its construction. During 1904 Type VIII was tested on all sorts of American roads — under all kind of conditions. It has proved its reliability and efficiency so well as to put Autocar Type VIII in the very front of its class.

Last season Type VIII was sold for $1700 and was considered an unsurpassed value. The price of Type VIII is now $1400, because having built this model for so long we can now build it more economically. For the man who wants a thoroughly reliable four-passenger car at a moderate price Type VIII at $1400 is his opportunity.

SPECIFICATIONS:

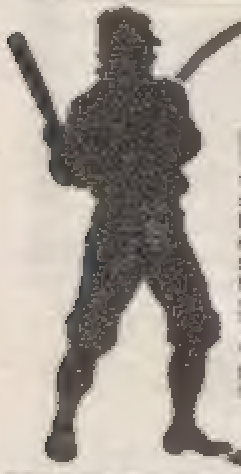
Horizontal two-cylinder opposed engine — no noticeable vibration. Twelve actual horse-power. Oiled automatically. Water cooled.

Transmission, sliding gear type. Three speeds forward and a reverse. Ball bearing, shaft drive. No greasy, gritty chain. Front and rear construction has ball bearings throughout. Gasoline tank holds 10 gallons — sufficient on good roads for 200 miles.

Tonneau is removable. Front seat divided. Engine and transmission case are accessible from above without disturbing body. Catalogue giving full description of Type VIII, Type X Runabout and Type XI Four Cylinder Car, with dealer's name sent free upon request.

The Autocar Company, Ardmore, Pa.

Member Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.

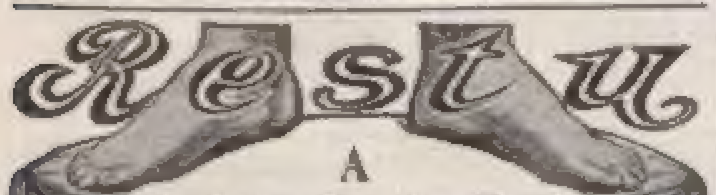


BASEBALL UNIFORMS

$6.00 VALUE FOR $4.00

For $4.00 we will send, express prepaid, to any part of the country, a baseball uniform made from your measurements (any size, boy or man), including shirt (with name of club), pants, cap, belt and stockings; sturdy materials that stand hard knocks; made in the best fashion of baseball uniforms. You can't buy this suit anywhere else for less than $6.00. Send for sample card of materials. We also make a special uniform at $2.50. Captains of teams: write us for special proposition. If you want anything that's made of canvas (tents, tarpaulins, etc.), write us about it.

C. K. MILLER, 234 N. 3d St., Philadelphia



A Cushion for the Feet

Restu worn in any shoe by anybody. Comfortable and restful. Affords instant relief from rheumatism of the feet, weak ankles, cramp of the toes, or bunions. Prevents flat-foot and gives a graceful arch to the instep. Write for interesting booklet.

RESTU MFG. CO., 80 State St., Sharon, Pa.

GREIDER'S FINE CATALOGUE

of **Standard bred poultry for 1905**, printed in colors, **fine chromo**, suitable for framing, illustrates and describes 60 varieties. Gives reasonable prices for stock and eggs, tells all about poultry, their diseases, lice, etc. **This book only 10 cents.**

B. H. GREIDER, RHEEMS, PA.

PATENTS that PROTECT

72-p. Book Mailed Free
Established 1869

R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Patent Attorneys, WASHINGTON, D. C.

It would be going over ground already sufficiently covered to recount the history of the Western Land Syndicate. Steele had resolved not to invest more than half his fortune, but once a man is involved in an important enterprise he rarely can predict where he will stop. A scheme grows and grows, and often the financier is compelled to involve himself more and more deeply in order to protect the money already ventured, and finally it becomes all or nothing. Besides this, every speculator has in his composition something of the gambler, and once the game has begun the betting fever has him in its clutch. Before a month was past John Steele had not only paid over every dollar he possessed, but had also become deeply indebted to his bank.

There was where he made his irretrievable mistake. As the president had said, the land was intrinsically worth the money paid for it, and if John Steele had merely risked his own bank account he might have been penniless for ten years, but at least he would have been sure of ultimately getting back what he paid, and probably a good deal more. But to borrow hundreds of thousands at sixty days, in the expectation that he would take profits enough to pay the loan before that time expired, was an action he himself, in less feverish moments, would have been the first to condemn.

On the afternoon of the day in which the payment on the land was made the president of the Wheat Belt Line entered the room of his subordinate with a piece of paper in his hand. His face was white as chalk, and he could not speak. He dropped into a chair before John Steele's desk, and the latter, with a premonition of what was coming, took the paper from his trembling hand. It was a telegram from New York, and ran as follows:

> The board of directors of the Wheat Belt System yesterday resolved to abandon the Wisconsin Pacific Branch. If the branch is built at all, which is doubtful, it will begin 170 miles west of the point formerly selected. You will therefore countermand at once any instructions previously given regarding the Wisconsin Pacific connection. The board also refuses to ratify the nomination of John Steele as vice-president of the road. NICHOLSON.

"Cheer up," said John with a laugh that sounded just a trifle hollow. "Cheer up, old man. I know all about this, and you're not in the least to blame. You acted in good faith throughout."

"It's horrible, John, horrible; but still, you know, you have the land: that will realize all you've put in before long."

"Yes, Vernon, I've got the land, that's one consolation." But he knew perfectly well he hadn't. He knew that when the sixty days were up the bank would foreclose, which was exactly what happened. There were practically no bidders for so large a plot, and Nicholson purchased the property for the exact amount owing to the bank.

The ruin of John Steele was complete.

IN CHICAGO, where we are best known, many of our customers ask us to select their

Diamonds

leaving it entirely to our judgment. In this way they get the benefit of our knowledge, and we have never failed to please them. We certainly can satisfy you.

If you want an unusually fine, perfect gem, let us send, express prepaid, for your inspection, one like the ring shown here. Each stone carries our personal guaranty for quality, perfection, weight and color, and is exchangeable at full price for a larger stone.

The price is **$75**, and if credit is an advantage the terms are $15 cash and $7.50 a month, or $69 for all cash in ten days.

"How to Buy a Diamond" — our booklet, gives much valuable information for diamond buyers. Sent free upon request.

GEO. E. MARSHALL, Inc.
W. S. HYDE, Jr., President. A. S. TRUE, Secretary.
101 State Street, CHICAGO

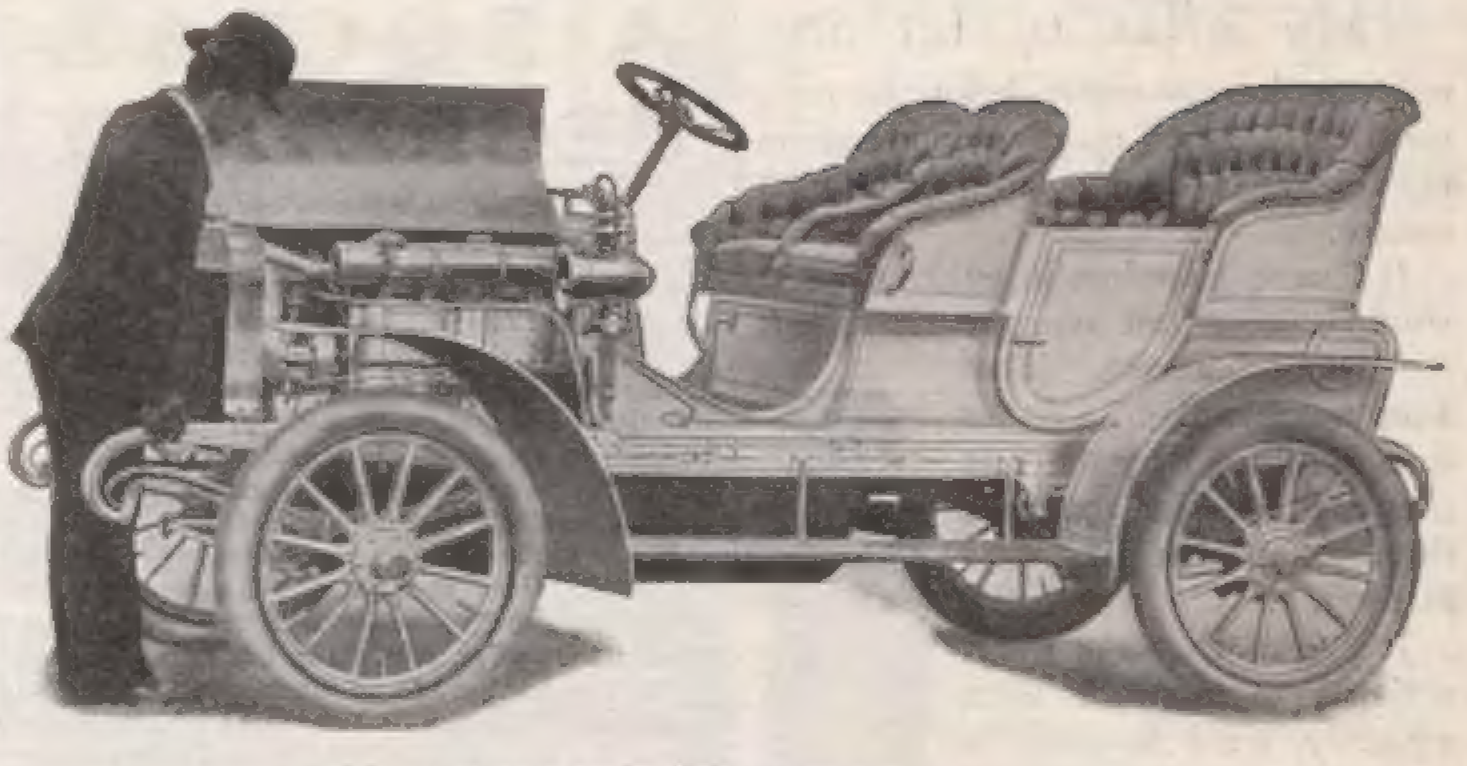
JUNKET A DELICIOUS HOME DESSERT

Send us the name of your grocer. We will send you free, enough Junket tablets to make 2 quarts of the most delicious dessert you ever tasted and a booklet of dainty dessert receipts. Junket delights everybody. Highest award St. Louis Exposition.

Chr. Hansen's Laboratory, Box 3046, Little Falls, N. Y.

VERMONT SUMMER HOME

Sixty acre homestead. Good repair. For sale or exchange at a sacrifice. Information from owner, L. H. CLARK, 9140 S. Broad St., Philadelphia



The **WINTON** *of* 1905

Model C (Shown Above)	16—20 Horse-power	$1800
Model B	24—30 Horse-power	$2500
Model B, Limousine	24—30 Horse-power	$3500
Model A	40—50 Horse-power	$3500
Model A, Limousine	40—50 Horse-power	$4500

EASIEST controlled car in existence! Can be run by a Youth, after one hour's coaching. Automatic "Fool-Proof" Motor. Does its own work infallibly, without "tinkering" or adjusting.

Four upright cylinders, fed by one single Gas-mixer (Carburetor), and fired by one single Magneto (Electric Sparker).

Simplest and best system we ever used.

No Dry Cell Batteries. No Storage Battery. No Multiple Vibrator Coils. No Irregular Ignition. No Gauges to Watch. No Lever-moving necessary, to vary speed in regular running.

No getting under seats, no craning below car to inspect or repair working parts.

Motor instantly accessible, by merely lifting hinged top of hood, which is forward of dashboard. Crank-shaft, Connecting Rods and Pistons, exposed by turning a hand screw.

Transmission Gear exposed, in five seconds, by simply lifting one board under driver's foot, turning a handle, and lifting off cover of Aluminum Casing.

New patented Steering Gear.

No "worm" to wear into "lost motion," nor to wedge (when worn), in dangerous places.

Safest, surest, simplest Speed-control.

All speeds, graduating from 4 miles an hour to 40 miles an hour, available by merely pressing right foot on pedal.

The $1800 Winton is shown in above picture. Same Power as last year's $2500 Winton, but lighter Car.

Note its dashing Style, — its long, graceful lines, and its side-door entrance.

Note its new patented Twin-Springs, that adjust themselves automatically to light or heavy loads, adding ease to the Car, protection to Motor, and longer life to the Tires.

Write today for book on "*How to Choose an Automobile.*"

Address The Winton Motor Carriage Co., Dept. M, Cleveland, Ohio.

$25.00 Per Week

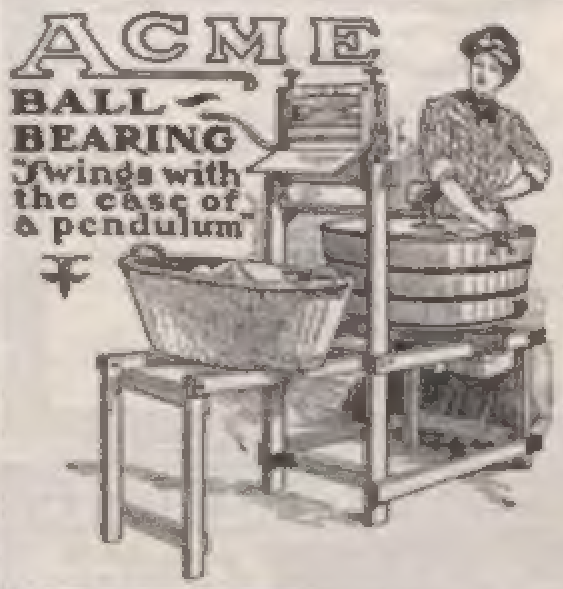
If You Earn Less I Can Help Your Salary or Income

Why has the Powell System completely outstripped all others? Why is it today practically the "Survival of the fittest?" There are many reasons, principally my acknowledged ability as the leading expert, and my practically unanimous support by the leading advertising authorities and publishers.

As I write, a clerk hands me this letter from Mr. Engle, with the Ambrose Petry Co., Street Car Advertising, Bay City, Mich., and a dozen large Cities. "I have some friends who have taken your Course in Advertising, and have recommended it very highly to me." Advertising authorities even pay for the Powell System for their new employes, and merchants and manufacturers pay for it for the economical training of clerks and subordinates, to say nothing of the bright young men and women who become my students through the advice of publishers. Among the great National concerns that employ Powell graduates are the Ayer agency, largest in the world, Eastman's College, Tabard Inn Library, and scores of others, besides those employed by hundreds of advertisers all over America.

I mail free two books of inestimable benefit to ambitious people anxious to earn $25 to $100 a week — my Prospectus and "Net Results."

GEORGE H. POWELL, 1492 Temple Court, NEW YORK


ACME
BALL BEARING
"Swings with the ease of a pendulum"

You Don't Buy Trouble

But Wash Day Comfort and Pleasure when you buy the

Acme Washing Machine

Built right, works right and IS ALL right. Washes thoroughly finest fabrics or heaviest woolens. No center post to stain or tear the clothes. Steam-tight top — simply raise it and lean it against handle to drain — no lifting from tub. Strong, well-braced hardwood stand for tub, basket and wringer. Honestly constructed, best materials, best workmanship, handsomely finished. Saves your health, strength and patience. Try it — if it does not do — MORE WORK, BETTER WORK, WITH LESS EFFORT than any other machine made, your money will be refunded.

If your dealer hasn't the Acme, write us to-day.

ACME WASHING MACHINE COMPANY
Columbus, Ohio

WEDDING INVITATIONS and Announcements printed and engraved. Up-to-date styles. Finest work and material. 100 Stylish Visiting Cards, 75c. Samples and valuable booklet, "Wedding Etiquette," FREE.

J. W. COCKRUM, 527 Main Street, Oakland City, Ind.

EXTRA PAY can be earned evenings by giving **Stereopticon or Moving Picture Exhibitions.** Small capital required. Illustrated Catalogue free. Tells how to start. McALLISTER, Mfg. Optician, 49 Nassau Street, N. Y.

Shivers' Panatela EXACT SIZE AND SHAPE

My offer to let any man smoke my cigars before he pays for them is based on my confidence in my cigars and my faith in human nature.

If I were mistaken in either case, it would take about one month to put me out of business. That I am not mistaken in either case is proved by the fact that my sales for 1904 are three times what they were in 1903.

It shows that the great majority of men will treat squarely and honestly a proposition that *is* fair and square.

This is my offer:

I will send, express prepaid, to a reader of The Saturday Evening Post, 100 of my Shivers Panatela cigars. He is under no obligation to buy them unless he is perfectly satisfied. To test their qualities, he may smoke ten of them. If he is satisfied, he agrees to send me $5.00. If he is dissatisfied, he is to return the remaining ninety at my expense.

If you know of a fairer or more liberal way than that of getting cigars before the public, let me know about it.

All I ask is a fair judgment on my cigars. If they can't sell themselves, they're not sold.

No man need hesitate to send them back if they don't come squarely up to the standard I set for them.

Absolutely nothing but the best clear Havana tobacco for the filler, carefully selected Sumatra leaf for wrapper, positively undoctored and unadulterated, and hand made.

A superior 10c. cigar at the wholesale price, sent direct from the factory to you.

No chance for them to become dried out in the jobber's warehouse or the dealer's show case. A cigar once dried out and remoistened never regains its original flavor.

Send me your order written on your business paper or accompanied by your business card. State whether you prefer strong, medium or mild cigars. Address

HERBERT D. SHIVERS,
906 FILBERT STREET PHILADELPHIA, PA.

INDIAN PALM BASKET 25c

Hand woven from palm fiber by the Indians in the interior of Mexico. 8 in. high, strong, beautifully colored, useful and ornamental. Warranted genuine. Sold in curio stores at $1.00. We send it prepaid for 25c. to advertise our large collection of Indian goods, Pueblo rugs and Mexican drawn work at low prices. 40-p. Catalogue 4c. or free with order.

THE FRANCIS E. LESTER CO.
Dept. 88 D Mesilla Park, N. Mex.

Fine Birds

Our 100 breeding pens show fancy stock that has prize winning blood bred in them. All the leading varieties of CHICKENS, TURKEYS, DUCKS and GEESE Rare birds for fanciers from select matings. Prices low for high quality. Poultry catalogue 4c. Incubator catalogue free.

Des Moines Incb. Co., Dept. 548, Des Moines, Ia.

A Loyal Southerner

Ought to have a Confederate Flag. A beautiful silk one, 12 x 18 inches, Battle or National, sent prepaid on receipt of $1.25. Cotton bunting, 4 x 6 feet, $3.00.

J. E. QUARLES CO., Inc., Richmond, Va.

A SOCIAL SECRETARY

(Continued from Page 11)

succeed. Whatever benefit there may be in it will go not to him but to men like Senator Burke. He doesn't go any more than he can help, except to his own breakfasts. But he sends his wife, and so, without wasting any of his time, he makes himself prominent in a very short space of time and gets all the big social indirect influence — the influence of the women on their husbands.

Mrs. Burke's younger brother, Robert Gunton, arrived last night. He reminds me of her, but he's slender and very active — a shaggy sort of person, clean but careless, and he looks as if he had so many other things to think about that he hadn't time to think about himself. He looks younger and talks older than his years. He's here to get some sort of a patent through; he won't permit his brother-in-law to assist him; he refuses to go anywhere — in society, I mean. We rode up to the Capitol together in a street car this morning, and I liked him.

"Why do you ride in a street car?" he asked.

"Because it's not considered good form to use carriages too much," I replied. "It might rouse the envy of those who can't afford carriages."

"Then it isn't because you don't want to, but because you don't dare to?"

"Yes," said I. "But things are changing rapidly. The rich people who live here, but care nothing for politics, are gradually introducing class distinctions."

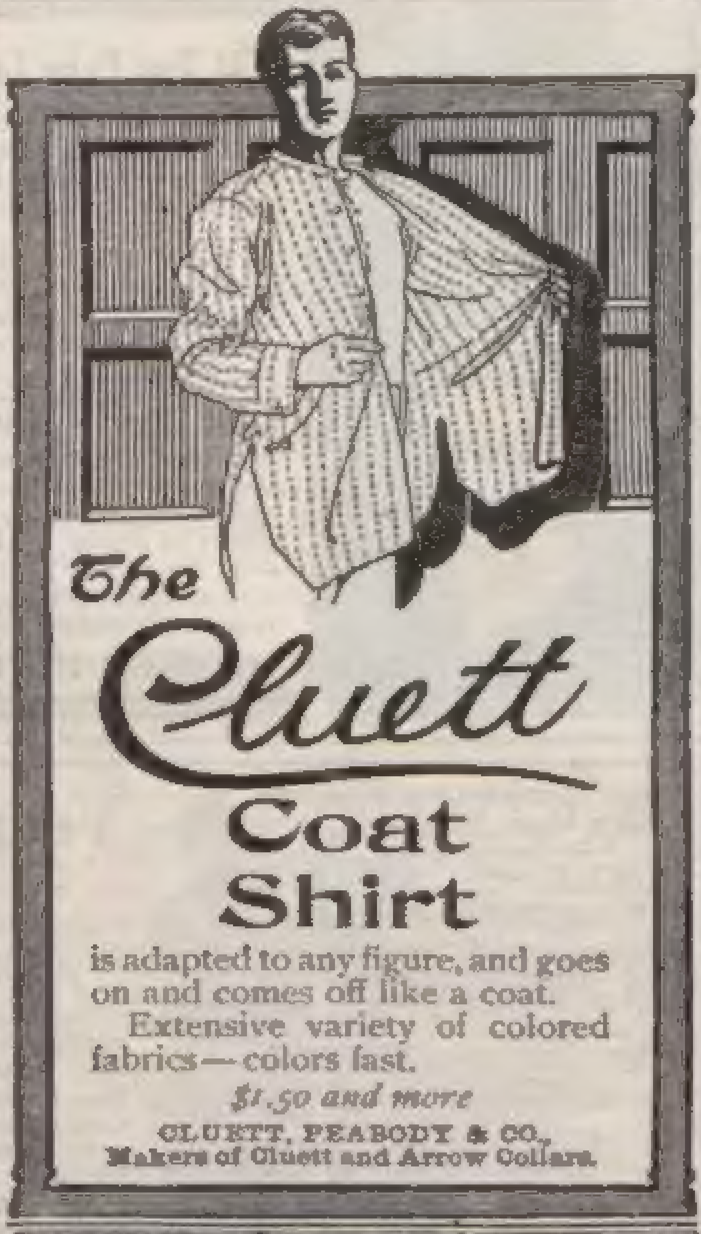
"You mean, poor people who like to fawn upon and hate the rich are introducing class distinctions," he corrected.

He is thirty-two years old; he treats a woman as if she were a man. And he treats a man as if he himself were one. It isn't possible not to like that sort of person.

Invitations are beginning to come in floods — invitations for the big, formal things for which people are asked weeks in advance. And we are getting a splendid percentage of acceptances for our big affairs, thanks to my taking the trouble to find out the freest dates in the season. If all goes well, before another month, as soon as it gets 'round that we are going to give something big in a short time, lots of pretty good people will be holding off from accepting other things in the hope that they're on our list.

Certainly, there's a good deal in going about anything in a systematic way — even a social launching.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



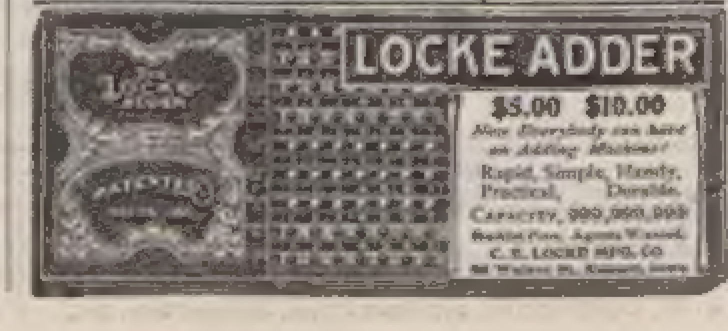
The Cluett Coat Shirt

is adapted to any figure, and goes on and comes off like a coat.

Extensive variety of colored fabrics — colors fast.

$1.50 and more

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO.,
Makers of Cluett and Arrow Collars.



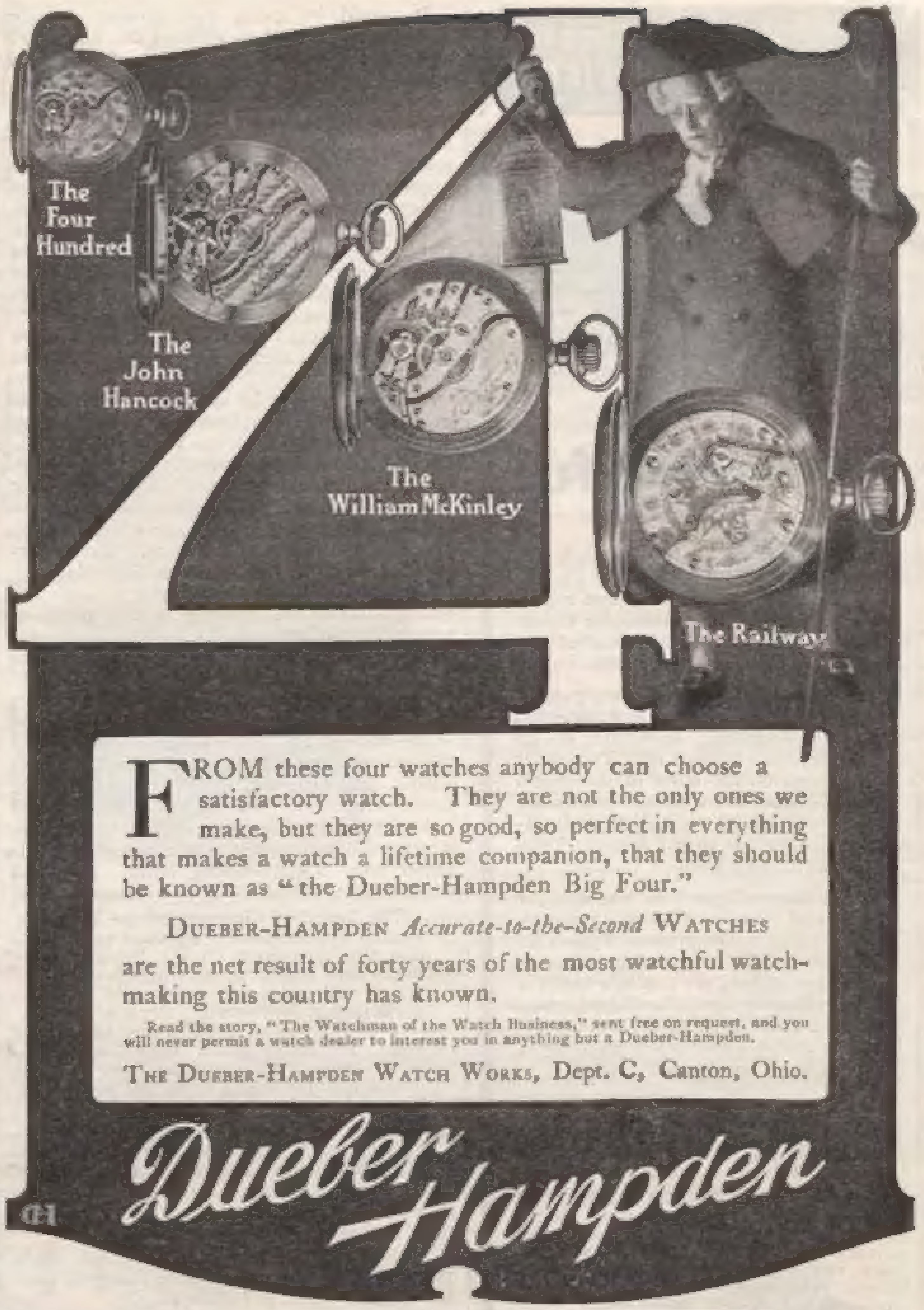
LOCKE ADDER

$5.00 $10.00

Now Everybody can have an Adding Machine!

Rapid, Simple, Handy, Practical, Durable. CAPACITY, 999,999,999

Booklet Free. Agents Wanted.
C. E. LOCKE MFG. CO.
[illegible]



FROM these four watches anybody can choose a satisfactory watch. They are not the only ones we make, but they are so good, so perfect in everything that makes a watch a lifetime companion, that they should be known as "the Dueber-Hampden Big Four."

DUEBER-HAMPDEN *Accurate-to-the-Second* WATCHES are the net result of forty years of the most watchful watch-making this country has known.

Read the story, "The Watchman of the Watch Business," sent free on request, and you will never permit a watch dealer to interest you in anything but a Dueber-Hampden.

THE DUEBER-HAMPDEN WATCH WORKS, Dept. C, Canton, Ohio.

Be fair

to your children and family. Protect them against the consequences of your death. You need our booklet, "The How and the Why."

We insure by mail

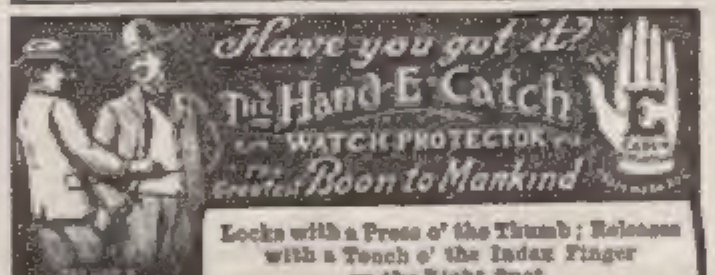
PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
921 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia

MEMORY

The Secret of Certainty in Recollection
PLAINLY STATED; SIMPLY TAUGHT

W. T. Stead, "Review of Reviews," says: "I consider Pelman a Benefactor of the human race." Mr. Pelman's book "MEMORY And What Can Be Done to Improve It," POST FREE on request.

PELMAN SCHOOL OF MEMORY
936 Whitehall Building, New York City



Locks with a Press o' the Thumb; Releases with a Touch o' the Index Finger on the Right Spot.

THE most ingenious little device ever invented to **protect your watch** from **Theft** or **Dropping** out. Attached "in a jiffy" into either Waistcoat or Trousers Pocket. **For a Limited Period** we will send **postpaid in U. S. A.** one of these Protectors in Gold Finish, on receipt of 15c.

LESHER, WHITMAN & CO., Dept. F, 670 Broadway, N.Y.

We Pay the Freight.

Automatic incubators by a practical man. Simple and easy to operate.

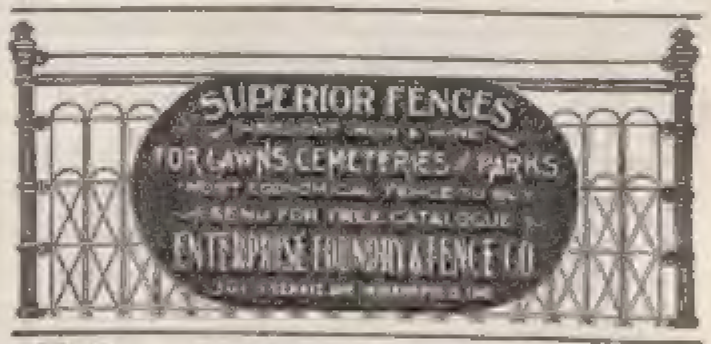
THE IDEAL hatches in a way that makes poultry pay. 30 DAYS FREE TRIAL Results guaranteed. Send for free book on Incubators, Brooders, Poultry and Supplies.

J. W. MILLER CO., Box 54, Freeport, Ill.

LEARN BY MAIL Bookkeeping, Penmanship, Shorthand, etc.

MONEY BACK if not satisfied. We have $300,000.00 capital and a chain of 20 Colleges to back our claims. DIPLOMAS issued and aid given in securing positions. Write today. Address

DRAUGHON'S BUSINESS COLLEGE CO.
(Mention this magazine.) Nashville, Tenn.



SUPERIOR FENCES
FOR LAWNS, CEMETERIES & PARKS
MOST ECONOMICAL FENCE TO BUY
SEND FOR FREE CATALOGUE
ENTERPRISE FOUNDRY & FENCE CO.

3 SHIRTS TO MEASURE $5 FOR MEN WHO KNOW

For $5.00 we will make to your measure 3 White or Colored Shirts in any style desired. Send for samples and self measurement blanks. We guarantee satisfaction.

ROTHSCHILD & SONS
"Rothschild's Corner" KANSAS CITY, MO.

You Can Hatch chicks at home and earn big profits.

CYPHERS INCUBATORS make results certain. Automatic in all essentials. "The World's Standard Hatcher," endorsed by 42 Government Experiment Stations and used by most successful poultrymen. Fully guaranteed. Complete catalog and poultry guide, 212 pages (8 x 11), 500 illustrations, free if you mention this magazine. Address

CYPHERS INCUBATOR CO., BUFFALO, N.Y.
Boston, Chicago, New York, Kansas City, San Francisco.

SQUABS sell for $2.50 to $6.00 a doz.; hotels and restaurants charge 75 cents to $1.50 an order (serving one squab). There is good money breeding them; a flock makes country life pay handsomely. Squabs are raised in ONE MONTH; a woman can do all the work. No mixing feed, no night labor, no young stock to attend (parent birds do this). Send for our FREE BOOK, "How to Make Money with Squabs," and learn this rich industry. Plymouth Rock Squab Company, 289 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.

$30.00 Church Money

If you wish to raise money quickly and easily for any church purpose send us the photographs of your church and your pastor and we will reproduce them, together, in carbon photography on 200 satin finished, aluminum pin trays and send them to you express prepaid. Everybody wants this exquisite souvenir of church and pastor and your members quickly sell them at 25 cents each. You keep $30 for your profit and send us $20 in full payment for the 200 souvenirs. Send photographs (any size) and names to-day. **Send us no money.** Your workers will sell all the souvenirs in ten days as hundreds of others have and you can send us our money any time within a month.

Read the Plan

Write and learn success of others.

FREE
SAMPLE
TRAY
ON
REQUEST

Church Workers Successful Everywhere

DAVENPORT, IOWA, Dec. 14, '04.
New Method Co.—We sold the trays in less than a week. The money will be used to support an orphan our C. E. Society has adopted in India. DAISY CLELAND.

ALBANY, N. Y., Dec. 12, '04.
New Method Co.—The souvenirs were taken off our hands at Sunday-School and after church. The demand exceeded the supply. Send us more at once. (REV.) OSCAR KRAUCH.

EAST GREENWICH, R. I., Nov. 30, '04.
New Method Co.—We have been three days disposing of souvenirs. Send us 100 more at once. L. E. SLOCUM.

SANTA MONICA, CAL., Nov. 17, '04.
New Method Co.—I have been out only a few hours and have sold all the trays. Enclosed is money order. Thanking you, I am, yours sincerely, MARY M. SHELTER.

CRESSONIA, PA., Nov. 29, '04.
New Method Co.—This is the first money we ever raised so easily. Accept our sincere thanks. CLARA M. COMING.

DOVER, N. H., Jan. 4, '05.
New Method Co.—The trays sell at sight. People come after them. Outsiders want the souvenirs as well as church members. Cordially yours, (REV.) J. E. EVERINGHAM.

SEBRING, OHIO, Nov. 21, '04.
New Method Co.—Kindly send us 125 more trays soon as possible. They sell like hot cakes. CHAS. ALEY.

NEW METHOD CO.,
Money raising plans for church workers.
5531 SO. PARK AVE. CHICAGO, ILL.

How to cut Kitchen Work in half

This Book Free

It will pay you to write for this book and our catalogue before buying a range.

Monarch Malleable Steel Range

The Monarch Malleable Range will not crack or break nor warp with three times the abuse that would destroy other kinds. Requires no more fuel after years of use than at the beginning. The only range made with the wonderful duplex draft which saves fuel, saves time and makes the Monarch a success where others fail.

Requires no stove blacking, as the polished top and polished steel body always look as nice as new. No other malleable range made so complete or so reasonable in price.

MALLEABLE IRON RANGE CO.
133 Lake St., Beaver Dam, Wis.

THE "BEST" LIGHT

Spectacles and Eyeglasses

Are a superfluity where our lamps are used. Portable, 100-candle power and produces a safe, white, powerful, steady light with

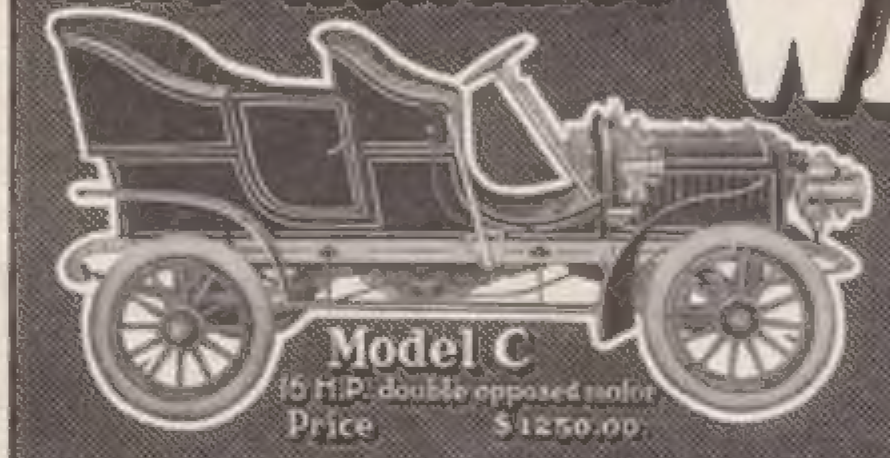
No odor, dirt, grease or smoke.

Every lamp warranted. Costs 2c. per week.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE

The BEST LIGHT CO.
Owners of Original Patents.
5-25 E. 5th St., Canton, O.

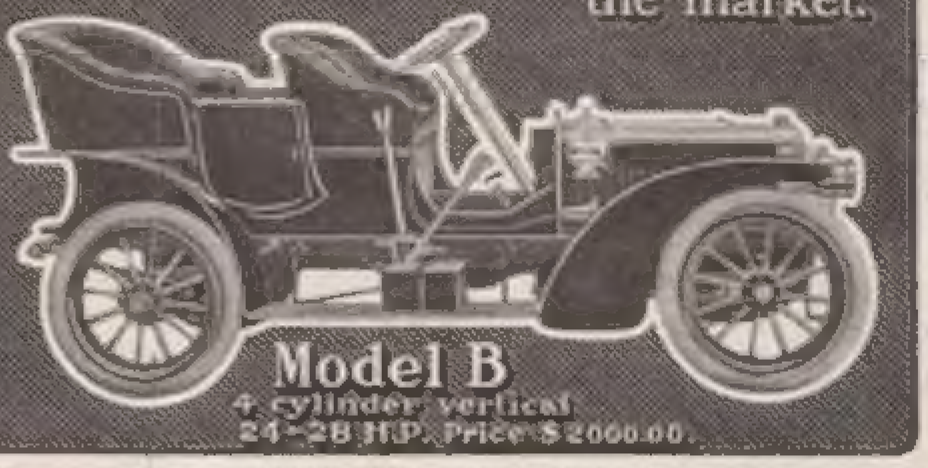
The Reliable WAYNE


Model C
15 H.P. double opposed motor
Price $1250.00

The Wayne Cars represent more actual value for the purchaser and less profit for the manufacturer than any other motor car on the market.

Complete details are given in our new catalogue. Send for it today.

Wayne Automobile Co.
Detroit, Mich.


Model B
4 cylinder vertical
24-28 H.P. Price $2000.00

An Education Without Cash

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST offers a full course, all expenses paid, in any college, conservatory or business school in the country in return for a little work done in leisure hours. You select the school—we pay the bills. If you are interested, send a line addressed to

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

A Simple Test for Every Man or Woman Who Reads The Saturday Evening Post

—Sent FREE

If you wish to make it, fill out the coupon below and we will send free for that purpose a generous sample of

Pompeian Massage Cream

Pompeian Massage Cream is intended primarily for the face, but you can make *the test* on your hand and see the result. Soap and water will take *off* the dirt, but won't take *out* the dirt. And it is the dirt *that is in*—not the dirt that is *on*—that makes the skin muddy and sallow; that keeps the rosy blood from the circulation it seeks.

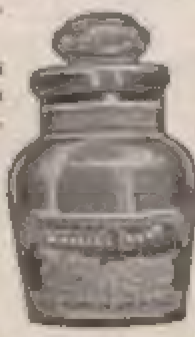
Here is the Test: **Wash your hands thoroughly in warm water and with the best obtainable soap; use a flesh brush if you like. In other words, get your hands just as clean as old-time methods will permit, then apply Pompeian Massage Cream; rub it in gently but firmly. It is quickly absorbed, and a minute's more massage will bring it out of the pores, together with the dirt which has accumulated there.**

POMPEIAN MASSAGE CREAM has many imitators, but has never been duplicated. It is unique. Its use so cleanses the pores that a sense of cleanliness will result such as you have never before experienced. It makes the use of pore-clogging face powders unnecessary, as it leaves the skin soft and rosy, without shine or grease.

The one cream containing no grease or oil, and which will not promote the growth of hair.

Our handsome book "Facial Massage," is mailed free with the sample if you will fill out the coupon attached. We prefer you to buy of your dealer whenever possible. Do not accept a substitute for Pompeian under any circumstances. If your dealer does not keep it, send us his name, together with proper remittance, and we will send you a 50c. or $1.00 jar postpaid.

The $1.00 jar contains more than twice as much as the 50c. size.



POMPEIAN
MFG. CO.
35 Prospect St.
CLEVELAND, O.

CUT THIS CORNER OFF AND MAIL IT TO-DAY

S. E. P.
Mch.

Pompeian
Mfg. Company
35 Prospect St.
Cleveland, O.

Gentlemen: Having filled in blank below, with my dealer's name and address, please send without cost to me one copy of your book on Facial Massage, and liberal sample of Massage Cream.

Name ....
(Please say whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss.)

Address ....

....

Dealer's or Barber's name ....

Address ....

....

This dealer DOES / DOES NOT keep Pompeian Massage Cream

YOU SAVE $10

By purchasing $10 worth of

Larkin Soaps

Receiving a

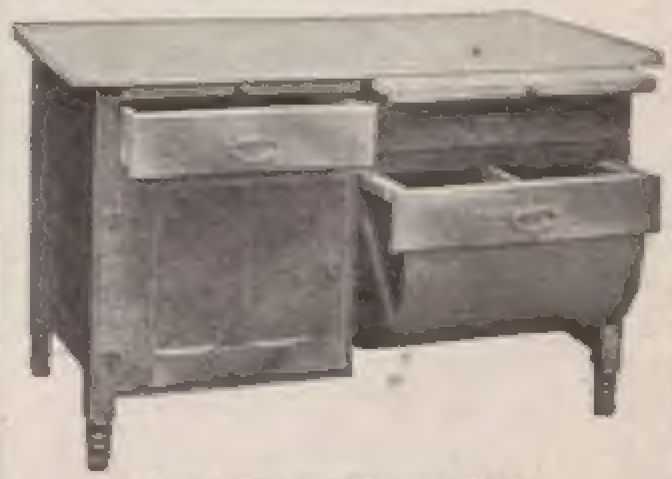
$10 PREMIUM FREE

THE Larkin Idea of Factory-to-Family dealing offers to every thrifty housekeeper the opportunity to save money and obtain home furnishings without cost. Larkin Products and Premiums are in use everywhere.

With your $10.00 selection of **Larkin Laundry and Toilet Soaps, Toilet Articles, Flavoring Extracts** and other Household Necessities, you receive the many middlemen's saved profits and expenses in a $10.00 Premium free—hundreds to choose from.

Larkin customers appreciate getting twice what the retailer gives.

$20.00 RETAIL VALUE FOR $10.00



MAPLE KITCHEN CABINET NO. 3.

Convenient labor-saving arrangement. Made of hard White Maple, with gloss finish. Strong and durable. Free for using or selling $10.00 worth of Larkin Products.

A LARKIN COMBINATION CASE

If preferred, you may select $10.00 worth from forty Household Necessities

80 bars Sweet Home Soap	$4.00
5 bars White Woolen Soap	.35
8 pkgs. Boraxine Soap Powder	.80
5 bars Honor Bright Scouring Soap	.25
10 bars Maid o' the Mist Bath Soap	.50
¼ doz. Modjeska Toilet Soap	.60
¼ doz. Old English Castile Soap	.30
¼ doz. Elite Glycerine Toilet Soap	.25
¼ doz. Creme Oatmeal Toilet Soap	.25
¼ doz. Borated Tar Soap	.25
¼ doz. Safeguard Carbolic Soap	.25
½ doz. World's Work Toilet Soap	.10
1 stick Larkin Shaving Soap	.10
1 2-oz. bottle Derma Balm—skin lotion	.25
1 4-oz. bottle Violet Toilet Water	.50
1 2-oz. jar Cold Cream	.25
1 2-oz. bottle Vanilla Flavoring Extract	.30
1 2-oz. bottle Tooth Powder	.20
1 3-oz. box Talcum Powder	.15
1 2-oz. bottle Glycerine	.10
1 3-oz. box Silver Polish	.05
1 8-oz. can Larkin Liquid Stove Polish	.10
1 box Larkin Shoe Polish—Black Paste	.10
Added to which is the present-for-cash of an extra 60 cents' worth of Products,	$10.00

TRY SOAPS THIRTY DAYS

Larkin Products and Premiums have given the highest satisfaction for thirty years. Money refunded if any Product or Premium proves unsatisfactory after thirty days' trial.

Send Trial Order, or Write for Premium List 91

Nearly 700 Premium offers. Homes furnished free.

Larkin Co.
ESTABLISHED, 1875. **BUFFALO, N. Y.**

Cornell Incubators

The Cornell Incubator embodies all of the progress achieved in artificial incubation during the past ten years, supplemented by the Cornell Patented features as follows:

THERMOSTAT. (Patent applied for.) Twice as sensitive as the best regulator on the market.

AUTOMATIC MOISTURE DEVICE. (Patent applied for.) Eliminates "Dead chicks in the shell."

VENTILATION. (Patented.) Carries away the carbon dioxide and avoids "Dead chicks in the shell."

CIRCULATION. (Patented.) Diffuses the pure, warm, moist air equally into all parts of the egg chamber and insures healthy, lusty chicks.

REGULATION. (Patent applied for.) Enables the operator to keep a mathematically uniform temperature.

CONSTRUCTION. (Patented.) Of one inch thick Virginia Polished Chestnut, with the Cornell Table Top, Cornell Compound Doors and Cornell piano-fitting legs.

The Cornell Incubator will give satisfaction in your hands, or

YOUR MONEY BACK FOR THE ASKING

Send for catalogue and Poultry literature, free for the asking.

CORNELL INCUBATOR MFG. COMPANY
Box 82, Ithaca, N. Y., U. S. A.

FRANKLIN

Four-Cylinder

Air-Cooled

The charm of motoring in a Franklin is due to its enormous power, its lightness and ease of control.

Water-cooled cars have been developed to a high degree of excellence—especially since they have followed the lead of the *Franklin* in adopting four cylinders. But so long as they are hampered by their heavy and cumbersome water apparatus, and their power is exhausted through great weight and wasteful application, they cannot attain that spirited and bird-like buoyancy that is found in every *Franklin* car.

Runabout	**20 H. P. Touring-car**
Light Tonneau	**30 H. P. Touring-car**

Send for catalogue and booklet which tells of the *Franklin's* record run from San Francisco to New York. Both books are read from cover to cover.

H. H. FRANKLIN MFG. CO., Syracuse, N. Y.

Member Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers